WINONA ECHOES

1928

[Addresses Delivered at the Winona Bible Conference]

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Winona Echoes

Notable Addresses Delivered at the
Thirty-Fourth Annual

Bible Conference

Winona Lake, Indiana

August, 1928

Published by Authority of
WINONA LAKE INSTITUTIONS
Victor M. Hatfield, Publisher

Opening Prayer

BY

Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, D.D.
Director of the Conference

O Thou Eternal and Ever-Blessed God, look down from Thy throne in Heaven and if it please Thee, our coming thus together, let Thy blessing rich and full come upon this thirty-fourth annual Bible conference.

And Thou, O Christ, Only Begotten Son of God, make Thy presence very real to us in these days, and when they shall have come to an end may it be our dearest satisfaction to have kept the conference true to the things dearest to Thine own heart.

And Thou, Ever Holy and Adorable Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, lead Thou on. Without Thy presence and Thy presidency an undertaking such as this must be failure indeed.

Bless those of us who come to listen. That which is dark do Thou illumine; that which is base do Thou exalt; that which is impoverished do Thou enrich.

Bless those who come to speak and may every utterance have upon it the smile of Divine approval because it shall help to establish us immovable in the most holy faith.

O God, Thou art infinite and absolute perfection in wisdom, holiness and power.

And Thou, O Son of God, we honor Thee even as we honor the Father. And Thou, O Holy Spirit, we reverence Thee even as the Father and the Son.

Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
Is now,
And ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

Second Corinthians—"The Christian Workers' Guide Book"

By REV. ALVIN E. BELL, D.D.

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St. Paul established the Christian Church at Corinth in the year 52 during his second missionary journey.

About the year 57 Paul wrote to this congregation a series of at least three letters: In I Corinthians 5:9 we have reference to the "lost epistle" which really is the "First Corinthians": "I wrote unto you in an epistle not to company with fornicators."

This lost letter aroused a number of questions from the Corinthians and Paul answered these questions quite promptly in the letter we call I Corinthians. In this letter also as in the lost letter Paul dealt most severely with the impurity of life existing openly and unrestrained in the church. He was at Ephesus when he wrote I Corinthians and he could scarcely wait for an answer.

Meantime the riot broke out in Ephesus among the worshipers of Diana, aroused by the idol makers against Paul, and he had to flee for his life. He fled to Troas where he expected to meet Titus and learn the effect of his letter. But Titus wasn't there and Paul went on to Macedonia where he met Titus, probably at Philippi, and was so overjoyed at the report of the "house-cleaning" at Corinth that he immediately wrote this letter, which we call II Corinthians, but which in reality is III Corinthians, and sent it back with Titus and Luke, probably not more than three months after he had sent Titus with I Corinthians.

Along with the good news of their repentance of the sin dealt with in I Corinthians Titus brought Paul some bad news of the strife being stirred up in the Corinthian congregation by some trouble-making Judaizers who had come from Jerusalem with strong letters of commendation, and were trying to turn the Corinthians against Paul.

We get a pretty clear idea of what they were peddling against Paul from what Paul says in his own defense in this letter.

They charged him with undependability because he had planned a double visit to Corinth coming to and from Macedonia, and he never came; he was very bold in writing strong letters, but afraid to come in person. "His bark was worse than his bite."

He had no letters of commendation to show as they had. His early history and ancestry did not bear investigation. He was no apostle at all; he walked craftily; and he adulterated the Word of God.

Now, what is a Christian worker to do when he is slandered in this way? Well, in most cases, ignore it and saw wood, and let his own life be his self-defense. But it is sometimes necessary for the sake of others and for the sake of the gospel to make a defense.

Paul felt he must defend himself because he had been attacked as an apostle of Christ, and out of hatred for the gospel of liberty he had preached to the Gentiles. His policy is expressed in 5:12, "We are not again commending ourselves unto you, but speak as giving you occasion of glorying on your behalf, that ye may have wherewith to answer them that glory in appearance and not in heart."

In this self-defense Paul so wonderfully reveals his heart and motives as to give us the best picture of a Christian worker we have in all the Bible, so that II Corinthians may be called,

The Christian Worker's Guide Book.

Analyzing the book, we find it falling into these three sections:

I. Guiding principles for Christian workers—Chapter 1 to 7.

II. Guiding principles in Christian work—Chapters 8 and 9.

III. Graces practiced by Christian workers—Chapters 10 to 13, also governing graces for Christian workers.

1. The guiding principle for Christian workers set forth in Chapter 1 is **The Christian Worker's Comfort.**

Ten times in the opening note of this chapter you will find the word "comfort" (in the revised version) in such notes as these: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound through us, even so our comfort also aboundeth through Christ.

"But whether we be afflicted it is for your comfort and salvation;

or whether we be comforted it is for your comfort, which worketh in the patient enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; and our hope for you is steadfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so also are ye of the comfort."

Then immediately he sets forth his need of comfort as he tells of the trouble which arose in the riot at Ephesus in which he was almost killed, and tells how miraculously God had spared his life teaching him the lesson he passes on to all Christian workers, viz., verse nine, "that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead" . . . "in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us."

In verse eleven he also pays tribute to the help they had given him in their prayers, a thing the need of which no Christian should forget. Ask the prayers of your friends in your work and thank them for their prayers.

He also tells us here incidentally the spirit in which the Christian worker should go about his work: "In simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God."

He then proceeds to explain why he has changed his plans with regard to visiting Corinth and nailed the slander that his changing plans indicated a changing gospel and a changing God: "For how many soever be the promises of God, in Him is the yea: Wherefore also through him is the Amen, unto the glory of God through us."

2. This leads him on in Chapter two from the subject of comfort to criticism; **The Principle to Guide the Christian Worker Under Criticism.**

The first appeal is love for the critics: 2:4, "not that ye should be made sorry, but that ye might know the love which I have more abundantly unto you."

Then follows the note of forgiveness: 2:10, "I forgive also; for what I also have forgiven, if I have forgiven anything, for your sakes have I forgiven it in the person of Christ."

How many Christian workers there are who lack this grace of forgiving their critics, and lacking it, fall into the devil's trap against which Paul warns us in verse eleven, "that no advantage may be gained over us by Satan: for we are not ignorant of his devices."

This spirit of love and forgiveness under criticism will bring to the Christian worker the final triumph of which Paul speaks in verse fourteen: "Thanks be to God which always leadeth us in triumph in

Christ, and maketh manifest through us the saviour of his knowledge in every place."

Let every one of you as Christian workers choose to be led of God through this triumphal arch, instead of into the devil's trap he sets in the time of criticism.

3. From the Christian worker's comfort and criticism he leads us now in Chapter three to: **The Christian Worker's Completeness in God.**

In closing Chapter two Paul asked: "And who is sufficient for these things?" A question every Christian worker must often ask.

He gives the answer in 3:5, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God; who also made us sufficient as ministers of a new covenant." "Not of the letter, but of the spirit, for the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life."

From this he goes on to speak of the glorious ministry of Moses as symbolized in the veil he had to place over his face, and then shows the greater glory of our ministry for Jesus Christ in the gospel which so far surpassed the law which was only temporary, 3:18, "But we all with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit."

Our completeness is in Christ—all we need to do is to reflect Him and His glory. Just keep the mirror clean and Christ's glory will be reflected—that's all.

4. This leads Paul in Chapter four to speak of the **Christian Worker's Cleansing.**

Fourth chapter, first and second verse, "Therefore seeing we have this ministry, even as we obtained mercy, we faint not: But we have renounced the hidden things of shame. Not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully, but by the manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

In 4:5 he sounds the key-note of the entire epistle, "For we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake."

These words have been adopted as the motto of our deaconesses, whom we all recognize as among the noblest of all our Christian

workers. We all do well to accept these words as our motto in all our Christian work.

How does this cleansing come about? He tells us in 4:6, "Seeing it is God that said, Light shall shine out of darkness, who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

He thinks of this light within the frail earthen pitcher of our mortal bodies, which may need to be broken in persecution to let the light shine out: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

Our job as Christian workers he says twice in verses ten and eleven is "that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."

He closes the chapter by telling us that if we will do this for Jesus we need never fear the "dead-line" in Christian service: "Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day." Old in body ever young in spirit.

5. In Chapter five Paul sets forth the Christian workers constraint which is the only sufficient driving power for the Christian worker; 5:14, "For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead; and He died for all that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who for their sakes died and rose again."

What an inspiration to work for one who has done so much for us.

6. In Chapter six he passes to the **Conduct of the Christian Worker.**

It must always be in accord with the high and honorable office we hold "as workers together with God," 6:3, "giving no offense in anything that the ministry be not blamed, but in everything commending ourselves as ministers of God."

To avoid hurting the King whose ambassadors he says we are, we are "to be not unequally yoked with unbelievers" because righteousness has no fellowship with unrighteousness nor light with darkness, nor Christ with Belial, nor the temple of God with idols."

Seventeenth, "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch no unclean thing."

7. In Chapter seven he returns to the note of comfort with which he began the letter, as he tells them how he was comforted by the news Titus brought of the effect of his former letter: "He that comforteth the lowly, even God, comforted us by the coming of Titus."

So, first and last, the Christian worker has his comfort in God and in the satisfying fruits of his labors he sees in those whom he ministers for the Lord Jesus.

II. The second section of the epistle deals with **giving principles in Christian Work**—Chapters 8 and 9.

The Cross is the real source of Christian giving.

He begins by defining Christian giving as "the grace of God which hath been given in the churches of Macedonia." These folks gave liberally out of great poverty. And so always, giving depends not upon how much gold we have but how much grace we have: "As ye abound in everything . . . see that ye abound in this grace also."

In verse eight he speaks of giving as the acid test of love: "I speak not by way of commandment, but as proving through the earnestness of others the sincerity also of your love."

Then in verse nine he tapped the headwaters of all our Christian giving: "For ye know the graces of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich."

We might do better in raising money today for Christian work if we went about it less "by way of commandment" through synodical apportionments, quotas, etc., and held up instead the Cross endured for our enrichment.

9. In Chapter nine he commends them for their generosity and tells how contagious their giving zeal has been: "I know your readiness—and your zeal hath stirred up very many of them."

He makes a fundamental law of nature and grace out of this principle of giving: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart, not grudgingly or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver." (Greek *hilaros*—a hilarious giver.) Let us have more of this hilarity in our churches.

He warns them of the peril of procrastination as though he has been tipped off by one of our congregational or synodical treasurers: "Make up beforehand your aforepromised bounty, that the same might be ready as a matter of bounty and not of extortion."

He closed this section dealing with the giving principles in Christian work, by returning again to headwaters of all true giving: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

III. The third section of the epistle deals with **The Grace to Govern the Christian Worker**—Chapters 10 to 13.

10. In chapter ten he deals with what we may call the grace of the captivating Christ.

Most of us as Christian workers do too much commanding and not enough beseeching and entreating. Paul corrects us here when he says: 10:1,2, "Now I, Paul, myself, entreat you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ . . . yea, I beseech you."

Now if any man had the authority to be a boss in the work of the Lord, it was Paul; verse eight, "For though I should glory somewhat abundantly concerning our authority, which the Lord gave for building you up, and not for casting you down, I shall not be put to shame."

He might have commanded, but he preferred to interest and the reason is given in verse five, "Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

Christ is so captivating that we can appeal and beseech in His name instead of commanding and coercing.

11 and 12. In chapters eleven and twelve he deals with the lofty spirit of self-respect and independence he always showed before the church of Corinth.

He would accept financial support from the Macedonians but not from the Corinthians: "I have kept myself from being burdensome to you and so I will keep myself. No man shall stop me from this glorying in the regions of Achaia."

He gives a remarkable autobiography containing a record of experiences and persecutions unparalleled in all Christian history to prove that he was not in Christian work for what he could get out of it: "I seek not yours but you" . . . "and I will most gladly spend and be spent for your souls."

One can imagine a sob came from Paul as he wrote to these contentious, criticising Corinthians: "If I love you more abundantly, am I loved the less?"

He had accepted less from them than from any other congregation and yet he got more criticism from them than any other. How did he bear it? Why just as he bore everything else of the kind, including his thorn in the flesh—whatever that was: Chapter 12.

In every experience this master-worker for Christ could hear the

Master say: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness."

13. In chapter thirteen he closes this most severe of all his letters with the exception of Galatians, by showing how at times the Christian worker must use severity. "I have said beforehand and I do say . . . to them that have sinned heretofore, and to all the rest, that if I come again I will not spare; seeing that ye seek a proof of Christ that speaketh in me."

These fellows at Corinth who were denouncing Paul for failing to visit them had better look out when he does come, for he will blister them with his denunciation for trying to disrupt the body of Christ.

Christ was for the most part meek and lowly, but when nothing else would do, he could use the scourge in cleansing the temple.

So the Christian worker can't pussyfoot when the circumstances demand severity.

"Try your own selves whether ye are in the faith."

He wanted them to find out before he had come whether they had Christ in them or whether they were reprobate, "that I may not when present deal sharply according to the authority which the Lord gave me for building up and not for casting down."

With this note of severity he could not think of closing, but turns about to the note of tenderness and affection as he says: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfected; be comforted, be of the same mind; live in peace: and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Salute one another with a holy kiss." "All the saints salute you."

He brings to a close this wonderful epistle, which from beginning to end is nothing less than the Holy Spirit's guide book for every Christian worker with that richest of all apostolic benedictions under which all of us as Christian workers come for our blessing: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all."

The Moralist at Climax

By REV. HUGH H. BELL, D.D.

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"Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born from above." John 3:7

This Scripture, (John 3:1-16) is one of the profoundest in all the Bible. It shows our Lord as the model soul-winner. The four Gospels give us at least sixteen instances of "hand-to-hand effort" on the part of our Lord with lost men and women. His work with Nicodemus was climactic. Nicodemus may be considered as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—the Sanhedrin—of Israel. He occupied the loftiest position within the gift of Israel. To hold such position he must have been highly educated, clean, strong and forceful. He must have been a man of high ideals and lofty standards. All this made Nicodemus a moralist of the moralists. Yet all this could not save him. Even morality at climax saves no man. Like all leading Jews, Nicodemus likely thought that whatever God had belonged to him. Yet the Master quickly makes clear that his education, his idealism, his high place of influence and his morality combined could not save Nicodemus. Men in our day need to learn this great lesson.

Formerly, Mrs. Bell and I had a dear friend, Dr. Johnson, now gone to glory, who was a distinguished physician and missionary. He did great work in Egypt until his health broke. He also was an artist with the sense of the artist highly developed. He had a very fine private studio and picture gallery. He painted a picture of our Lord and Nicodemus. He imagined them on an oriental house-top engaged in this great conversation. The moon was shining; the stars were plentiful and clouds drifted across the sky. Dr. Johnson represented the Master as sitting, and Nicodemus as standing. The right hand of the Master was lifted, with the index finger pointing upward. His face was beaming with love. Nicodemus was a great study. He showed the hardness, the hollowness of an unsaved soul. He showed deep anxiety for something better. The Lord seemed to say, "I have been looking for you, Nicodemus; your soul deeply interests me." After hours in study of

that picture, the passage has been larger and fuller of meaning to me. It grips me with the soul-winning attitude and effort at climax of our Lord.

The passage puts emphasis on two basic, pivotal facts regarding the lost sinner: first, the absolute necessity of a changed heart under the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit; and second, the faith and surrender of the sinner toward Jesus Christ.

The passage also clearly emphasizes four significant steps in the dealing of our Lord with Nicodemus.

I.—He treats Nicodemus as an unreconciled sinner to Himself.

II.—He makes clear to Nicodemus that he must have a changed heart.

III.—He makes clear to Nicodemus that he must look to the uplifted Cross for his salvation.

IV.—He makes clear to Nicodemus that by personal faith he must accept and receive Himself as Saviour.

These are fundamental facts. They are essential steps in dealing with any sinner. Their order is logical. You nor I dare not change the order. We dare not, as alas many personal workers do, attempt to put step four in the place of steps one, two or three. Here is where so many soul-winners seriously blunder.

1. The Unreconciled Sinner.

Long ago I ceased to spend valuable time talking about the coming of Nicodemus to Christ at night. This does not concern me. That he came at all is a fact for rejoicing. Perhaps the night time was the best time for both the Master and Nicodemus. Each then would be freer for such a conversation than at any time during the day. Yet this experience gives no license for any dumbness about our public confession of Christ. If our convictions about Christ are not such as will bring us clearly out into the open, there is something radically wrong.

Some think the expression of Nicodemus—"We know that Thou art a teacher sent from God, for no man can do these miracles thou doest except God be with him," seems to be something of flattery. I do not think so. Why Nicodemus did not recognize the source of the power in Christ's teaching, I do not know. The miracles of Christ should have been self-evident credentials of His Deity and His authority. Here is where, alas, too many men and women tragically mistake. They are very polite respecting Christ so

long as He does not interfere with them and their sinful life. When He begins to rebuke their sins they begin to doubt His authority. Whatever may be said of the confession of Nicodemus respecting Christ, it was wholly inadequate. It fails to recognize the fundamental elements of His atonement for sin. In fact Nicodemus does not consider himself a sinner. He is a type of large crowds of men and women today—men and women who have loose, superficial connection with Christianity; yet try, like Nicodemus, to compliment Christ. They are very condescending to Him. This fact, Dr. Alexander Maclaren aptly describes when he says: "We, the learned pundits of literature; we, the arbiters of taste; we, the guides of opinion; we, the writers in newspapers and magazines and periodicals; we, the leaders in social and philanthropic movements; (and he might have added, we, the unitarian, self-elevated intellectuals in high schools and colleges and universities); we recognize that Thou art a Teacher." How shallow. How dishonoring. How utterly inadequate is such recognition of the facts of the deity and substitutionary atonement for sin of our Lord. All this gets no man or woman anywhere.

Our Lord did not accept this superficial recognition of Nicodemus; but He did make clear to him the first step in His dealing with him, that although he was highly educated, clean, idealistic and occupying a lofty position, yet his own egotistical conception of himself AS A MORALIST OF THE MORALISTS would not save him. Our Lord makes clear to Nicodemus that notwithstanding all this, he was a lost sinner. Less than this you and I must not give any unsaved soul.

II. Needing a Changed Heart

The second step in our Lord's dealing with Nicodemus is to show him clearly that he needs a changed heart. Likely we have only the framework of this conversation. President Dr. John McNaugher, of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, than whom I know of no finer Greek scholar, and exegete, is of opinion that this conversation likely lasted all night. Our Lord held conversation with no soul in such logical depth and reach as this. Three times in this short passage Christ makes clear that great pivotal, basic fact of a changed heart, of regeneration, as absolutely necessary. Twice—"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born anew—or from above—he cannot see the kingdom of God", and again, in the language of the text, "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born anew—from above."

Naturally, Nicodemus could not understand this. No soul can understand it. Yet it remains the pivotal fact of our religion. Perhaps what you and I most need to ask ourselves again and again, is, "Am I born again?" "Have I a changed heart?" Multitudes whose names are on the church roll could not answer this question in the affirmative. They have not been born again. They are not regenerated. They are a tragic liability to the Church.

Illustrating this fact of the absolute necessity of the changed heart, our Lord takes a simple, every-day occurrence—the blowing of the wind. In substance He says to Nicodemus: "Do you know where the wind comes from?" I hear Nicodemus answer, "No, Master." "Do you know where the wind goes?" I hear Nicodemus answer, "No, Master." Then I hear the Lord say: "Nicodemus, those two questions are not most vital. The vital question is, 'Do you believe the wind is a fact'?" Nicodemus answers: "Yes, Lord, it is blowing in the trees down there. It is ruffling the sea over yonder. It is swaying our bodies here. Yes, Lord, the wind is a fact." Then the Master clinches home the truth by saying, "So it is, Nicodemus, with the Holy Spirit. You do not know whence He comes but He is a fact. He led you here tonight. He it is who is troubling your soul. Were it not for His influence on you just now you would be down in Jerusalem somewhere with Mrs. Nicodemus; perhaps at some social function or at some political meeting tonight. He, the Holy Spirit, is leading you, Nicodemus. Will you hear Him? Will you yield to Him?" Hence I see a better attitude toward the Lord on the part of Nicodemus. I see how Nicodemus is coming to realize that he must have a changed heart. Then our Lord leads him toward the third step.

III.—Looking to the Uplifted Cross

Having made clear to Nicodemus—and Nicodemus has seemingly grasped the fact that he needed a changed heart—the Lord leads him to look at the uplifted Cross. Again Christ uses a famous illustration; that of the Jewish experience of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. You remember the story. The people of Israel had sinned and were dying in considerable numbers. The Lord told Moses to lift up the brazen serpent on a pole, and to tell the people that all who looked at the serpent would be healed, but those who refused to look (Number 21:9) would perish. Had Nicodemus been like Modernists he would have thought this a very silly plan. It is well

that you and I and all others remember that the plan of God, however simple, is never silly. As a teacher of the law Nicodemus likely had used this serpent illustration time and time again to point the people toward the coming Messiah. Hence he knows its force.

Then our Lord says: "Nicodemus, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life." I see the face of Nicodemus change to brighter and more encouraging attitude. He seems to see the full force of the illustration. He seems to begin to realize that he is in the very presence of the Messiah. He seems to realize that he, as the Israelites of old, in order to be saved and helped must look at the brazen serpent, so he also must look at the Cross for his salvation. Here is the high achievement in our Lord's soul winning work! Here is the beginning of the blessed joy to a saved soul on the part of Nicodemus! It is always so.

IV.—Personal Acceptance of Christ

After these three steps in His soul-winning conversation with Nicodemus, showing him that he was a lost sinner; showing him that he must have a changed heart; showing him that he must look to the Cross-lifted Christ for salvation; then our Lord leads him in the fourth step to see he must personally and definitely accept Him as Saviour. I imagine that Nicodemus is ready to do this. I imagine that Nicodemus now recognizes himself a lost sinner; recognizes his need of a changed heart; recognizes the necesstiy of looking to the uplifted Cross. Somehow I feel that he is just about ready to make his confession of Christ.

Then, I imagine our Lord saying, "Nicodemus, wait a little. I have yet one more thing to tell to you. I have yet to tell you THE FACT OF ALL FACTS. I have yet to make plain to you the chief thing which I came to tell the world." Watch the face of Nicodemus! Watch the face of our Lord! Get the surroundings a little more fully. I think I see the Heavenly Father leaning from his throne over the battlements of heaven, looking upon this scene which interested Him more deeply than anything else in all the history of revelation. I think I can see the Holy Spirit hovering near in all the force of His divine personality and power, with eyes riveted upon the scene. I think I can hear the Heavenly Father say to the angels and the holy intelligences about His throne, "Silence! Hold your harps a little, Angels!

Cease singing a little! Listen! Listen!" I think there never was such silence in heaven as now. I think there never was such dread and fear in hell as now. I hear the Father say, "My Son is about to say the climactic thing of all the climactic things He went to the world to say. Hear him!" Oh, the hush—the dramatic intensity of the moment for heaven, for earth, for hell!

Now, watch the Master. He stands upright. Note His facial expression glow in the sweet love of the Godhead. See His holy lips move. Listen! Listen! He tells Nicodemus that central sentence of all Scripture—of all revelation—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Those holy lips have no greater statement to make. It is the statement of the Godhead to the human soul in trouble. The solemnity of the occasion! The sublimity of the moment! The meaning of the message! Nicodemus hears this pivotal utterance of the Godhead love. He accepts. He is saved. What a victory for our Lord! What a sublime triumph for Nicodemus!

Only twice hereafter in Scripture do we hear of Nicodemus, viz., in John 7:50 where Nicodemus pleads for Christ, citing the Jewish law; and in John 19:39 where, together with Joseph, he participates in His burial; yet I think Nicodemus was saved that night.

So it is still! Thus you and I and all others must come to our Redeemer Lord. Thus every soul, to be actually saved, must come to Him for salvation. Once, General O. Howard—who lost an arm in the Civil war, and who became such a powerful witness for Christ all over our land—once he entered a little meeting where emphasis was being put upon that essential statement in the first chapter of First John, seventh verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The fact gripped the soul of General Howard and he became a saved man. He went out to confess Christ. Those of you who have had the high privilege of hearing him on the lecture platform will recall how he gripped your soul by his tender, touching reference to this experience which led him to his definite conversion.

Undecided one! Unsaved man or woman now present; you need not remain in your unsaved state. Remember two things: You are a lost sinner, and you need a changed heart. Then do two things: Lift your eyes to the Cross where Christ died for you; and, by faith in Him, according to John 3:16, walk into the full possession of your

salvation. Soul winner, this is the philosophy of our Lord as the Model soul-winner. To teach all whom you and I work with, and teach them in this order: that they are lost sinners; that they need a changed heart; that they must look up to the Cross where Christ died to save them; and that they must, by faith in Him, according to John 3:16, step out into all He has for their souls for time and eternity.

"Without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Are the Church and the Kingdom Identical?

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The subject of the hour is vastly important on account of the times in which we are living. In 2 Tim. 1:5 we read: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God, having a form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Unregenerated, unbelieving men may say these are the words of a fanatical Jewish-Christian propagandist but we, who know the Lord, believe these words are His and they surely are photographic and descriptive of our times.

It is well and sobering sometimes to take a retrospect, aspect, and prospect. Powerful civilizations, Assyrian, Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek and Roman, have come and gone. But did the Babylonian, living in great Babylon, have any idea of the dissolution of the empire and that his wonderful dwelling place should be covered with the dust of the ages? What wonderful times we are living in! During the last forty-five years what inventions have been made! So numerous and so rapidly have they come that the wonder has disappeared from many, and everything has been, and is, taken as a matter of course. We are living in a mechanical age. No longer do we move only on the water but our submarines move under the waters. Our aeroplanes have their routes through the air. The world has become one great whispering gallery. Once we thought it wonderful to speak to one at a distance using wires; now with the radio we can hear without wires from distant points. What time-saving facilities we have today, distance-consuming and comfort-creating facilities! But has our moral and spiritual welfare kept pace with our material advancement? Do we have

within us the seeds of integration or disintegration? Can we endure? This is a serious question. There are some facts that are menacing.

I. The disintegration of the Christian family. Christianity brought with it a peculiar family life, such as the world had never seen. Love, which is unselfishness, devotion to the highest moral and spiritual interests and happiness of others, was the atmosphere. In it there was the authority of the parents and the submission of the children and also discipline. The children received training, which all children need. Now the emphasis is placed on self-expression at the expense of self-control. God was in the family. There was a family altar where God's word was read, His praises were sung, and knees were bent, and the voice of the father, the priest of the family, was heard in prayer. The Lord's Day was spent in the private and public worship of God. To many today such a home life seems dull and uninviting, but in such an atmosphere, in such Christian homes, stalwart Christian characters were grown to do the world's work. But the Christian family has broken down, for you cannot maintain Christian institutions without maintaining Christianity any more than you can maintain Christian morals without Christianity. When Christianity goes, Christian institutions and Christian morals go. Parental authority is rarely seen or filial submission. The children have a free hand. Divorce is rife. One marriage in every eight in our country results in divorce.

II. We have in our midst today an aggressive skepticism. There is camouflaging and smoke screens are thrown up, but work is done in the dark and men are active in propagating something that is far from Christian, yea, it is anti-Christian. Rationalism, modernism, destructive higher criticism, evolution, new theology, or whatever you wish to call it, is rampant. Men who bear the name of Christians are propagating something which is anti-Christian. The unbelievers are not only outside our churches but are in our pulpits, using old terms with new meanings, the people in the pews attaching one meaning to the terms and the preacher another. The church and the family fall or stand together. When the one goes the other goes. There is a decline in religious faith in our mechanical and materialistic age. The church does not occupy the place it once did, neither does the Bible School. There is no cooperation between the parents and the Bible School and the Bible School must do the best it can in the present circumstances. Half of our young people in America from twenty-five years of age and under receive no religious instruction. This is spiritual illiteracy and spells

moral bankruptcy and national decay. Our crimes are committed by young men who do not know the restraining power of a knowledge of God.

In our aspect at human society today we have mentioned only two evils, the disintegration of the Christian family and the aggressive skepticism of the day. May we mention only one other?

III. Lawlessness. There is an almost universal disrespect of law in our shallow-thinking age as though law were superficial, not mattering much whether it be obeyed or disobeyed, but law is fundamental and elemental, and weal follows obedience and woe disobedience. This disrespect for law exists not only among criminals but among those who make great professions as champions of the social order. How can we have order when everyone exercises self-will? Surely we shall have bedlam and confusion.

We have had a brief retrospect and we have looked at the magnificent and splendid civilization of Egypt, the literary embellishments of Greece and the imposing civilization of imperial Rome, where law abode, and who gave better legal protection to its citizenry than any other country that has ever appeared on the face of the earth. We have seen defunct and buried Babylonia, Persia and Assyria. We have had our aspect. Now what is the prospect? Is human society in a state of dissolution? Are we waiting for a funeral dirge? No one knows what a day will bring forth. Human society seems like a keg of powder, only waiting for the match to put it off.

Here's where our subject comes in. Have we been too prolix in approaching it? Have we wandered afield in our preamble? But who is not interested in these times? These are the times we are living in and we would like to know the things that shall be, and we have the answer. God says the kingdom is coming. Whose kingdom? His. The history of the human race, six thousand years long, is a sad one. Wickednesses, waywardnesses, selfishnesses, worldlinesses, lust, deceit, hatred, anger and a long catalogue of things that are wrong! But why attempt a catalogue of evils when God Himself has told us what is in the fallen heart of fallen man? In Mark 7:21-23 we are told "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness." If you have ever been interested enough to count the number of evil things here enumerated, you will find they are thirteen in number. Numbers have a

spiritual significance in the word of God. The number thirteen is first found in Gen. 14:4 where we read: "Twelve years they served Chedorlaomer and in the thirteenth year they rebelled." Wherever you find thirteen in the word of God or its multiple, you will find it in connection with rebellion, apostasy, defection, corruption, disintegration, revolution, or some kindred idea. You can get only corruption and evil out of the heart of man if that is all there is in it. Confusion worse confounded expresses the history of man on the earth. But we ask, shall it always be so? God replies, "the kingdom." The end must surely justify the long, wearisome road along which God has been leading the human race.

The kingdom and the church are not identical. Judaism is not identical with Christianity. We are told that the New Testament is concealed in the Old and that the Old Testament is by the New revealed, but Christianity did not grow out of Judaism and the kingdom will not grow out of the church. We are not now in a process which will eventuate in the kingdom. Judaism is an entity by itself. So is the church and so is the kingdom.

In the third chapter of Genesis we find the sceptre of the earth wrested from man by Satan, who had introduced sin and rebellion into the fair universe of God. But no sooner had confusion entered the race through sin than God promised that all sin and rebellion should be put down.

Then, in the first place, God has promised the kingdom. We wish to look for a moment at what has been called the protoevangelium, the first good news from God, the offended party, to man, the offending party. The verse is Gen. 3:15: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." Here we have the first good news from God to man, which is, that the work done by Satan, the usurper, shall be undone by the seed of the woman. We notice something here that attracts our attention. It is the seed of the woman, not the seed of the man and woman, that shall bruise Satan's head. It refers to the God-man, the theanthropic person. We read in Gal. 4:4: "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman." In Gal. 3:16 we read: "Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, and to seeds, as of many; but as of one, and to thy seed, which is Christ." In Gal. 3:19 we read: "Wherefore then serveth the law? It was added because

of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made." We know what the seed of the woman, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, conceived by the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary, would do when He came for we are told in 1 Jno. 3:8: "The Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." God gave man dominion over the earth. This dominion is now in the hands of Satan for three times in the gospel of John, Jno. 12:31, Jno. 14:30 and Jno. 16:11, Jesus calls Satan the prince of this world. The political ruler of this age is Satan and not man. It is a blessed thing to know that Satan is called prince and never king. In a kingdom there is one higher than the prince and that is the king. In this universe there is one higher than Satan and that is God. We have God's promise that sin and rebellion shall be stamped out, that the sceptre of Satan, the usurper, shall be placed where it belongs, into the hands of the God-man. We have this theocratic kingdom, not only promised but, in the second place, we have it covenanted. A covenant is a contract between two or more parties. We wish to look for a moment at the Davidic Covenant as it is recorded in 2 Sam. 7:12-16: "And when thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, which shall proceed out of thy bowels, and I will establish his kingdom forever. He shall build an house for my name and I will establish the throne of his kingdom forever. I will be his father and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him as I took it from Saul whom I put away from thee, and thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee; thy throne shall be established forever." To whom do these words refer? Undoubtedly partly to Solomon, David's son and successor, but they look beyond to David's greater son, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here we have God's covenant with David that his throne shall be established forever. There is no Davidic throne on earth now. The Jews are not in Palestine, but they are scattered among the nations of the earth. God has covenanted here a theocratic Davidic kingdom and it shall be established and ruled over by David's son, Jesus Christ.

Not only has God promised and covenanted that His kingdom shall be established but He has taken an oath that it shall be done. It would take us too far afield to expound the eighty-ninth Psalm, but we must call attention to the first four verses: "I will sing of the

mercies of the Lord forever, with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up forever; thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens. I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant. Thy seed will I establish forever, and build up thy throne to all generations." If you make a study of the times when Jehovah God has taken an oath, your study will be brief. We do read that he swore to Abraham and to David. In Heb. 6:13 we read: "For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself." In Heb. 6:17-18 we read: "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel; confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation." God has sworn to David that the kingdom shall be established and that his throne shall be builded up to all generations.

This consummation of all things, the kingdom, has been not only promised, covenanted, and confirmed by an oath, but it has been prophesied. One-fourth of the whole Bible is prophecy. It is true that the theme of prophecy is twofold, the first and second advents of the Messiah. We do see the Messiah in his humiliation but his glory predominates. The kingdom is the theme of the prophets. They dip their pens into the colors of the rainbow, into a pot of gold, and they portray the wonders of the coming kingdom. No need for John the Baptist, nor for Jesus to explain to the Jews the meaning of the kingdom. They knew the meaning. They had learned it from the prophets. No Messiah for them, with the horny hands of toil, but with royal pomp and ceremony. So they rejected the servant of Jehovah who came to bear the sins of many. How strange are the ways of men! The Jews were so taken up with the second advent of the Messiah that they ignored the first. Christians today are so occupied with his first advent that they ignore the second. We can see the faults of the Jews but we are blind to our own. To quote passages from the prophets about this glorious kingdom would mean to quote nearly all of the prophets, but since one passage was quoted to show that the kingdom was promised, another to show that it was covenanted, and another to show that God swore that it should be established, so out of multitudinous passages that the kingdom was prophesied, we shall quote only one, Isai. 9:6-7: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called

Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." The theocratic Davidic, visible, outward kingdom is here described and prophesied and the king also is portrayed.

What a wonderful kingdom this must be! The world moves on. Man truly is a religious being and everyone worships. Everyone has one thing or person supreme in his life and we become like that which we worship. Those who worship the true God are elevated. Those who have anything or anyone in the place of the true God are idolators and all idolatry, no matter what the idol be, is degrading. All God's calls are upward. All Satan's calls are downward. But man is a political being as well as a religious one. Philosophical anarchists may claim that we need no government of any kind because man wants always to do that which is right, but they are wrong. Men do not always do that which is right, neither do they have the desire to do always the right. Often they do that which is profitable or pleasurable even though it be that which is wrong. The blessings longed for will never accrue to the human race until the right kind of government is established. What a review is that of the governments of the earth! What gross and crass injustice, what oppression, what divine right of ignorant kings, what selfish rule and misrule, marching on through kingdoms, republics, democracies, plutocracies, oligarchies, monarchies and what not, until today we see czars dethroned and killed, kaisers abdicating, the world democratized, the rash and blasphemous claim that God too must be democratized. Then when czars are murdered and kaisers are dethroned and exiled and the world democratized we see men propagating and using all their skill to destroy democracies and democratic institutions, aiming to destroy the whole present economic and social fabric. Behold the riot of self will! Behold the welter of human society! Behold chaos everywhere and yet the hearts of some of us are strong and full of hope. Why? The kingdom.

The kingdom is coming. Established not by man but for man, established by the God-man. The kingdom, not the issue of a present process, but something to be introduced when the King comes. No kingdom without the King.

This must be a marvelous kingdom. This must be what seers have

seen in the future, only better. This must be what poets have sung, only more glorious. Pen cannot portray the blessedness of those days. God will then be justified in the sight of men for all the way in which He has led the human race. Six thousand years of misery, woe, bloodshed, heartaches and heartbreaks and then the kingdom.

Well, what is this kingdom going to be like? This description must be given in brevity. The capital of the world will be Jerusalem.

1. The king will be Immanuel, God with us, born of a virgin in the Davidic line and thus having a right to David's throne. It will be a theocratic Davidic kingdom. Jesus Christ will come back from heaven the second time as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

2. The kingdom will be heavenly in character. It will be the kingdom of heaven because the God of heaven will rule over the earth. There will be no peace on earth until God's will is done on earth as it is done in heaven.

3. It will be a spiritual kingdom. Men will submit themselves to the rule of God. There will be feigned obedience but there will be obedience, whether feigned or unfeigned, for disobedience will receive dire and summary punishment.

4. This kingdom will be an outward visible kingdom on the earth.

5. The kingdom will be ushered in by the power of the returning King.

Then when this kingdom comes the veil will be taken from the eyes of God's people, the Jews. They will become the great missionaries. Peace will be universal because Satan is in the pit. War belongs to his rule and we shall never get rid of war until we get rid of him. All shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest. Wild beasts will lose their ferocity. Sickness will be rare and death, which is now the rule, will be the exception. The evils of the race will be extirpated and man's golden age will be here.

This is the kingdom Christ offered, without explanation, to the Jews. This is the kingdom John the Baptist preached, without explanation to the Jews. Jesus offered Himself as king. The Old Testament does not really end with Malachi. It ends at the cross. The time between the Old and New Testaments is four hundred years but the New Testament in the Gospels is a continuation of the Old. The Bible is a Jewish book. Five-sixths of the Bible is to the Jews. It is true that the whole Bible is for us, but the whole Bible is not about us. Matthew tells us about the king and kingdom. It is in chapter eleven

that we find the turning point. When Jesus knew that His offer as Messiah and king was rejected, He offers in Matt. 11:28-30 an individual, no longer national, appeal: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." The kingdom was offered and the king, and both were rejected. Then in Matthew 13 Jesus gives us a preview in seven parables of these times from the cross to His coming again. Nineteen hundred years have already elapsed and they have been and are according to the word of the Lord.

This is the kingdom. We have spent much time on the kingdom and little is left for the church. The kingdom is not the church and the church is not the kingdom. They are distinct entities. When you go through the Bible you are surprised not to find the word church. We are told by many that the church began with Abraham. So I was taught. But why begin with Abraham? Why not begin with Adam and Eve? Surely we believe that they were saved by faith. Why not begin with Abel or with Seth? Why choose Abraham? But the remarkable thing is you do not find the word church until you get to Matthew. Only three times in the Gospels is the word found, in Matt. 16:18 and twice in Matt. 18:17. In Matt. 16:18 you read the words of Jesus that "upon this rock I will build my church." Notice that the verb build is in the future. The word for church is a significant one. It is *ecclesia*, the called-out ones.

Jesus was the prophet of Deut. 18:15: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." In Deut. 18:18-19 we are told "I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him and it shall come to pass that whosoever will not hearken unto my words which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him."

Jesus Christ our Lord is this predicted Prophet. He not only spoke for God, forthtold, but He also fore-told. When He knew that He and His kingdom were rejected as we have the record in Matt. 11, in Matt. 13, He gives us a fore-view of what would happen while He was away, until He would come back to this earth again.

From His teachings we learn that four things were to continue

while He was away, wars, famines, pestilences, and earthquakes. It looks as though these were to increase in intensity as the time of His coming again approaches. We are only ten years away from the great World War in which 11,000,000 lost their lives. The pestilence of the flu took a toll of 12,000,000 and was world-wide. Have we ever had such a famine as we have been having in Europe and Asia in the last years? Was there ever a worse earthquake than the recent one in Japan?

But things are being accomplished now. There are three, what are called, mysteries, in process now: 1. Israel's present blindness is said to be a mystery, Rom. 11:25-27. 2. The kingdom of heaven is in its mystery form, Matt. 13:11 and 3. The mystery of iniquity, 2 Thess. 2:7. The processes of these three mysteries will come to a head at the same time.

But we are concerned with only one of these mysteries. What is God accomplishing now? Is He aiming at the conversion of the world? Is the church equipped, possessing the word of God and the Spirit of God, for the winning of the whole world for Christ? Is this His aim? Then surely we must say, we who are members of the church, that we are not accomplishing the task given into our hands. Is it God's aim now to rid the race of all its ills? Is God a great reformer? How much longer will it take at the present rate to rid us of all our evils?

God ought to know, and does know, what He is about now, and, moreover, He has told us. May we have submission enough to listen!

In Acts 15:14 to 17 we read: "Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name." And to this agree the words of the prophets: "As it is written, after this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David which is fallen down and I will build again the ruins thereof and I will set it up; that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles, upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things."

Here we are told three things: 1. God is taking out of the Gentiles a people for his name, the church. 2. After the completion of the church, Christ will return and will build again the tabernacle of David. The Jews will return to Palestine and will know the true God. He has so said in an unconditional covenant, and the zeal of the Lord will perform this. 3. The Gentiles will come to a saving knowledge of the true God.

We have to do in this paper with the church, the called-out ones. The doctrine of the church is not taught directly in the Old Testament. This was a sacred secret "hid in God." No one will ever know your secrets unless you will make them known to someone. No one will ever know God's secrets unless He will make them known. He chose Paul to make known to Him the doctrine of the church. It is to Paul's epistles we must go if we want to know the origin, course, and destiny of the church. Paul seems to have had revelations along two separate lines. In Romans and Galatians he teaches us about grace and salvation and in Ephesians and Colossians he teaches us about the church and the plan of the ages. The disciples knew about the kingdom, but in the Acts of the Apostles we find what difficulty God had to teach them about the church. The Old Testament teaches that the Gentiles were to be blessed through the Jews, but it does not teach that one body, which was to be His body, the church, was to be formed and that it was to be composed of Jews and Gentiles. We are in the days of the formation of the church of born again ones, a bride, a collective bride, of which all Bible brides are types, is forming for the bridegroom, Jesus Christ. When that body is complete, the Lord Jesus Christ will leave His Father's throne in the third heaven and will descend with a shout, with the trump of God and with the voice of the Archangel Michael. What for? To raise the dead in Christ, give them their resurrection bodies, change the living believers, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and both resurrection saints and changed saints are to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. The church began in Acts 2. It will end its earthly career in 1 Thess. 4: 16-18. Our work as Christians is to evangelize, to tell the story of the grace of God to the last man on earth, so that the body of Christ may be completed. After the rapture of the church, some time after, the kingdom will come.

The church is not a perpetuation nor modification of Judaism. It is a distinct organism. An entity by itself. The kingdom is not the church. The kingdom is not a continuation, perpetuation or modification of the church. The kingdom is a distinct entity. All things are moving towards the kingdom. The kingdom will come. God has promised it. He has covenanted it. He has sworn that it shall come. He has prophesied it. It surely will come and if you and I realized the blessedness of the kingdom and what it will mean to this earth with its race of sad history, how fervently and ardently we would pray,

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

No, the kingdom and the church are not identical. They are separate, distinct, and diverse. This surely has been an inadequate presentation of this subject, but finally let us look how the kingdom of heaven and the church are contrasted in the word of God.

1. The kingdom was to be preached by Jews only. Matt. 10. The gospel of the grace of God by Jew and Gentile.

2. The kingdom was to be preached to Jews only. Matt. 10. The gospel to all the world. Mark 16:15.

3. The Jews were to exterminate their enemies. They were God's judicial instruments of retribution. Nothing like this is permissible to the church. Our citizenship is in heaven. As far as human governments are concerned, we are to "submit," "obey," "war not," "yield to the powers that be." Personal righteousness, evangelization, and prayer, not reconstruction, are the church's duty.

4. The promises are distinct. The Jew's inheritance is earthly, seen and present, the church's heavenly, incorruptible, future, unseen and reserved.

5. Their responsibilities are different. The Jew was to worship with his gifts in the tithes. The Christian must surrender all. He is not his own. He was bought with a price. He is to render spirit, soul, and body unto the Lord.

6. Their expectations are different. Dates were given to the Jews through Abraham, Daniel, Jeremiah and others. No dates have been given to the church when to indicate His return, only moral signs are given instead.

7. The blessings are diverse. The Jew is to inherit his own land, restored and enlarged. It will be a great inheritance, but the church is to inherit all that Christ inherits. The Jew is to be reigned over by Christ, but the church will reign with Christ. The Jews will be servants of their King, but the church will be the bride of their King. The Jews shall be blest in their natural bodies. Longevity will be restored. Sickness and death will be rare. But the church is to be manifested in glorified, transfigured bodies. Marriage, death and all former physical conditions will be past to the redeemed. They shall be like their Lord. The Jews then shall be the missionaries of the nations, but the church shall be a company of king-priests. The Jews shall have their future residence in Jerusalem, restored, enlarged and re-named Jehovah-Shammah—"The Lord is there." The church shall

have its abode in the new Jerusalem, which cometh down from God out of heaven, to shine above the earth, that the blessed millennial nations may walk in the light of it. Israel is likened to "the dust of the earth," but the church is compared to "the stars of the heavens."

May we who are members of this church realize our superior blessings. Whomsoever the Lord loveth, He child-traineth. We are being trained by Him for the work He has in store for us. We are looking for our Lord. He will come to take us to meet Him in the air.

But what about the future of the earth on which we dwell? Are we now in the dissolution of human society? Will human society destroy itself? What will become of the turbulent sea of the nations after the church has been caught up? Beyond this chasm of blood and tears and heartaches and breaks lies the kingdom. The kingdom is coming. The desert shall yet blossom like the rose. God's kingdom is coming. His will, which means blessedness to mankind, will yet be done by men and women here on the earth. The best is yet to come, but it will be brought about, not by men but by God. The millennium will come. The golden age will arrive. The end is the kingdom. That is what we are moving towards. That kingdom will justify God for the weary way along which the human race has been led. May thy kingdom come soon! And may thy will soon be done on earth as it is done in heaven!

The Mother-Love of God

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Isaiah 66:13

Mother-love is co-existent with human life. It cannot die, for it lives in the life of God. Six centuries before Mary gazed adoringly on the infant Redeemer, lying in the manger-cradle of Bethlehem's Inn, Isaiah saw God looking down on burdened and broken men. His eyes were lighted with comfort to the sobbing hearts of disappointed and defeated bairns, and His voice whispered tenderly "as one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Mother-love finds satisfaction in sacrifice that redeems its offspring from sin and sorrow. We are the offspring of God whose mother-love cannot be satisfied while children created for Himself are estranged by sorrowful sin.

In the poetry and prophecy of the Old Testament as in the perfect revelation of the New we are introduced to the only true God who telleth the number of the stars and who healeth the broken in heart—the God of the infinite and of the infinitesimal. Through His prophets the humanity of God is boldly declared. To crest-fallen exiles pining for the hills of home, the proclamation is made that in their motherland God will comfort them "as one whom his mother comforteth."

In early Hebrew history sterner aspects of the divine character had been emphasized to the exclusion of the tenderer. But as God became better known, men heard His message not in earthquake, wind or fire, but in a voice of gentle stillness. The broken and contrite heart He did not despise. The bruised reed He would not break nor quench the smoking flax.

With the untiring affection of mother for babe, God comforts broken and desolate men and women; calls them through hunger of heart from the far country to the joy of home; and restores them to healing fellowship and the gladness of a feast with music. In His love He neither slumbers nor sleeps. By day and night, in darkness as in light He is ever attentive to the cry of need, hasting to our panic and pain

with the comfort of His assuring caress. "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

Truth alone can be bold before apparent contradictions. Where truth is stranger than fiction truth is not afraid of the strangeness. The affirmation of womanly tenderness in the character of God has been the strength of imperishable religion. Prophet-bards, centuries before Isaiah, had foretold the tenderness of God. They saw that nothing good in creation can be absent from God. Who can check the uprising emotion that heaves the breast on reading with seeing eyes, the story of Rizpah mourning for her slaughtered sons of Saul?

Armoni and Mephibosheth, Saul's sons by Rizpah, had grown to manhood. Famine was devastating the land, and the oracle when consulted declared that Jehovah was angry with His people. The cause of His anger was Saul's infidelity to an oath—infidelity which had oppressed the Gibeonites through depriving them of certain privileges. David offered compensation, but the Gibeonites declined to accept it. Blood would have blood. So denying that they had any quarrel with Israel in general, they demanded the blood of the guilty house. David yielded, and seven male descendants of Saul—five sons of Merab and the sons of Rizpah—were seized and handed over to the crude vengeance of cruel days.

On a hill of the Gibeonites Saul's sons were "hanged before the Lord." It was at the commencement of the barley harvest. To these sombre rocky heights Rizpah resorted, and spreading her mourning cloak of sackcloth, guarded her dead sons from vultures by day and beasts by night. In solemn silence her grim figure looked down on the reapers passing to and fro. At night they left her in desolate loneliness and on return at dawn of day found her still keeping weird and lonely vigil.

The death of Saul's sons was the price demanded by the Gibeonites to avert a curse from their barley fields. But of more value than all their harvests was the love of that mother robbed of her sons. "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." Great indeed is the love wherewith that mother loved her sons. In life she comforted them and in death sought to defend them. And such but

in greater measure is the love of God. As one whom his mother comforteth so will God comfort men.

The deathlessness of mother-love is one of the radiant facts of history. Literature furnishes endless examples of triumphant mother-love. And who will believe that it is given to mortals to be of higher character than their Creator? In a quaint and charming town on the east coast of Scotland I met the toil-worn mother of a large family. One of her children was an imbecile who added fearfully to an already heavy burden. To the suggestion that the child might be received into an institution where he would receive every care and comfort, the broken-hearted mother replied, "Aye, aye, but I wouldn'a be there. Thank you, sir, but I'll struggle on a while longer and see what happens." To meet such loving devotion to frail, helpless humanity is to meet an evidence of the love that will not let us go. And such love is not confined to one soul here and another there. It is found like God's sunshine—everywhere.

Some four years ago in the Glasgow Herald on a Monday morning the following appeared from the Paris correspondent:

"Although it is over a year since Madame Vaux was tried at Maine-et-Loire Assizes for the murder of her husband it is only now that the cruelest part of her ordeal can be realized. The charge against Madame Vaux that she had shot her husband rested chiefly on the evidence of her eldest son Jean and her daughter Jeanne, who testified they had witnessed the crime. But the jury were unconvinced, and Madame Vaux was acquitted. For a year her favorite son, who had tried by lying to have his mother sent to prison on the gravest possible charge, kept silence, but now, tortured by conscience and in fear of death, he has confessed that the whole of his testimony was false. After the trial the boy became nervous and generally weak. He was unable to sleep through the weight of guilt which lay upon his conscience and at length he was removed to a hospital, where he was found to be so hopelessly ill that his recovery was doubtful. Then in extremis he asked to see his mother, and to her confessed how he had lied at her trial through listening to the evil prompting of people who hated her. He had written his confession in a letter, too, so as to be certain that it should have publicity. At their brief interview in the hospital Madame Vaux had no word of reproach for her son, who had dealt her the bitterest blow of her life. She simply kissed him and assured him with a smile that he need not ask for forgiveness. She

had blotted out his error from her memory, and he was still her cherished Jean. So was fulfilled the prophecy made by the defending counsel of Madame Vaux when in his closing speech, which did much to insure her acquittal, he declared: 'Within a year this unnatural son, who now accuses his mother, will either confess or kill himself'." Kipling's strong familiar words will leap unbidden to every mind—

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine:
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine:

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine:
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine:

"If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine."

And He who unveiled God, who knew the depths of the spirit and was familiar with the mind of His Father and our Father, of His God and our God, assures us that the love of God overflows with mother-like tenderness, for erring children whose homelessness wounds His heart. In Jesus Christ we have the only possible measure of the love of God.

One often hears it said that Christianity has made no contribution to art. It is even blamed for frowning on the beautiful and is consequently regarded as an impoverisher of life. Certainly Greek genius found expression in symbols of imperishable loveliness, while Hebrew genius, a bud that flowered so exquisitely in Christian faith, expressed itself in austerer forms. But if Greek conceptions of life minister to pleasure, Christian conceptions minister to more abiding gladness. The faith whose central symbol is a cross, in which eternal love and light shine forth, still conquers men, not as a pale Galilean whose breath makes gray the world, but as the radiant harbinger of glad tidings to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

No other system of thought has had the inspirational value for

life that Jesus set ranging through time when He lived among men that He might be to them the Way, the Truth and the Life for which they had groped in vain. Jesus has been and remains the inspiration to highest achievement in every sphere of human effort. Philanthropists, poets, painters, sculptors and musicians find in Him a medium through whom their genius has defied Time's destroying sway.

Historians regard the period from the middle of the fourteenth to the sixteenth century as the most brilliant in the annals of human achievement. The dominating aesthetic and religious conception of this era was expressed through the "Cult of Madonna," inspired by the fact that in a virgin the divine and human had met in perfect harmony, thus opening the way to unending fellowship between God and man. The cult of the Madonna exalted womanhood in the eyes of men. Through it womanhood became purified and beautified by suffering and devotion, and was invested with the assurance that wise motherhood is God's great hope for the human race. In more than one "Madonna" the human soul looks forth with sorrowing eyes that see through tears to triumph, glimpsing beyond the shadow, the joy of recovering forever earth's sweetest fellowships. No other religion, whether expressed in classical or oriental art, has so set forth the nobility of inspiring motherhood, or dares to ascribe maternal aspects to the divine Father.

Surely there was something of divine mother-love in Jesus when His sad, searching eyes looked through the retreating form of the young ruler who went away sorrowful for he had great possessions. Was it not the mother-love of God that spoke through the well-beloved Son as He looked on the city compactly built together and wept over the blindness of her rulers. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not: Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

He who declared that "God is love," who in the strength of flawless manhood called the weary and heavy laden to rest, and who offered peace to burdened souls, alone can speak with authority on the nature and character of God the Father. As a bird seeks her nest at eventide, as a wearied child repairs to a mother's breast, so Jesus cast Himself on the mother-love of the Father. Throughout His earthly ministry He was nourished by One who comforteth as a mother com-

forteth. In this environment He was born, in it He lived and died and rose again. He dwelt in the bosom of the Father whom He declared to be Love—Love that never fails and never ends; Love that is longer than the longest road we shall ever travel and that is deeper than our deepest need.

How shall we requite this love? It is so easy to be forgetful of the love to which we are eternal debtors.

"Laddie" is one of the most poignantly pathetic stories I have ever heard. A lad had gone from a country cottage to seek success in the mighty metropolis. His mother's benediction followed him as he ventured forth from the threshold of their humble home. By diligence he climbed the ladder of success and won fame as a physician. Into aristocratic and wealthy circles he was received cordially. His palatial home was enriched with beautiful merchandise from far lands. Regularly, for years, he visited his aged mother in the little country home, making generous provision for her comfort. But gradually he became intoxicated with success. Garish days and gay society crowded out the fragrant flower of filial affection from his soul, and consequently visits to the old home became fewer. It eased his conscience to know that he was providing for all his mother's wants. Yet her heart was breaking, for her need was deeper than her wants. She longed for the affection of her absent bairn. So with the resourceful energy of flickering hope she traveled to London and appeared before the handsome dwelling that housed her successful son. At its portals she was received with professional courtesy by a liveried attendant. The physician was informed that a queer old woman was inquiring for him. He entered the hall and was greeted in familiar accents—"Laddie," said his mother, "I've been missing you sorely, the loneliness is more than I can bear; so I've come to stay with you and I'll never leave you any more." With dignified courtesy the doctor showed the aged caller into a private room. He visualized the society with which he was now familiar, and thought of the charming lady he hoped to marry. His mother could never be happy in such society! Her homely ways might embarrass him at times. So with forced tenderness he said, "Mother, you could hardly be happy here. You would miss your old friends. I will rebuild your cottage where you shall have everything money can buy, and you will be out of the rush and excitement of

the great city." Like an arrow the words pierced her heart. An unfilial son had wounded the spirit of the mother who bore him.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Servants were ordered to prepare a room for an "old nurse" who had come to see the doctor. When the work of the day was over the household retired to rest. As "Laddie" lay a-thinking, someone quietly entered his room. It was his fond old mother. She came to his bedside and looked into his eyes; she arranged the bed clothes and tucked them around her boy, saying affectionately, "Laddie, I just want to tuck you in the way I used to do," and sealing her love with a kiss imprinted on the much loved face, she left the room. The rush of scarlet shame that filled the doctor's heart gave place at once to the noble resolution that his love for mother would be no less than mother's open-hearted love for him. So the resolution was made, "My mother shall remain in my home. I shall never be ashamed of her in any company." And pillowing his conscience on this manly resolve he slept till morning.

Glad in heart and joyful in spirit he rose from slumber. Clothed and in his right mind, he went to his mother's room. But her bed had not been occupied! In agitation he called for his carriage and hurried off to the home of his boyhood. His mother had not returned. Detectives and police searched the city for her. For six months the search continued. The unavailing effort went on till a year had passed. Friends observed the drooping shoulders and the listless step of the physician. Grey hairs were here and there upon him and the lustre was departing from his eye. He longed for the loving presence of his vanished mother. Eighteen months later while on professional duty in a hospital, the matron requested him to see an old lady who had been run down by an omnibus. No one could understand her. To all inquiries she simply kept repeating, "Laddie, I just want to tuck you in bed as I used to do." He hastened to the cot, where he made unavailing attempts to elicit forgiving recognition from the departing spirit of his mother. She loved him to the end. And God's love is not less. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Whether in aching loneliness of far-stretching prairie or in the engulfing loneliness of a great city, a mother's love will follow her children; and with even greater certainty the love of God will find the wanderer.

It breaks through barriers of space, through halls of riot and revelry, through hunger and loneliness, and invites the disillusioned child home to the warmth and affection of mother-love that is wedded to eternal strength. This love is resistless—continues till it has broken every barrier down. It is not weak insipidity, but is at once beautified in virility and tender in its strength. Donald Hankey's "Beloved Captain" showed such love for his men.

"It was a wonderful thing, that smile of his. It was something worth living for, and worth working for. * * * It seemed to make one look at things from a different point of view, a finer point of view, his point of view. There was nothing feeble or weak about it. * * * It meant something. It meant that we were his men and that he was proud of us. * * * When we failed him, when he was disappointed in us, he did not smile. He did not rage or curse. He just looked disappointed, and that made us feel far more savage with ourselves than any amount of swearing would have done. * * * The fact was that he had won his way into our affections. We loved him. And there isn't anything stronger than love, when all's said and done."

Responding love for the leader who loved them created a willingness to accept his cross, as human response to the divine love will make us willing to take up the Cross and follow Christ. We love because He first loved us—loved and continues to love us "as one whom his mother comforteth."—(All rights reserved.)

Defeating the Barriers

By REV. W. ERSKINE BLACKBURN, D.D.
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St. John 20:19,26: Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. * * * And after eight days again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

No event in the history of man has had consequences so far reaching and uplifting as the resurrection of Jesus. On this event the Christian Church is founded. It is the primary cause of the New Testament, the most remarkable and influential piece of literature the world has known.

The twentieth chapter of the Gospel according to John thrills most powerfully. Age cannot rob the wonderful narrative of its hope-kindling and love-inspiring qualities. The writer is not arguing in the hope that readers may believe the record of the amazing return of Jesus from the dead. He is not primarily explaining, in order to win belief from the sceptical. John is simply describing an incident of which he had personal knowledge. When the event happened that is here described, John was there. He is stating facts which for him are incontrovertible. It was, of course, the method of His Master. Jesus never argued regarding His Gospel. He never attempted a definition of God in abstract terms. Jesus would never tantalize the souls of weary men by calling God the "uncaused Cause of all created things." He is clear where philosophers are obscure, and yet is profound where philosophy is shallow. So His disciple John, holding fast to the stupendous truth that had gripped him, leaves argument aside and tells how the risen Saviour came to His dejected followers when "the doors were shut" where they "were assembled for fear of the Jews" and hailed them with the greeting of peace.

Consternation had filled the city rapidly. Rumor was fast spreading the story that Jesus, the crucified, had mysteriously come forth alive from the grave, and was inspiring courage in the hearts of once forlorn and disappointed followers. How would this affect the attitude of the Rulers, Scribes, Pharisees and multitudes to the disciples of Jesus, who were themselves disturbed by the incredible but soul reviving tidings? Common sorrow had held them together; so they met to console one another in an "upper room" where the doors were shut for fear of the Jews. Why this "fear of the Jews"? Well, anything might happen. They were themselves Jews, and knew the mercurial temperament of an Eastern mob. Only a few days before the mob had yelled themselves hoarse shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David," when garments strewed the way, and palm branches were waved as Jesus in triumph entered Jerusalem. But almost before the echo of the hosannas had faded they yelled themselves hoarse again, crying "Away with this man, give us Barrabas." None could foretell what might happen to the disciple band. In frantic fanaticism they might be slain, or the tide might turn and they would be deified. Better have time to discuss the matter and prepare themselves for eventualities, before any sudden approach to their room had occurred. "And the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews."

When they were so met behind closed doors, "came Jesus and stood in the midst and saith, Peace be unto you." There is no suggesting that He opened the doors. That which was a barrier to other men was no barrier to Him. Indeed we had better put it in the present tense—that which IS a barrier to others is no barrier to Jesus. He comes when doors are shut. He was not bound by material conditions. "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father." "Handle me for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." He came "when doors were shut." Many ingenious attempts, scientific and otherwise, have been made to explain how Jesus in His post-resurrection body could mysteriously enter closed doors and yet be possessed of tangible qualities. But they usually raise more difficulties than they solve, and while being interesting, seldom convince one for or against the possibility of the resurrected body of Jesus having all the qualities attributed to it.

But the four disciples are trustworthy. Their writers were as capa-

ble of observation, and as able to weigh evidence as any modern jury. And since the best informed of men are readiest to declare that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt in your philosophy" it is surely sensible to accept the testimony of upright, trustworthy eye-witnesses of the most significant event in the history of the world. They acknowledged that to them it was a matter of surprise, but they affirm that it was also a fact of experience. Jesus came when the doors were shut.

He greeted them with the familiar salutation, "Peace be unto you." But the old greeting conveyed a new meaning. It came to troubled, fear-stricken souls, not as an idle word that wayfarers might throw to each other, but as a generous gift to impoverished men. It had been His last word to them as He went out to the lonely agony of His passion. It was His first word to them after His triumph. He took up the threads of life just where they had been left off. After earth's last slumber character resumed its course unhampered by the limitations of the flesh.

In the synoptic gospels no mention is made of the conduct of Thomas on this occasion. John alone tells of this incident; perhaps because himself of all the first apostles remained. Looking back, the memorable scene stood out vividly and since a record of the occurrence might help many and could vex none, the aged apostle rescued it from oblivion.

In fear, says John, we met together, and as we conversed behind closed doors, Jesus came and stood amongst us. He showed His nail-pierced hands and wounded side, and we were glad when we saw the Lord. He said "Peace be unto you," and peace came unto us. Our panic vanished. Thomas was absent that first Easter Sunday. We were sorry for we know how sorely he needed comfort. And when at last we saw him, and told him the wonderful news, he shook his head doubtfully. We insisted that it was even so. The Master had risen! "No, no," replied Thomas, "it cannot be." "Tell me nothing more of that sort. One big disappointment in life is enough for me. Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." But the Sunday following, we met once more. Our fear had gone, and we were glad that Thomas had at least not lost interest. He was there. And when the doors were shut, to the upper room the Master entered

again and greeted us with the familiar salutation. He looked beseechingly at Thomas. Soon we learned that He knew every movement of our thoughts. He knew our thoughts afar off. "Thomas," said He, "reach hither thy finger and behold my hands and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." It was a tense moment for us all. Like most men Thomas was better than his creed. His first demand fell away. His sight was lost in faith. His soul leaped and his face brightened with expressive ecstacy as he cried out, "My Lord, and my God." And the Master at once relieved the exquisite tension as He pronounced the farewell beatitude to Thomas: "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." So Jesus came to meet the demand of an earnest doubter. He came when the doors were shut.

One is led to think of how this remains an abiding characteristic of Jesus. He comes when doors are shut. Even against that group of first disciples certain doors were closed when Jesus came and stood in their midst. They were "marooned" through the prejudice and antagonism of their Master's enemies. Doors that once were hospitably open were now closed against them, Jesus came and opened other doors which rendered them independent of what once seemed essential.

Permit me to suggest two doors that were closed against the disciples, after the death and resurrection of their Lord. There was first of all the door of the church. The sanctuary in which they and their fathers had worshiped God was closed against them. Prejudice had shut the doors and bitterness now kept them barred. Would they ever again stand in the holy place where with their fathers they had called on their soul and all that was within them to bless and magnify the Lord their God? Religious ostracism to them was a very dreadful experience. To understand even dimly what it meant we would have to know how exquisite was the suffering of a pure truth-loving soul excommunicated from the Roman Church during the dark ages. It virtually meant being cut off out of the land of the living—a sort of living death. The agonies of Joan of Arc in the midst of devouring flames will occur to minds familiar with that period of strong ecclesiasticism and weak Christianity. "Cut off—unhousled, disappointed, unaneled."

Into such circumstances, where human hearts were filled with sorrowful forebodings, when fear was the only tie that bound the disciples

together, came Jesus, and by His presence and promise constituted them a new church—the church of the twice born. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel and lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the ages." At once affectionate loyalty to the Master increased. They experienced "the expulsive power of a new affection." Fear fled from their breasts. Soon they went forth to obey His command even as He had obeyed the command of His Father. They became pioneer members of the everlasting and everliving Church of God; the advance guard of the greatest empire man will ever know, for its frontier is only limited by human need. When hatred had closed a door against His followers, love and the Lord of Love threw open wide a door by which the evangel passed on its all-conquering crusade.

Are there not men and women today who feel that somehow the doors of the church militant are closed against them?—honorable, well-intentioned folk whose sympathy with the ideals and teachings of Jesus is deep, but creedal demands bar their way into the Church. Their loyalty to truth and their understanding of the Master hold the mind's homage and keep the life pure. But they hold aloof from the Church. For them the doors are shut. Jesus has lost none of His power to defeat the barriers that prevent dedicated lives from finding unhampered expression. Whatever Ecclesiasticism may say neither the New Testament nor the Spirit of Jesus gives authority to any organized community to claim a monopoly of saving grace. Where two or three are gathered together in His name, Christ is there, and where He is, there is the church. Men and women in living union with the risen Saviour are part of the church and to them, when doors are shut, Jesus comes to lead them forward to fields of infinite opportunity in building the Kingdom of God. Calvin, Luther, and Knox found that Jesus came when doors were shut. Certain fields of service were closed to Dan Crawford, Mary Slessor and Welfred Grenfell, but Jesus defeated the barriers and led out His chivalrous followers to radiant achievement, and a glorious demonstration that "His touch hath still its ancient power." He comes when doors are shut, with the greeting of peace and the gift of power; those who receive Him find that old things pass away, behold He "makes them new."

Again, the door of hope was closed against the forlorn disciples. They anticipated for Him a glorious triumph over the despotic rule of their conquerors; but these hopes were extinguished on the hill of

Calvary, and buried in the sepulchre by Gethsemane. The fact of the resurrection seemed too good to be true. Experience taught them that it was too good not to be true. No authentic messages had ever come from the darkness that deepened beyond the last shadow. Even noblest efforts, therefore, must end in failure; loving friendship—the richest treasure of human life—must drop into the unlovely limbo of the lost treasures upon which unopening doors swing heavily with dull and callous indifference. The final outlook on life is chillingly cheerless apart from the revelation of Him who defeats barriers by coming when doors are shut. Even across the widening gulf of time I recall vividly an experience of student days. I visited a hospital where a woman lay seriously ill. She was recovering from the effects of a major operation; the surgeon tenderly but truthfully had told her what the inevitable result would be. With glistening eye and faltering voice the believing sufferer addressed me—"The doctor says it's cancer and I won't get better." What could an inexperienced lad say to that? I trembled. I knew then how "earthly helpers fail and comforts flee." A whisper from the Unseen suggested I should read from the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you." And as one looked on the wan countenance of the sufferer the victory of faith was radiantly demonstrated. Jesus had come when doors were shut. He had annihilated time and space. He had opened doorways through which the light of unending day had passed into a sorrowing heart and dispelled the shadow that at last falls athwart each passing life. Hope to the hopeless and deliverance to the dying are gifts with which the Prince of Peace has enriched countless millions of lives. Today a chivalrous stoicism bids men live nobly even though death should end all. But all such teaching ultimately dulls affection, freezes aspiration, dries up the springs of sympathy, and hardens human relationships.

"The man upraised on the Judean crag
Captains for us the war with death no more,
His Kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag
On the tomb of a great knight of yore."

Such is the cry of reason unillumined by the radiance of Christian revelation. It has many brilliant advocates but their day will cease

to be, for the Son of Man remains the only Saviour of the lost. The guidance modern stoicism offers leads mankind into a cul-de-sac. Into the imprisoning house of a cleverly camouflaged despair Jesus comes to defeat the barriers. He comes when doors are shut and opens for the dispirited, the disappointed, the bereaved, a way upward and onward.

This suggests a final thought. Jesus came when doors were shut. Few dared to make confident affirmation that death did not end all. The door through which men had long desired to look was wrapped in thick darkness, and kept mysteriously closed. He came when that door was shut and by illuminating revelation threw open the gateway of assurance in the continuity of life. In the risen Lord they recognized the Jesus of the Galilean roadways. Death had neither ended nor arrested His personality. While moving among men Jesus gave clear indications that He had been familiar with other conditions. He was ever mindful of the country whence He came. Trailing clouds of glory He came from God and that glory He never lost. For a season He laid His glory by until He led captivity. But the character and activities that had won their allegiance while He was with them remained unaltered by the experience called death. "And it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He doth appear we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is." He appears today as on the day of His resurrection—only to them who seek Him. Scientific revelations never come to slumbering students. They who seek find. When we are assembled behind closed doors even though it be for fear of adversaries, that we may comfort our hearts and strengthen our faith in Him, He will not fail to open for us pathways to new adventure for greater spiritual conquests in His name. Wonderful as ever with the message of peace and power He comes when doors are shut.

Ambassadors for Christ

By REV. C. A. BLACKMORE
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2 Cor. 5:20

Twenty years ago I put my hand in the nail-pierced hand of Christ by faith, and He saved me from a sinful life, blotting out my transgressions. It was a wonderful night to me. As a new convert I began reading my Bible, and attending every Bible class that I could get into, at the City Mission in Grand Rapids, Michigan. My eyes soon fell on this verse, which has been such a blessing to me through the many years, and has outlined to me my duties as a servant of Christ. I trust it might be of like benefit to all who name the name of Christ.

In the beginning, God made a garden, and in that garden He created and placed a man, who, we are told, was created for His own glory. In the cool of the day God would come to the garden and commune with His friend—the man. But one day something happened, for when He came to the garden the man was in hiding. God went throughout the garden, calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Here, a great gap came between God and man. The gap widened and grew deeper, until one day, when all had failed, God sent His Son to bridge the gap, and at Calvary's brow, with one hand in the hand of the Father, He reached across the gulf to the last lost man, and reconciled the world to God. A few days later, just before His feet left the earth, He committed to us the great task of reconciling the world to God—as Paul puts it, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Now I find there are five fundamental things that an ambassador does: First, it means that he must go to a foreign country; and, my friend, when I gave my heart to Jesus, I immediately found myself in a new world. I worked in the same shop, with the same men, but, oh, what a change! Old things passed away, and I found the scriptures to be true, where it tells me that my citizenship is in heaven, and

that I am merely a sojourner here, running errands for my Master, while on the way home from earth to glory.

In the second place, I find that being an ambassador means a separation, and it meant just that to me. It meant that I must pay a price. I remember in my early Christian days of going to my father's home for the purpose of leading him to Christ, and after pleading with him, through my tears, he turned me aside, and said he would be glad to see me out of such nonsense. I had never gone to church with my father, excepting on two occasions, and one was to my mother's funeral. I left the old home with a heavy heart; but someone seemed to say to me, "Well, he didn't spit on you, and I don't see any nail-holes in your hands." Then I remembered that I was an ambassador, and that I must be true, at all costs, and I was soon happy as I thought of my wonderful Saviour and His love to me. Several years later I went to my father's house. He was now bent with age, and his hair was white. At the station, as he threw his arms about me, and planted a kiss on my cheek, he told me how he loved me, and how proud he was that I did not yield to his suggestion. That night I had the privilege of leading my father, seventy-two years of age, to the Lord Jesus Christ. If we would be real ambassadors we must be willing to pay the price.

In the third place, an ambassador always represents a king, or a great power. Likewise, I remembered, as I went forth, that Jesus had said, "All power is given me, in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." What a glorious thought that He had deemed me worthy to be His ambassador, and to go forth in His Mighty Name.

In the fourth place, I discovered that every ambassador had a vital message. This message he does not have to hatch from his own brain, as a spider spins a web; but each morning he receives his message from his king or the power he represents. Likewise, we do not tell the world what we think, but we get our message fresh each morning from the King of kings. But so many say, "I have no message; I cannot write a book, sing a song, or preach a sermon. I'm just one of the common sort, the helpless creature who cannot do things." I used to think this way, but, friend, I've discovered that we all have a message, and a very vital one. Listen! Last year I was touring and in going from Winona Lake to Erie, Pennsylvania, I lost my way, and

drove seventy miles on the wrong road. When I discovered my mistake I turned back to the main highway as quickly as possible, and discovered where I had made my mistake. I found that it was because I had not kept my eye on the signposts, but I can assure you that I did not lose sight of them again, and they guided me safely home.

As I was riding along, I wondered what the signpost would say if it could speak. I thought it might speak to me after this fashion: "Blackmore, I'm so discouraged with my job; I never help anyone; no one pays any attention to me. I have stood here for ten years and not one soul has ever said, 'Hello, or goodbye,' or a kind word of any sort, but when they come to where I am, their gaze is straight ahead, and I'm quite sure they do not even see me."

But I thought, Oh, signpost, you will never know the thousands you have guided home. Then I bowed my head and said, "Oh, Jesus, make me a signpost for Thee, that by my life I might point the way home to thousands of weary travelers." Yes, my friend, you have a message.

In the last place, I find that an ambassador is standing in his country's stead. In like manner, our text tells us that we are standing in His stead, and to stand in His stead means that we are a citizen of another country—that we have the power of heaven and earth at our disposal, for He said, "As the Father hath sent me so send I you." It means a great separation, if we would walk in the steps of Him who separated Himself from all that was dear, that He might bring us back to God. If we will bring men to Christ we too must pay the price.

Opening Remarks

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D.D.,
Director of the Bible Conference

The first two lines of an old song have been running through my mind this morning, "How swiftly the years of our pilgrimage fly, as weeks, months and years roll silently by."

Thirty-three years have rolled away since the day the Winona Lake Bible Conference was organized when thirty-five men met one night in yonder auditorium, and, while the rain fell in volume big enough and loud enough to almost drown the speakers' voices, set in motion the influences whose operations have brought such mighty blessing to the multitudes that have waited upon this Conference throughout the years that have gone.

The thirty-fourth annual Bible Conference began this morning at eight o'clock, but we are at this hour in a somewhat more informal way setting the wheels in motion. The memories that cluster about the past are rich and rare. They speak with a language all their own. The faces of three men stand out before us at this time—two of them now in glory and the third lingering this morning on the borderland: Dr. Solomon C. Dickey, Dr. Henry Webb Johnson and Dr. Edward S. Scott. These are the men who launched the Winona movement.

Those of us who know can never forget the abounding optimism, the rare initiative and the indefatigable toiling of Dr. Dickey. If others threw the proverbial wet blanket and said, "It can't be done", he pushed on as if such language were foreign to his vocabulary. Then came others for the mention of all of whom time would fail us. Many have gone to join the spirits of just men made perfect. Others are still here, but to them all from Dr. Dickey, the founder, to our recently retired and much loved general secretary, Dr. J. C. Breckenridge, we of today owe a great debt indeed.

Winona is not offensively fundamental. She prefers a positive message to a pusillanimous one. She does not, however, conceal the fact that she stands upon the fundamentals of the faith "once for all" delivered to the saints. She believes in the "foolishness of preaching."

She prefers "a fool in his right mind to a wise man drunk with infidel philosophy." She does not want to lose the substance in trying to grasp the shadow. She prefers the sure word of testimony to a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. This is why only men who are sound in the faith appear on her platform. If you want anything else, you must go elsewhere.

It will interest you to know of the following action taken recently at a meeting of the board of directors of the Winona Lake Institutions:

In order that there may be no possible misunderstanding as to where Winona Lake Institutions stands with reference to the doctrines which its directors believe to be essential to the faith delivered by the inspired writers of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, these doctrines are here set forth in concise terms: In terms which the directors of Winona Lake Institutions believe cannot possibly be misinterpreted, the same being on this twenty-fourth day of August, 1928, adopted by unanimous vote as the doctrinal platform for the said Winona Lake Institutions.

1. We believe that the Holy Scriptures are inspired in such a way as to furnish us with an infallible and authoritative Bible.
2. We believe that there is one God eternally existing in three persons; Father, Son and Holy Spirit, equal in power and glory.
3. We believe that Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary.
4. We believe that Jesus Christ voluntarily assumed the sinner's place in substitutionary atonement.
5. We believe that Jesus rose from the dead in the same body, though glorified, as that in which He lived and was crucified; that He ascended into heaven, and is in his present life our High Priest and Advocate, and that from thence He shall visibly return to judge the quick and the dead.
6. We believe that the Holy Spirit is a divine personality co-equal in power and glory with God the Father and with God the Son; and that He is the executive of the Godhead in all the Kingdom activities.
7. We believe that no one can enter the Kingdom of God until he is "born again" of the Spirit of God, according to the express teaching of Jesus Chirst.

8. We believe in a coming judgment for all mankind issuing in eternal reward for the righteous and eternal punishment of the wicked.

We welcome you all this morning. To you who have been here before we say, "Thrice welcome back." To those here for the first time with all our hearts we welcome you. We want you all to have a good time in the Lord and to go back to your homes much blessed of God, and we know you will.

The committee in charge of the Bible Conference program craves your sympathetic suggestions, and I would have you also know that the one who oils the wheels and cares for the numberless details of a Conference program like this would like to feel that he has your good will and your prayers that he might be given the courtesy and the patience and the wisdom, which is so much needed, for the direction of a great work like this in such a way that He may be glorified who is the great Head of all our work and in whose name this thirty-fourth annual Bible Conference has been called.

Bringing Back the King

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

"Now therefore why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?"—2 Samuel 19:10.

It is impossible for any one to read this portion of Second Samuel which deals with the rejection of King David and his coming again to the throne, and not see in it the typical history of another King whom the Scriptures call "The Son of David," and the prophecy concerning Him, which is yet to be fulfilled.

Among the sons of David there was one whose name was Absalom, the favorite of his father. Full of pride, ungrateful, headstrong, and wicked, he secretly resolved to usurp his father's throne. Certain conditions made the time especially ripe for the furthering of his unfilial and unholy scheme.

The great tribe of Judah had no doubt taken some offense at David's government. A merger had taken place which had placed the Ten Tribes on a footing of equality with themselves, and they were none too happy over it. And so, when the king's magnificent son came along with his smooth palaver of a more partial and liberal rule, the entire populace "fell" for it, like the foolish angels fell for the program of another usurper who conspired against the throne of the Eternal God Himself.

And then, you know, it was one of the chief duties of an oriental king to listen to the individual complaints of his people, and David, in the latter years of his reign, had neglected this. Of this thing Absalom took advantage. He stood in the gate of the city and conversed with every one who had a complaint, and sympathized with him, and "put forth his hand," and kissed any man who came nigh to do him obeisance, and devoutly wished (out loud) that he were the king so that everyone who had a suit might have justice done to him.

And thus we are told that Absalom stole the hearts of the people.

This was all the easier because Absalom was a handsome fellow, and the people admired him because of his wonderfully luxuriant hair, and his personal beauty. Then again, he impressed the people by the

imposing splendor in which he always moved about. "He prepared himself chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him," and thus, with his prancing steeds and his troup of glittering out-runners, he became the observed of all the observing in Jerusalem. And this the people would contrast with the plain and simple style of David's establishment. And so Absalom had them all coming his way.

And thus, when the hour struck, Absalom raised the standard of revolt at Hebron. It was completely successful. David fled from Jerusalem, and went to a city east of the Jordan.

Then came the counsel of Ahithophel, and, had Absalom followed it, and acted at once, he might have been still more successful. But the counsel of Hushai pleased him better.

Hushai told him to wait, to gather together a mighty army and ride forth at its head as became a great conqueror, and Absalom was fascinated by the brilliant imagination. Hushai appealed to his vanity.

And thus the devil outwitted himself. He had nursed in Absalom an over-weening vanity and pride, intending by it to overthrow the throne of the Lord's anointed. And now this very thing became the cause of Absalom's downfall and ruin. How easily God makes the wrath of men to praise Him. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh."

And so, while Absalom waited, David rallied his forces and when they came to battle Absalom's army was utterly routed, and Absalom himself was among the slain.

For a time consternation reigned everywhere. One suggestion after another was offered, until finally in the midst of the confusion one clear voice rang out above the rest, "Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?" And then the line of march was taken up, and back to Jerusalem, back to the palace, and back to the throne of David the people went.

Now, it has already been noted that this experience of King David looks down the ages to the world's rejection, and the final coming again to His throne of another King.

Nothing is plainer than this, that Jesus was meant for a King. When He was born the angel said of Him, "And the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever." But "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." He *was* a King, but not the kind they wanted.

They told Him to gird on His sword, but He said He preferred a cross. They told Him to mount His charger and thunder at the gates of Rome, but He said He would win and rule the world by love. Such sentiment they could not tolerate and they drove Him away. Instead of a coronation they gave Him a crucifixion. And now, for two thousand years, the One who was meant for a King has been in exile from His dominion.

And where has He gone? Well, we are told in one of Luke's parables (Luke 19:12) the story of "a certain nobleman who went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." That far country is "the land that is fairer than day," and standing there at the right hand of God, the rejected King is pleading the merits of His atoning work on the Cross for you and for me.

You know, they tell us the story of a soldier who had lost both of his arms in battle and was, of course, maimed for life. His own brother, because of some misdemeanor, was arrested and sentenced to die. When every other means to save the condemned man's life had failed, this maimed and disabled soldier appeared before the king in his behalf and accomplished what every argument had failed to do. He made no eloquent speech, but simply held up his maimed arms before the king's eyes and said, "For the sake of these pardon my brother."

And so He, we are told, "is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." And the One who came to be a King, but whom the world despised, and who was "wounded for our transgressions," is now standing at the throne of God, and He lifts His hands that were pierced through by the nails, and bares His side that was thrust through by the spear, and says, "For the sake of these pardon my people and pass over their transgressions." Isn't it glorious to have a Saviour like that!

But the parable to which we referred says He has gone "to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return." Thank God He is coming again. And when He comes He shall indeed have received the kingdom, and He shall be King of kings and Lord of lords, and sit upon the throne of David, and He shall reign forever, and of His kingdom and peace there shall be no end.

And God knows that this poor, tired, troubled, and sin-cursed world

needs some one to do for it just what will be done when the King comes back.

1. Think what the coming back of the King will mean for the poor Jew. How the Jew needs Him! The Jew is a mighty character. He has given to the world many of its giants in every sphere of life. He sits in the council of kings and in the cabinet of presidents. He holds the purse-strings of the world. And yet the most pathetic page in human history holds the story of the poor, dispersed, persecuted, and wandering Jew.

There has been no end of humanitarian schemes to ameliorate the condition of this unfortunate race of people. Jewish bankers have been lavish with their funds; land has been purchased; colonization schemes have been fostered; even the parliament and the congress of the world's two greatest nations have given sympathetic furtherance to the establishment of the Jews in the land which they feel is rightly their own. But "why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?" For if I read my Bible aright there can be little, if any, hope for this dispersed and afflicted people until the King comes back in glory "to turn away ungodliness from Jacob." "For I will have mercy upon them, saith the Lord; and they shall be as though I had not cast them off."

2. Think what the coming back of the King will mean for the world itself! Surely the world needs Him!

Even the inanimate world and the dumb brutes are calling to be relieved from the curse of sin which is to be lifted when He comes.

Some one has said that the sounds of nature are all in the minor key—the bleating of the sheep, and the moaning of the winds, the lowing of cattle, and the murmur of the waves. But this is just what we are told in the Word of God—"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together," and then we are told that it is "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God,"—that is, deliverance on the morning of the First Resurrection.

With truer instinct than a careless, sleeping church nature seems to know no other cure for her curse than the coming again of the King, and in that beautiful passage just quoted from Romans, out of which an artist might make a statue of hope, she is pictured as watching with head raised, and neck out-stretched, toward some distant point in the heavens from which the Deliverer is to come.

But it is the world of humanity we have in mind. How it needs Him!

When I think of all the Church has done in her earnest desire to evangelize the world, and then face the painful fact that in all these two thousand years she has brought not more than one-tenth of the world's people to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ; when I see the great apostasy going on today within the ranks of the church itself, and find so few of the church membership who are really spiritual Christians; when I look down the columns of the newspapers and see every page crimson with the history of the broken laws of God and man—I say, when I ponder these things I find myself crying, "Lord God, hasten the day of that mighty event when the King shall come back." For I record it as my conviction, with the record of twenty centuries behind me, and the Word of God open before me, that only the presence of the Son of God Himself, coming in power and great glory to bring this world into subjection to His authority, can ever stop the march of crime, or put a final check upon the sin and violence that threatens, even today, our boasted civilization with destruction, and usher in upon the earth the reign of universal peace we have sought so long, but in vain, to bring about.

I would to God that all the nations of the world might be brought into obedience to the faith in this present age, if that were the will of God, but I do not read anywhere in Scripture that such is to be the case before the Lord returns. I think we will all agree in this, whatever distinctive view may be ours as to the time of that return.

And while I do not disparage Leagues of Nations, nor World Courts, nor the moral and social and political reforms, nor any of the other experiments for the bringing of deliverance to the nations of this earth, I cannot refrain from injecting into all this universal striving after human amelioration the question put to the Jewish people in the time of their trouble and distractions, "Why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?"

3. And then think what the bringing back of the King will mean for you and me!

There is, of course, a sense in which the King is here now. When by faith the sinner opens his heart to Jesus Christ he takes Him, not only as his Saviour from his sins, but as King, as Lord and Master of his life.

This being so, the doing of the will of one's Lord and King should be not only the governing principle, but the sweetest joy of every believer's life. Jesus said, "I came down from heaven not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me." This is what some one has called "The Rule of the Royal Life." There is no other life that a child of God can live and find the real worth of knowing Christ. And because this is true it is a glorious thing just to have a chance to do the will of God, no matter what else it brings us, even though it be suffering and death.

When old John Brown of Osawatomie was captured Mr. Vallandigham said to him:

"Mr. Brown, who sent you here?"

And the old man looked up into Mr. Vallandigham's face and said with glorious composure:

"No man sent me here; it was the will of God and the prompting of my Maker."

And just a few days before they led him out to die upon the gallows he wrote that he was never more cheerful in all his life, and that he felt unworthy of the great distinction that was placed upon him in permitting him thus to die for so holy a cause.

Oh, my brother, there are other things we can do, and they will fill our lives with envy, with discord, and discontent. But there is a life of rest and sweetness unknown to the world that waits upon a willingness to do the will of God. And this day I call you to witness that in so far as you have lived a life like this you have found the things which the world does not have and cannot give.

I shall never forget the sad look upon the face of a woman who had once given Jesus His rightful place in the throne-room of her life, who knew the sweet fellowship of walking daily with her Lord.

But she had gone away.

Her life had been thrown, through no choice of her own, among those who knew not God, and others who were nominally Christian only, and the pull of the world dragged her down. She tried in vain this way and that to assure herself that all was well, but she knew it was not well.

And she acknowledged to me her unrest and her spiritual poverty. She said, "When I think of my spiritual state a burden presses down like a millstone upon my soul. When I lie down it is with the thought

always that if the night should usher me into the presence of God I would be unprepared."

My friend, is that you? Are you disappointed in what your profession has brought to you? Are you like the Galatians, "Having begun in the spirit," are you trying to "perfect yourself in the flesh?" Have you tried in this way and that to find the life that is buoyant and free?

Why not let the King come back? Why not give Him the throne and let Him reign? Why not say, "Thy will be done in me?" In nothing else will that soul of yours or mine ever find rest.

"I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me;
He loves me with a tender love,
He loves so faithfully.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I."

And that may be true of you. Do you want it to be? Then let your Lord, your Master, your King come back.

They tell us that one of the soldiers of Napoleon had been wounded by a bullet entering his breast just over his heart, and while they were probing for it, he cried, "An inch deeper, and you'll find the emperor!" He had his emperor, his king in his heart. Why not something like that with the King of kings and the Lord of lords?

But one day the King is coming back Himself to visibly live, and rule, and dwell forever with us. And think what that will mean!

That will be your coronation day, and mine—the time of reward. "Henceforth," says Paul, "there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appering."

It will be the time when you meet your loved ones again, and I, mine. "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

It will be the time when pain and suffering and disease and death will be at an end forever for the child of God, "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a mo-

ment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

But it will be best of all just to have the King Himself. Mr. Wickersham, a noted Chautauqua lecturer, told us at Winona Lake that one time, after seven weeks of absence, he returned to his home in Des Moines one evening just in time for supper, and as they sat down he heard his little boy crying. The little fellow was up stairs in bed. They sent the nurse up but she came back and said she could not find out what was the matter. And the father said, "Here is some candy I bought for him; take this up to him." But that didn't satisfy him. He continued to cry, and the father said, "Here are some toys I meant for Christmas Day tomorrow, but he might as well have them now." They took the toys up to the little fellow, but he did not care for them. Then Mr. Wickersham, the father, went up himself and said, "Jimmy, what is the matter?" And the little lad just reached out his arms and put them around his father's neck and said, "Papa, I just want you."

And so it is with Jesus. What a wonderful One He must be. He made the little children to love Him. He charmed the woman's heart until no ointment was too costly for His head. The bereaved found comfort, and the oppressed found refuge when He was near. Strong men laid their heads upon His bosom and were glad to die for Him. What a wonderful One He must be!

Oh, yes, I know His gifts have been precious and plentiful—the gifts of His grace and His glory, which ever since He went away He has been shedding forth from His place at the right hand of His Father's throne. But how wonderful it would be just to have Him! And if any word of mine could bring Him back I would say, "Even now, come, Lord Jesus." Not another instant on the dial of my watch would I wait. My Lord! My King! I want Him to come. I wish He would come just now. "Why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?"

And what can we do to bring Him back?

Well, what did Peter mean when he said, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: Whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things."

Out of the nations of the world—out of the Gentiles and out of the Jews—Jesus is gathering a people for Himself—His Church; His Bride; His Body; and when that Body is complete He will come. And the one thing—the only thing—we can do to hasten that day is to help Him fill out that number which is to make up that Body and that Bride complete.

Who can tell when it will be? Who knows but that the next one to accept Christ, the next one to receive the Son of God, may be the last one; and then the numbering will be finished, and He will come! "Then look up, and lift up your heads, for the day of your redemption draweth nigh."

It is said of Queen Victoria that, after hearing one of her chaplains preach at Windsor on the Return of the Lord, she spoke to Dean Farrar about it, and said:

"Oh, how I wish that the Lord would come during my lifetime!"

"And why does your majesty feel this way about it?" asked the great preacher.

And with her countenance illumined with deep emotion the Queen replied, "Because I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

"Now, therefore, why speak ye not a word of bringing the King back?" Yes, He is coming again.

If you have ever heard a rendition of the Oratorio "Messiah" by a well-trained chorus, and most of you have, can you ever forget the thrill and uplift of it all? Such artists as Adelina Patti and Evan Williams and David Bispham and Carey, each supported by hundreds of trained musicians, used to take the principal parts, and it was marvelous indeed.

You know just before the Hallelujah Chorus a death-like stillness holds the throng in a few seconds of suspense. And then the deep bass rolls out, "For He shall reign forever and ever"; and then the alto lifts it higher, "For He shall reign forever and ever"; and then the tenors pick it up and lift it, as it were, to the very skies, "For He shall reign forever and ever"; and then the sopranos, as if inspired, sing out, "King of kings, and Lord of lords"; and then, as if from the four quarters of creation, there comes the anxious question, "How long shall He reign?" with one accord they make reply, "Forever and ever"; and then, as if heaven and earth were joining in triumphant shout, the whole choir with mighty volume sings, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!"

Oh, it seems to me like a prophecy of the glad day when every knee shall bow, and all the nations of the earth shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. And from the teeming millions of Asia shall sound the anthem, "King of kings, and Lord of lords"; and the shout of Europe will give it power; and the deep undertone of Africa redeemed will lend it volume; and America, and far-away Australia, and the islands of the sea will join the refrain and pour their matchless music into the ear of Christ, and together, from the uttermost parts of the earth, breaking out in triumphant voice, the whole world shall sing, "King of kings, and Lord of lords; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

Sobriety and the Sabbath

By REV. HARRY L. BOWLBY, D.D.

General Secretary, Lord's Day Alliance of the United States

Proverbs: 14:34. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

In addressing this large and impressive body of ministers this morning and others who have come into this service, let me frankly state at the outset that what I have to say will have a very direct bearing on situations as they obtain today respecting the Christian Sabbath and the campaign already well begun for the election of a president of the United States and of candidates seeking public office of national, state and local character.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." I shall not attempt an exegesis of the text, but will endeavor to make application of it to the conditions as we find them to-day in this great nation, which the Supreme Court of the United States on February 29th, 1892, declared to be "a Christian nation", and which, as you will see, bears suggestively upon the subject I have chosen—"Sobriety and the Sabbath."

In examining this verse of Scripture I notice the revised version in the second clause offers an explanation for the words "any people", using the plural, peoples, which, as I take it, applies not to any particular generation of people, but to people of any and successive generations. As the Ten Commandments are still the basic standard of English and American law, so this word of God, 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" is not only as applicable, but in the light of nineteenth century Christian enlightenment, far more applicable to us to-day than to that chosen or elect people, to whom Solomon in his wisdom directed this proverb.

Slavery of Saloons Conquered.

If it is true, and we believe it is, that as someone has said, "Civilization moves forward on the feet of its children," then we, the people of today, or rather the spiritual leaders of our respective flocks in whatever fields, meadows or mountains we may labor in and lead them,

it is our bounden duty to consider these great moral issues, which are vitally related to great religious truths and teachings of this, or any day and generation in which we find ourselves co-laborers together with God. Therefore I shall not attempt to cite out of the abundance of Scripture, context or versions of Scripture having so important a bearing upon the theme we are considering. Whatever the kind of slavery which seeks to fasten its chains upon a people, nation, state or community, must be attacked by the power of righteousness in order that such a sin and injustice may release its hold upon the people and set them free. Lincoln, the great emancipator, speaking of the great black slavery, which had stained the hands and warped the minds of peoples and politics of the north before it became less profitable and continued in the south until the fratricidal strife and the Emancipation Proclamation struck off the shackles from over three million souls whose bodies were held in bondage, once said, "A nation half free and half slave cannot long endure." If I may paraphrase these words of the martyred president, I would say, "A nation half sober and half drunk cannot always endure." There may be a few here this morning who remember, and perhaps were enlisted in the Federal army at the time when Lincoln, on that July day of 1863, after the great battle of Gettysburg, issued the famous Emancipation Proclamation. Everyone in this room this morning well remembers that famous day, January 16, 1920, when a vast majority of the people of the United States had registered their will against old "king alcohol" in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. On that day was "John Barleycorn" weighed in the balances and found wanting and in that night was "King Alcohol" slain. We stood beside his grave and having consigned his spirit to the red regions of the damned, we stood over his body and these words which almost uniformly the sympathetic pastor does not say with a chuckle in his voice, or a smile on his face, but which the people of the earth were pleased to hear as they joined as almost in one voice and said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, John Barleycorn, Jersey lightning, King Alcohol dead at last, legalized liquor traffic, peace to your ashes, but there will never be a resurrection day for you."

Saloonless Nation Needs Sabbath-Filled Sanctuaries

Sobriety and the Sabbath. May I say to you this morning that if

we are to keep a saloonless nation in the United States, then we must make sure of Sabbath-filled sanctuaries on the day named after the Saviour of men, the Lord's Day, our Christian Sabbath, and on other days, keep our people, and through them those who do not come into the house of God, mindful of the fact that having outlawed this arch-criminal of all history, this ugly monster, which formerly had fastened his tentacles around the body politic, who while war has slain its thousands, it has slain its tens of thousands, we must keep it outlawed and held in the place of the departed, lost spirits.

It is our business, as spiritual leaders, to be in the vanguard of a battle so far reaching in significance that these liquor advocates would even bring back the dram shop and saloon in the Christian Sabbath to say nothing of the untold sorrows and the millions of heartaches which King Alcohol exacts as his toll annually from the bruised and broken families and kin of 300,000 drunkards which annually he sent to their graves in the United States while preparing for his mills, which ground exceedingly fine the hopes and aspirations of fathers and mothers and loved ones in the home as they witnessed here and there and almost everywhere throughout the nation a loved one, or loved ones pass under the dominating influence and eventually death dealing blows of this Belshazzar king, who in 1920 saw in this republic the handwriting on the wall and went to what we believe not temporary, but to his permanent doom. But, if we are to keep him out of our communities, our states, and the nation, even though we must constantly cope with the legion of his emissaries who are seeking to deceive the people into calling him back, and into whose hands many of our public officers and politicians, sitting in seats of power at the nation's capital, in state public offices, and his henchmen in cities, towns, boroughs, and villages, we must not soothe ourselves to sleep with the thought that he could not come back, except by the same route over which he was sent out and down to his death. There are ways indirectly through which he might again get a strangle hold on this, the mightiest of the republics of the earth. With men seeking the favor of the populace, the greetings of the market place, and some of whom aspire even to the president's chair in the White House (and I say to you, brethren, that I, too, am a minister of the Gospel of the Son of God); who are we that we should not be out in the thick of the fight and on the front of the battle line? A clear, clean-cut moral issue

is before us in this campaign and I make no apology for saying to you this morning one of the supremest issues of all that are being, or will be, raised, is whether we shall or shall not have come back into our national life this arch-fiend, this home-wrecking, community destroying, state and national enemy of the things and the institutions we hold dearest as citizens of the forty-eight states of this nation.

Calvin and Knox Mighty Reformers.

I shall, therefore, call your attention to some facts with which every minister in this country should be acquainted. I shall point out how, in our law to-day, in whispering campaigns, in the denizens of the underworld, in favored places where certain breeds and brands of politicians, especially in our congested city centers, are looking for votes and in some of the cities even men regarded among the mightiest, efforts are certainly being made not only to let back this gigantic Goliath about whom I am speaking, but who would throw wide the gates of the Christian Sabbath to every conceivable form of a conscienceless commercialization and secularity that would rob our churches and chapels of their rights on that day and destroy the last vestige of sanctity of our glorious Christian Sabbath. And so let me remind you at the outset, most of you here this morning are disciples of John Calvin, followers of John Knox. Calvin, the mightiest theologian of his day and generations afterward, who gave the Presbyterians their system of theology as based upon the Holy Scripture, their system of government, and upon whose principles as enunciated in the old Scottish kirk was patterned the form of government of our republic and the founding of our present public school system. John Calvin, mighty teacher of the Word, king of theologians, after his departure from Geneva, Switzerland, with the earnest request of those who wanted the Augean stables of that city swept out, the stench of which smelled to heaven, upon his return took up the weapons of warfare in the name of civic righteousness and swept corruption out of Geneva so completely and successfully that European historians tell us for one hundred years after the death of Calvin, Geneva remained the cleanest, sweetest city of Europe. And what did John Knox do, the man whose soul was so passionately filled with a desire for the peoples of Bonnie Scotland that he cried to God, "Give me Scotland, or I die." John Knox who could cause a queen to weep in his presence as he spoke to her the words of truth and soberness, was able to say to

Queen Mary in courteous, but commanding rebuke, "If princes exceed their bounds they may be resisted by force."

Moral Issues—Politics in the Pulpit.

Brethren, what are you and I going to do in the face of the boldest invaders of the American Sunday and of those who would gladly go so far as to add to their commercialism of this day, if it were within their power, the legalization of the liquor business upon this Holy Day? We cannot, if politicians and public office holders exceed their bounds and become traitors to their trust, resist them by force, but in the name of God I say to you this we can do, we can awaken the members and adherents of our Church to the fact that they can, and must be resisted by the force of bullets in the form of ballots, that powerful weapon which is placed in the hands of every citizen of this great commonwealth of twenty-one years of age or above. Now what are we going to do about this matter? Perhaps some of you have been thinking what has been dinned in the ears of ministers for ages, "don't bring politics into the pulpit." I now unhesitatingly say to you hundreds of ministers gathered before me this morning that when any moral issue in any campaign is clearly joined, then it is your business and mine to speak out as men of God and true patriots. Let our people know just where we stand, where we believe they should stand, whatever the campaign may be, local, state, or national.

My friend, the late Dr. Hugh B. McCauley, once went to that well known jurist in Trenton, New Jersey, an elder in his church, the Honorable W. B. Lanning and said, "Judge Lanning, do you think there is ever a time when a minister would be justified in talking politics in his pulpit?" And Judge Lanning said to Dr. McCauley, and I give you the substance, if not the exact words, "Dr. McCauley, in my opinion, sir, when a clean-cut moral issue is at stake in any campaign, the minister who does not bring the facts regarding it to the attention of the people from the pulpit has not only lost an opportunity, but I believe him to be culpable." I fully believe that statement.

Personal Experience.

What is more, I am glad to be able to say to you this morning that I practiced it faithfully and as fully as I knew how in my own pastorate, the First Presbyterian church of Altoona, Pennsylvania, 1904-1913. I recall one of many similar experiences while I was pastor of that church. I was faced with this situation: The nominee of a major party

for lieutenant governor of the state of Pennsylvania had a daughter-in-law who was a member of my church. I decided that moral issues were so paramount in that campaign that it was my bounden obligation to point out the facts to the members of my congregation. That daughter-in-law was present that Sunday morning. I did not wish to wound her feelings and the feelings of others in the family connection, her beloved mother was the widow of a former deacon of that church, but there was a plain duty and so I gave definitely three reasons why, as well as paying my respects to other candidates that were similarly involved, no voter in my church as I saw it could vote for our fellow-townsman whose party had made him their nominee for lieutenant governor. I am frank to say to you of all the sermons I preached during my pastorate of about nine years in the city of Altoona, none ever provoked more, if as many honest complimentary remarks and letters to me as did that particular message.

What the people want to hear to-day, although many newspapers and politicians and supporters of evil practices would try to have us not believe, is plain speaking based not upon hearsay, but upon absolute facts which can be supported and backed by unquestionable records themselves. If ever you had a moral issue cleanly joined in any campaign since the Civil war, that time is now, and as a campaign progresses you are going to see two things standing out in emboldened clearness, advocacy of the liquor business by certain persons in both the major parties as also an advocacy of an open commercial Sunday. It is not only "what shall your answer be?", but "what shall the answer of your people be?", members of your churches, if you call upon them to make sure that they themselves and others of their household or friendship relations are registered and make sure of voting on November 6th. You can help mightily toward the deciding of a contest, which, whatever other issues may be involved, clean-cut moral issues stand out in challenging clearness.

Poison Pen Propaganda

And now may I call your attention to some facts which further the argument support to which I have directed your attention. First I will point to a few things which stand out in rugged boldness in the pages of magazines of recent issues. If you have not seen it, I suggest that you go to some library and look up the March number of the magazine "Plain Talk". The first and leading article of that magazine is entitled

the "Lord's Day Alliance" and its author is Clarence Darrow. Who is Clarence Darrow? A lawyer, a veteran of the courts, the counsel of two of the most coldly calculating murderers in the United States, Loeb and Leopold, court defender of the bridge dynamiters, the McNamara brothers, counsel for the national association opposed to "blue laws" and who I am assured by Harmon H. McQuilken, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Orange, New Jersey, said in a public address in California a number of years ago, "The Constitution of the United States is the greatest curse of America." Do you wonder that this man, this destructionist, as the term is generally applied, would be against the intent and purpose of our American Sunday, an institution which is recognized in the Constitution of the United States, Article 1, Section 7, paragraph 2? After trying to show up the work of the Lord's Day Alliance and begrudgingly admitting the great service it has rendered, although he is not happy in the achievements of the Alliance, Mr. Darrow takes a fling at the preachers, at scientists who insist upon the necessity of the weekly rest day, the Ten Commandments, the shorter catechism of the Presbyterian Church, pays his disrespect to such outstanding preachers as Robert E. Speer, Charles E. Jefferson, D.D., and Dr. H. H. McQuilken, and in this article of thirteen pages, after poking fun at Moses the Law-giver, and quoting some verses of Scripture from the fifteenth chapter of Numbers, but not giving the full context regarding the relation of the same to the teaching as a whole, uses these bold and blasphemous words, "In spite of manifold texts like this there are persons who protest they love this bloody, barbarous, tribal God of the Jews." We call your attention to these facts and add that when men of recognized intellect, sometimes invited to our most outstanding colleges to speak before the student bodies, pour out such violent denunciations against the Christian Sabbath, and that agency which is seeking to protect and preserve it in our American life, is it not full time for every minister to awaken to the fact that the enemy is at the gate?

But I will call your attention to another article in "The American Mercury" magazine of May, 1928, in which H. L. Mencken, recognized as a destructionist in literature, gives eight pages of that issue to an article entitled "The Watchdog of the 'Blue Laws'." This article, apparently written by a woman, makes an attack upon one of the officials of our Alliance for his activity in leading the forces of the

nation in the defense of the day and a vigorous attack upon its invaders, the evident intent of the article being to record itself as an assistant to those who would usher in a rapacious commercial Sunday, while recognizing the persistent and stubborn opposition to the forces bent upon laying the American Sunday in the dust.

Syndicated articles are appearing in many of our metropolitan papers, one of which quite recently appeared, identical in substance and illustration, in the Boston Advertiser and in the New York American. The American Weekly, Inc., claims all rights to the article, not only in the United States, but reserving the same in Great Britain. Do not misunderstand me. While we know that such so-called literary attempts to discredit the Christian Sabbath and our American Sunday will not be successful in converting thoughtful American citizens to a wide-open continental commercial Sunday, the danger of such articles lies in reaching the more gullible who fall for such poison-pen propaganda. In the above syndicated article, which was published under the caption "Now for a Nation-wide 'Blue Law'," and the purpose of which apparently was to discredit it in the minds of readers, the Lankford Sunday Rest Bill for the District of Columbia introduced in the House of Representatives and which has been favorably reported by the judiciary committee of the House of Representatives committee of the District of Columbia.

Presidential Nominees' Record and Attitude

This leads us to raise an important and fundamental question which is related to the present presidential campaign. If either of the nominees of the major party is favorable to the continental and commercial Sunday, what chance has a Sunday Rest Bill for the District of Columbia, where our nation's capital is located, for securing the signature of such a one if the people of the United States by voting and through the electoral college should place him in the president's chair at Washington? Would he sign such a bill? Therefore we shall give you this morning a few facts taken from the records at Albany, New York, where one of these two leading presidential nominees was a member of the New York state legislature for many years and is now governor of the Empire state. We shall also state that so far as we know there is no record of the nominee of the other major party ever placing himself on record as favorable to the commercial or continental Sunday. If any of you have anything further respecting either

of these nominees, bearing on this question, then I shall thank you for sending it in to me, or giving it to me at the close of this meeting. I want to be perfectly fair and give only records as we can support them, for mere hearsay, unbacked by the record of the acts themselves, should have no place in statements given as facts by anyone, much less a minister of the gospel. I therefore read to you a part of the bonafide record of Governor Alfred E. Smith, nominee of the Democratic party for president of the United States.

1907—June 5th, voted for a Sunday baseball bill, which he moved to advance.

1908—April 8th voted for the Oliver Bill to allow Jews to keep stores open on Sunday.

1909—April 8th voted for Oliver Bill to legalize Sunday theatres.

1910—April 19th voted for the Oliver Bill to allow Jews to keep their stores open on Sunday—April 26th voted for the McGrath Baseball Bill.

1911—March 14 voted for the McGrath Sunday Baseball Bill—July 7th voted for the Bush Sunday Baseball Bill.

1913—While speaker of the New York State Assembly at Albany he gave all possible assistance to secure passage of a bill which would open the saloons in New York City on Sunday afternoon.

1915—April 15 voted for McElroy Sunday Baseball Bill.

1919—As Governor he not only favored the passage of bills to legalize the opening of commercial motion picture theatres and the playing of commercial and professional baseball on Sunday, but later signed those bills when passed by the legislature.

Having called your attention, among other facts in the record, to Mr. Smith's position on the Sunday saloon while he was a member of the state legislature of New York in 1913, and knowing full well his attitude toward the liquor question as based upon his own pronouncements since he received the nomination for president, I think I owe it to you to tell you what Honorable Franklin W. Fort said to me regarding Mr. Hoover's attitude toward even the appearance of any concoction that would suggest alcoholic content.

Mr. Fort is secretary of the Republican National Committee. Last January when I met him in Washington I said to him (he is a classmate of mine at Princeton University), "Franklin, can you tell me whether Mr. Hoover is personally, as well as the holder of a public

office, dry?" He answered, "I am glad to tell you that he is not only dry as a public officer, but I know that he will not even drink anything that has the appearance of alcoholic content, unless he is first assured that it is without offense. Mrs. Fort and I gave a dinner in Mr. Hoover's honor some time ago. As we sat down to the table he noticed glasses filled with ginger ale and a few other perfectly temperance ingredients, which Mrs. Fort herself had prepared. Not knowing just what the beverage was, he said to me, 'Fort, is this all right?" pointing to the glass in front of him. I assured him that if he meant alcoholic content there was absolutely none in the glass. It was a perfectly harmless gingerale beverage. He replied to me, "That's all I want to know'." Mr. Fort further said to me, "Although Mr. Hoover knew me so well, he wanted to make perfectly sure that he was not lifting to his lips anything that would not be proper for him to drink anywhere in keeping with the Constitution, the Eighteenth Amendment and its supporting enactments."

And I can say to you I have learned, as you evidently have also learned from other sources concerning the personal attitude of Mr. Hoover and his practice as a public officer that he is thoroughly safe regarding this great moral and political issue which is now before the people; and is one who now as the nominee of the Republican party insists that the people of his country should stand for no attempt of nullification of the Constitution, or any of its amendments "by any method of indirection."

Moral Issues of Presidential Campaign Clearly Joined.

It ought to be seen at a glance that no presidential campaign since the Civil war, and perhaps in the history of the country, has had the moral issues so clearly joined as they are to-day. Cleavages in both parties are the order of the day. Already thousands of wet Republicans have turned to the Democratic leader, while we believe tens of thousands of dry Democrats and those standing for noblest ideals and the fostering of Christian and patriotic institutions, are swiftly moving toward the banners lifted by the leaders of the Republicans. The time has arrived when we dare to paraphrase the words of that glorious hymn, with its martial note, "Onward Christian Soldiers", and when everyone who believes that this is a Christian nation, as the historic position of the builders of the republic and the traditions of

the nation itself so well attest, can say or sing with enthusiasm these meaningful words:

"Onward loyal soldiers
Marching as to war
With the CONSTITUTION
Going on before."

In fact the words of a former famous statesman in the days when plain speaking was as necessary as it is now are certainly appropos of political conditions to-day. Those of us who believe in these ideals and institutions for which this republic has been known the world over, "must all hang together, or we shall hang separately."

Who Is Responsible?

We are living in an age when it seems so easy to criticize young people for the mistakes and follies of youth, but who are those that are largely responsible for laxity in Sabbath observance, for the smart-set display of the hip flask, the boastings of the ease with which strong drink can be obtained anywhere? We can lay the responsibility for these things very largely at the door of those propagandists that are seeking to make our Christian Sabbath the biggest money-making day of the week and to thoughtless members of our churches, who are using the day in ways that make for its desecration, the failure on the part of leading citizens and not a few spiritual leaders to record themselves as absolutely against such abuses of the day which is named after the Saviour of men; and as far as the present drink evils are concerned, I would charge public officials who fail in their duty to enforce the law with greatest responsibility and selfish politicians who, calling attention to the bootlegger and his profits, are seeking to ride into and stay in the public office by that margin of votes which comes from booze-boosters and those who believe in a wide-open Sunday. Why can we not bring such facts more positively and convincingly to the attention of the people of our communities and urge them seriously and searchingly to set themselves to the task of genuinely cleaning-up the dens of iniquity and putting out of office, as Chicago has recently done, at least temporarily, those who have been the friends of vice and crime, the open Sunday and the bottle? As long as we permit men and women to be elected to public office whose oath requires and pledges them to maintain the Constitution of state and nation, and to enforce the law, but who look upon their oaths as something less than a scrap of paper, we must ex-

pect to see our American Sunday wounded in the house of its professed friends and slain on the altars of civilian and political greed and avarice; and we must not be amazed and startled when revelations like those in Chicago, Greater New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, are so vividly featuring the first pages of the great daily newspapers.

What Should Be Done?

My brethren, shall we continue to maintain the sanctity of our Sabbath in sober seriousness, yet in triumphant, buoyant rejoicing in its values and virtues, and the Sunday laws which are the civil safeguards of that institution, Sunday, which the Constitution grants to our president free from every state duty, save that of an unquestioned national emergency, therefore, impliedly the national weekly rest day for the people, and shall we stand by the Eighteenth Amendment and its supporting enactments, one of the surest guarantees of a sober Sabbath, or shall we, at the whim and will of the liquor indulgent and the profiteer in intoxicating drinks allow the blessings which have come down to us purchased at the price of blood and ballots be snatched from our hands, our hearts and homes robbed of a priceless inheritance and an incomparable possession? I believe with our famous co-worker, Billy Sunday, that if we repeal a law criminals don't like and enact a law that they want, if that is not treason, then Benedict Arnold was a Sunday School superintendent.

In closing I am glad to say that I have no fear as to what you will do in this matter, that you will not be frightened if someone waves a feather before you and says, "Don't bring politics into the pulpit!" Sobriety and the Sabbath! Remember what Robert Burdett, the Baptist deacon and humorist once said, "The Declaration of Independence wasn't written in a Chicago beer dive on a Sunday afternoon, not by a jugful." It is also well to remember that the founders of our Republic were not intoxicated with the wisdom of Charles I and his Book of Sports nor drunken with the wine of his chalice at the christening of the Carnival of Sunday Sports in Old England; neither do the sons of these worthy sires intend that a new chapter in that book shall be written by a Tammany Hall authority or the leader of any New York City or other political society, substituting a Sunday of commercialized amusements, sports and other unnecessary kinds of business for our American Sabbath, the day which is "a boon and blessing to the sons of toil," an institution that "has contributed more

to the peace and good order" of this nation "than could be accomplished by standing armies and the best organized police force."

Pulpit Patriotism a Privilege and Protection.

My final word in this day when the most daring adventures must be made from pulpit as well as platform and every parson become as much a fighter in this way of righteousness against unrighteousness as in those days when the Rev. Peter Muehlenburg, whose statue stands before the City Hall of Philadelphia, preaching to his people on a Sabbath morning, closed his message with that dramatic act of flinging aside his clerical robe and standing before the congregation in regimental dress, spoke these memorable words: "There is a time to preach, and there is a time to fight; and the time to fight has come." Then leaving the church he went forth and enlisted in the army of the patriots of '76. You and I are not called to go forth and settle any question of national or state interest by the rifle and the bullet, but we are before God responsible to our people for imparting to them what we know to be great moral issues in a campaign such as this, that they may help fight with the bullets of ballots. Therefore, let me say, and I wish I could give these words wings and soar them into every open space and nook and corner of the nation where they might reach any who fear or hesitate to see and help meet the mighty moral issues of the present national political campaign which have a direct or indirect bearing upon state or local politics: Is pulpit popularity so sweet, and the favor of men so dear, that they must be cultivated or obtained at the cost of chained convictions and a slavish silence when moral issues are at stake and the cries of a wounded Constitution are heard to heaven? I know not what course some preachers may take in this campaign, but as for me, and I believe for you, and a host of other ministers of the church, give us the liberty of proclaiming against sponsors of the red handed, black-hearted arch enemy of the people and decent politics, the liquor traffic, and the open commercial, conscienceless continental Sunday or give us the robes of cowardice within whose folds we may hide our spiritual embarrassment and shameless silence!

A New Movement—The Greatest Since Apostolic Times

By CONSTANCE J. BRANDON

International Secretary World Dominion Movement.

(Introductory Note: The World Dominion Movement consists of a group of the Lord's people who are endeavoring to do three things: 1. To think in terms of the whole world regardless of denomination or society. Viewing the world from the standpoint of the Kingdom of God. 2. To find by survey the religions of deepest need, and create an interest in them. 3. To attempt to broadcast the methods of the Apostle Paul, thereby working for an Indigenous Church in every land, i. e., the building of native churches that will be self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating from the start. The headquarters of the World Dominion Movement are in London and New York.)

You will find my message in several passages of Scripture which I want to read consecutively: Mark 1:17; 3:14; 16:15-20; Acts 8, part of 1 and 4.

"Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men . . . He appointed twelve . . . that they might be with him, and that he might send them forth. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

"They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed. And there arose . . . . a great persecution against the church . . . and they were all scattered abroad . . . They, therefore, that were scattered abroad went about preaching the word."

There can be no choice of service for the Christian only absolute obedience to the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This command to preach the gospel to every creature is a command to the Christians of today to reach all who have not heard the message of salvation. It is my privilege to bring to the Winona Conference this year a message, (the thrill and fascination of which I trust you will feel as we proceed), about a new movement for world evangelization, one that has been described as, "Potentially the greatest movement since apostolic times."

The greatest movement since apostolic times would necessarily be the movement of God and the movement of God towards His objec-

tive in this age, this age in which we live. Of course, God's ultimate objective is a race and a universe perfectly adjusted to Himself and His will, but in this present age He is after a people who will come into such union and fellowship with Himself as to understand and co-operate with Him in His present purpose for the evangelization of the world and the calling out of a people for His name.

God's instrument for the achievement of this great task, we find from the Scriptures, is a body of believers called the Church. Ephesians 4:4-7; 11-13. In I Corinthians 1:2, we read, "The church of God even them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in every place their Lord and ours."

Here we see that the church is neither a building nor a denomination, but a group of men and women called out into a living union with Jesus Christ. Those, who in simple faith have called upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thereby received a new life, the communicated life of Christ liberated through the mystery of His death. "He loved me and gave Himself for me"; out of the mystery of that dying, that substitutionary, vicarious, atoning dying there comes to me, and to you, the great gift of life. Nothing less than the life of God in us, and the whole Christian life is the functioning of that life in us.

The Scriptures declare that two or three who have thus passed from death unto life constitute the nucleus or beginnings of a Church, and no limits need be set to the propagating power of such a group. Until the twos and threes possessing the principle of the new life have emerged from heathendom we cannot have a Church. The Church must be formed of such. The work of evangelization either at home or abroad is completed only when men and women come into this great possession.

Given life, and all things are possible. Life cannot be purchased, it is a gift. It can be handed on from one to another, but its price is not a money price. It came to the missionary himself as a gift; as a gift he must pass it on to the heathen he evangelizes, and these, in turn, must propagate what they have received. But it cannot be propagated by those who do not possess it. They may have education, wisdom, wealth and every other gift, but lacking life, they cannot propagate life. The emphasis must be laid first, therefore, on life. Only living things have propagating power. "Life, life, eternal life, Jesus alone

is the Giver!" Have you called on the Lord? Have you received the new life? Have you realized that you hold this propagating power and that you are responsible to God for passing it on?

Why do I stress this point of personal salvation at the beginning of a missionary address? For the simple reason that if the Lord Jesus Christ has not saved you, you will not be interested in the salvation of others. It is to the saved—to the sanctified, that the great privilege and responsibility of preaching the life-bringing gospel has been committed.

Some time ago I was standing at one of the large railway depots in Chicago when my notice was drawn to a taxi driver who evidently was anxious to obtain my attention. In reply to my inquiry as to whether he wished to speak to me, he said, "Sure I do. Ain't you the lady what's evangelizing the world. How are you getting on with it?" Let us see if we can answer his question.

If we look out over the mission field today we see that we have made amazing progress, and that our labors have been more than abundantly blessed. We see that we have established all over the world missions through which great numbers of heathen have been brought into a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Civilization has been introduced into barbarous countries, immoral customs have been abolished and education and culture have been extended far and wide. On all sides we see steady and increasing progress. It is impossible to have even the most superficial acquaintance with the history and present condition of our foreign missions without being convinced that we have been instruments in the hands of God for the accomplishment in part of His divine purpose to sum up all things in Christ. Yet today we are facing a crisis of world missions! Everywhere there are symptoms that cause us grave anxiety. Let us look over the world again and what do we find.

1. Everywhere Christianity is still an exotic. We have not yet succeeded in so planting it in any heathen land that it has become indigenous. If there is one doubtful exception to that rule, it is a country where from the very beginning Pauline methods were followed more closely than elsewhere. But generally speaking, it still remains true that Christianity in the lands of our missions is still a foreign religion. It has not yet really taken root in the country.

2. Everywhere our missions are dependent. They look to us for leaders, for instructors, for rulers. They have as yet shown little sign

of being able to supply their own needs. Day by day and year by year there comes to us an unceasing appeal for men and money for the same missions to which we have been supplying men and money for the last fifty or sixty years. (Have you ever thought about that? Is it not time that those who have not heard the gospel once, should have an opportunity of doing so before anyone else hears it again twice?) There seems at present little hope that the demand will change its character. If we do not send men and money the missions will fail, the converts will fall away, ground painfully won will be lost. When the day comes in which the demand is for men and money to establish new missions in new countries, because the old are capable of standing alone, the end of our work will be in sight. But at present that day still seems far distant.*

3. These things cannot but cause us anxiety, for, as we see Christianity still an exotic and missions still dependent, we also discover the appalling fact, that with all we have done, half the world is still unevangelized, the unfinished task is stupendous in its magnitude.

Take a bird's-eye view of the situation. In Japan there are more non-Christians today than when Christian missions commenced. Central Asia, larger than all of China, is practically unoccupied. In China itself there are three hundred thirty-three districts, having a population of nearly forty million, in which there is not a single evangelistic center and not a Christian. In India there are three hundred eighty-five native states with no Christians at all. Arabia is practically untouched. Afghanistan has not been entered. King Amanullah and Queen Souriya, of Afghanistan, rulers of one of the last closed lands of earth, recently visited France, Germany and Great Britain. The governments of those countries spent over ten million dollars upon their entertainment. The world powers recognize the importance of Afghanistan as a key to the control of Central Asia. Does the Church of Christ fully appreciate the strategic necessity of evangelizing this sturdy race? Ten million dollars! And some of us have not spent ten cents yet for the evangelization of Afghanistan. In twelve of the countries of Africa more than ninety per cent are Moslems. Take Latin America. Four-fifths of Latin America, right at our doors, are practically unevangelized. The unfinished task, how vast it is! Few seem to realize this. How can we ever liquidate the burden of debt that

*See Missionary Methods—St. Paul's or Ours? by Roland Allen.

lies upon us as Christian men and women? Has the World Dominion Movement the key to the problem?

We commenced by saying that the command of Christ to preach the gospel to every creature is a command to the Christians of today to reach all who have not heard the message of salvation. But the world cannot be evangelized in this generation for three reasons. The first reason is that the Christian Church, speaking generally, is not prayerfully and seriously seeking to do it; the second is that it has not created an intelligence department to guide its operations; the third is that present missionary methods are unsuitable and inadequate for such an objective.

We believe that the World Dominion Movement has been raised up of God because with its insistence upon world evangelization, world survey, and New Testament principles of expansion, it is affecting outlook and methods and is donig everything in its power to help in all plans for reaching the unoccupied fields.

We believe that only the New Testament principles and methods of St. Paul, the first great missionary, would make world evangelization possible in a reasonable time and on resources which modern methods would deem quite inadequate. The Rev. Roland Allen says in the current issue of World Dominion*:

"There is in the Pauline practice and principles a wonderful liberty. It is liberty of spirit not only for the churches, but for us. I went out to China thirty years ago and I was in bondage. I saw progress stayed by our refusal to establish churches which could expand freely; I saw that if the church in North China was to have no clergy except such as could pass through my little theological school and then be financially supported, churches could not multiply rapidly. The country was before us, but the church could not enter in because of lack of funds and of men. When I began to understand St. Paul's faith and practice I began to enter into liberty, and ever since I have been learning more and more the glory of that liberty which is in Christ. I would to God that all our bishops and all our missionaries could see it. It would be freedom for us, freedom for our converts everywhere; the freedom of power for unlimited expansion." Such unlimited expansion would fill the continents with the knowledge of Christ.

One of the activities of the World Dominion Movement is the World Dominion Press which was created in order, in an "Indigenous

*World Dominion, July, 1928.

Church series", to draw attention to Paul's missionary methods and the results of their practical application. Everywhere we are beginning to see the results of this propaganda. "The Survey Series" which we publish, is setting out the situation in country after country, and it has already had practical results. "World Dominion," the quarterly magazine, is unique. There is nothing else like it on the market today. It is the first attempt to set forth these principles in writing. No one interested in the progress of the Kingdom of God can afford to be without it.

There are many ramifications to the World Dominion Movement. Being detached and independent and helping all who do, or will have, this world vision, it is drawing societies together to think in terms, not of little bits of fields in which they work, but in terms of a whole country which needs united effort. It is creating a world-wide prayer fellowship for intelligent prayer which will open closed lands and raise up great native leaders, and in many other ways it is proving that it is potentially the greatest movement since the days of the apostles.

This vital and urgently needed movement was made possible in England through the action of a consecrated business man, who laid his entire fortune on the altar as a trust, or as you would say a "foundation" for world evangelization. By the terms of the trust only the interest of this money can be used, so that the fund will continue until the Lord returns or until the world is evangelized.

Now we desire to see the movement taken up in the United States. How often do we read in the daily papers of a foundation being formed for some philanthropic object by grateful citizens? Why should we not have an American World Dominion Movement, beginning with say, a million or a ten million dollar foundation for world evangelization? Will you not join me in prayer for this? What better investment could any Christian wish for his money? What would yield such priceless dividends?

With what we have been enabled to do in England, with what the United States could do and Canada, New Zealand, Australia, etc., a foundation could be created which would bring about world results before which the activities of Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations would pale. When souls are saved, when men and women are born again, all else follows.

I should like to give you in closing some illustrations from the field showing the practical results of these indigenous principles in practice in Asia, South America and Africa. In the current number of World Dominion you will find the following graphic story which speaks for itself:

"Cochin-China is not mentioned by writers of mission history, for there has never been anything to write; one rarely hears a Cochin-China missionary speak, for there are only a few to give reports. Yet in that little corner of the world there is a rapidly growing indigenous church, in spite of the fact that ten years ago there was not a Christian within its borders.

"From the very beginning two ideas were presented to the people continually. Firstly, that the message preached was the gospel of Jesus Christ, not an American 'doctrine'; and, secondly, that the future visible church in that land must be an Annamese church, not a church controlled by white men. By reminding the Christians of these two things they became increasingly independent, thinking for themselves and working on their own initiative. The native preachers, who were often tempted to pattern themselves after the foreigner, were urged to be themselves. It was not a western organization we wanted to see, but an Annamese Church with all the fruit and gifts of the Spirit. English has not been taught to the workers. Furthermore, those who startled the others by appearing in foreign dress were asked to recognize the custom of their own people, and wear their long black coats and black turbans when holding public services.

"At first we thought it would be necessary to place a missionary couple in each of the provinces, who, with the help of native workers, would be able to evangelize the state of Cochin-China. But God has blessed the self-supporting, self-governing programme, so that it has exceeded the faith of the missionaries. As soon as the Christians began to realize that this church was theirs, they felt their personal responsibility for the work to which God was calling them. Some went to the Annamese Bible School in Tourane, Annam; others started out as colporteurs; while the older ones held offices in the different churches, and thus from the very start the responsibility for the work was thrown on to the Annamese themselves.

"As this infant church began to grow it was expected to pay its own bills, and self-support grew up quite naturally. The society has neither

built churches nor bought land for building purposes. It has been left to the individual churches to secure land and to build according to their resources. A one hundred per cent indigenous church in Annam means that there is not only an Annamese pastor paid by the people, but Annamese money to meet all the expenses, however great that may be.

"These indigenous churches call their own pastors. It is indeed encouraging to see men come back from the Bible school, ordained, and able to do the work that has always been done by the missionaries. Missionaries often speak of their native helpers, but in Cochin-China, as the Annamese become the pastors, we are the helpers. In this state there are four self-supporting, self-governing churches with their own Annamese pastors. The missionaries have no authority in these churches, and can only make suggestions when the opportunity is given. The only time a missionary preaches is when he is especially invited.

"There has been no discussion whatsoever concerning denomination. The only thing these Christians know is that they are members of the Church of Jesus Christ. No western ideas have been forced upon them; they worship God in their own way, renouncing heathen forms, but not necessarily Annamese customs, the Holy Spirit adjusting minor details. With God's blessing upon the work all classes are being reached, even the very rich, and every profession is seen within the Annamese church.

"The missionary vision of the church is another evidence of its zeal and activity. In the new and fast-growing church in Cambodia, there are not yet enough Cambodian preachers, and so Annamese are endeavoring to fill in the gaps with the help of interpreters. The missionary staff has been too small to release more than one man to work among the semi-savage tribes-people of the mountains, and there have been no others forthcoming. The native church realized this, and two of its members offered themselves for this pioneer work. Thus the new-born church of Cochin-China already has two foreign missionaries working among a hitherto unreached race."

From the Christian Missionary Alliance Weekly I culled the following illuminative table of the progress of the indigenous church in the Argentine which proves some of the advantages of adopting Pauline principles and shows how the missionaries are being released for

pioneer service and the churches becoming self-governing and self-propagating*:

THE INDIGENOUS CHURCH IN ARGENTINE

The March of Faith Towards Self-Support. Eight Years of Progress as Reflected in Interesting Figures by Samuel G. Barnes.

Year	Missionaries	National Pastors and Evangelists	Offering from Churches	Baptisms	Membership
1920	15	11	$1,448.05	17	163
1921	16	21	1,334.27	33	210
1922	13	19	1,665.99	33	214
1923	12	14	1,942.64	29	241
1924	9	26	3,438.57	12	242
1925	5	33	3,475.00	18	237
1926	3	31	5,309.00	37	248
1927	4	29	6,985.04	55	289

The long, hard climb in eight years: From $1,448.05 to $6,985.34. From one hundred sixty-three members to two hundred eighty-nine members. From fifteen missionaries to four missionaries.

The goal of financial independence will demand offerings from Argentinian churches of $18,000, one thousand members, and no missionaries.

The progress in Argentine clearly teaches the vital importance of adopting Scriptural principles and keeping the true missionary goal ever in view.

I much regret that time forbids my giving the illustration from Africa but you can read it for yourselves as we have published it in pamphlet form entitled "Indigenous Ideals in Practice in Nigeria", price twenty-five cents at the book store. A fascinating story. Do not fail to obtain it.

In a western city, some time ago, a Christian girl heard of the need and saw the pictures of one unoccupied area. She came to see me and told me she had been saving her money for some time to buy a piano. She was earning a very small salary. On meeting me, she said, "Do you know as I was walking home from the meeting after you showed the pictures of those people who had never heard of Jesus, I began to think how awful that must be, never to have heard of Him. Why, since my conversion, He has been everything to me. I

*Used by kind permission of the Christian Missionary Alliance.

could not live without Him! Suddenly it struck me whatever was I doing, saving money to buy a piano and those people had never heard of Him. And I knew God wanted me to bring you the money to send out a representative to tell them. Will it be any help? It is two hundred dollars." With great anxiety she pressed the question. "Will it help? Do you think someone could go? I cannot go. The doctor says I am not strong enough, but oh, I do want a representative."

Others helped, and within a few weeks her representative had sailed. Have you ever sacrificed like that for those who have not heard? Have you a representative on some distant shore? "Here, then, is a principle," said the late Dr. Jowett, "The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession be broken, we lose our fellowship with the King. As soon as we cease to bleed, we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pang, we can no longer be the servants of the passion. We no longer 'fill up the sufferings of Christ' and not to 'fill up' is to paralyze, and to make the Cross of Christ of none effect . . . tearless hearts can never be the heralds of passion . . . we must pity if we would redeem."

Put on, therefore, as God's elect, a heart of compassion as you look out over the world today. Realize that you can supply its appalling need with the Saviour's resource. Become a propagator of eternal life. I have brought you the vision. Has the great spirit of enterprise gripped you in its all-absorbing grasp? God grant that it may, that we may all rise up in a great crusade these last days before He comes and circle the world with the gospel.

Note: Any one desiring further information concerning the World Dominion Movement or the publications of the World Dominion Press may obtain the same by writing to the secretary, World Dominion Movement, 113 Fulton Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Story of the Noon Prayer Meeting

By REV. BEN COX, D.D.
Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee

I believe that when we really pray God answers our prayer by giving us what we ask for, or something better. Prayer, like water, seeks and finds its level. Prayer starts in heaven and goes back to heaven. We must not forget that it is one thing to say our prayers and another thing to pray. An old man who was saved in a revival meeting testified: "Brethren and sisters, I have been saying my prayers for seventy years, but, bless the Lord, I have now learned to pray." It will do more good to pray seven seconds than to say our prayers for seventy years. The Pharisee in the temple said his prayers, they hit the ceiling and came back. The Publican prayed, and "went to his house justified rather than the other." The great poet Tennyson never wrote a truer thing than "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Unity in prayer is of tremendous importance. You remember Jesus says, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything, that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." The poet reminds us that "There is a scene where spirits blend; where friend holds fellowship with friend, though sundered far by faith they meet around one common mercy seat."

A number of years ago a man wrote me from Stockholm, Sweden: "Dear Brother: I wish to join your Prayer League. I am praying with you every night from 8:30 to 9 o'clock, because when it is 12:30 there it is 8:30 here." It will interest you to know that since the Noon Prayer Meeting of Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee, was started January 19th, 1914, over eight thousand people, comprising every state in the Union and several foreign countries, have become members of the Prayer League, by signing this pledge:

"Believing in the power of united prayer, I desire to become a member of the Noon Prayer League. I will endeavor to be in prayer some-

time between 12:30 and 1:00 p. m., central time, daily, if possible, for the requests presented at the meeting."

You ask, "How did the meeting come to be started?" Brother E. G. Moore, the consecrated superintendent of our Sunday School, was in my office one day and said, "The church is open all day, many of us take lunch down town, why can't we meet in your office for a daily prayer meeting?" I agreed with the suggestion and on January 19th, 1914, eight people met there and the meeting has been held every week day since. Soon after it started a Memphis afternoon paper published an item about the movement, and a young lady in Oklahoma, if I remember aright, wrote me and said she had read the account and wished to join the Prayer League. I said to my pastor's assistant, Forrest Cole, "Brother Cole, if she wants to join, we had better have a pledge," and so the pledge as mentioned above was started then.

You ask me further, "Has the movement been justified, has it 'delivered the goods,' what are the results?" I reply that the results have been beyond our most sanguine expectations. First, in regard to the most important thing of all, the salvation of souls. That must be placed first. Perhaps I am safe in saying that more people in trouble come to see me than any pastor in Memphis, largely because of this meeting. Most of them seem to come with the mistaken notion that they can first settle the sorrow question. It has been my pleasure to lead scores of people to the Lord by reminding them that we cannot hope to settle the sorrow question until we have first settled the sin question, that the prophecy concerning Jesus says, "He bore our sins and carried our sorrows," is true and that nobody can hope to find Jesus as a personal Shepherd who has not first found Him as a personal Saviour. Yes, the results in this fundamentally important matter, the salvation of souls, has been very encouraging. All kinds of people have been saved.

Dick Huston, a prominent civil engineer, a very wicked man, was urged by C. A. Gleason, of Maryland, a consecrated traveling man, to meet him at our church one morning to talk over a certain contract. The civil engineer was surprised that he wanted him to meet him at the church, but was so much interested in the contract that he came anyhow. Gleason kept him in there talking until the meeting started, and urged him to remain, which he did. The Holy Spirit did His work and on that first day the civil engineer came forward weep-

ing, requesting prayer. In a few days he was rejoicing and confessing Jesus as his personal Saviour. He said to me, "Dr. Cox, I could stand on the tower of your church and show you where, within a stone's throw, I have spent thousands of dollars in houses of sin." Soon after his conversion he felt called to evangelistic work and has held some wonderful meetings. He is now pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Atlanta, Georgia, where he is being marvelously used of God. Everywhere he has held meetings he has made a practice of telling of the blessings he has received at the Noon Prayer Meeting on Second street.

At the other end of the line comes the story of the panhandler. While I was dressing one morning a voice said over the phone, "Are you still running the Noon Prayer Meeting?" I said, "Yes." "Well, I was a tramp here eleven years ago. May I testify today?" "Sure," I replied, "we will be glad to have you." He came, and told this story:

"Eleven years ago with another man, I was panhandling on Second street. I had on some ragged trousers, a blue shirt and a rope tied around my waist. I was wearing some old pieces of shoes, and had on no socks nor underclothes. We slept in Court Square, and early every morning the officers would come around and order us to gather up the newspapers, which we used for beds, and put them in the garbage can. One day I heard that Ben Cox was serving free lunch down here. That sounded good to me. I came down and had lunch here for three days, and attended the meetings. I never got entirely away from the things I heard at these meetings. Some things stayed in the back of my head. I left Memphis and went to Vicksburg, where I was arrested again, and was given fifteen minutes to get out of town. As I was walking down the railroad track I stopped under the shade of a tree, and there I poured out my heart to God. I cleaned up and went into the business of making automobile tops at Dyersburg, later on, moved to Jackson, Mississippi. I was called to preach, and now am pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Bessemer, Alabama. I certainly thank you for what you did for me when I was a panhandler in Memphis. I shall never forget you. Go on with the good work." This preacher came all the way from Bessemer to Memphis to bring a sorrowing mother whose son was in jail here. He and I got in an automobile, went to see the attorney-general, who after hearing his story agreed

to recommend a release of the boy. Within two hours the happy mother had her boy and that night they all three started back for Alabama.

One day when the invitation was given there were twelve on the front seat, running all the way from a twelve-year-old boy to a seventy-four-year-old man.

The noon meeting has been wonderfully blessed and used of God in the ministry of encouraging the discouraged. When I was attending the Southern Baptist convention in Chattanooga several years ago, the phone rang one morning and a voice said, "Would you like to go out to Chickamauga Park this afternoon?" I replied I would be very glad to go. "Alright", said he, "I will be down there with my car at two o'clock." He came in his fine seven-passenger car. He asked me if I would like to take others along. He said, "You sit on the front seat with me and let them sit in the back, because I wish to talk with you." I said, "Very well." For a good part of the journey that coal merchant of Chattanooga, as he drove his big seven-passenger car, with tears in his eyes, talked of the time when he came to Memphis a discouraged tramp, and he said, "Dr. Cox, you fellows down there don't realize the good you are doing."

One day about noon Brother Cole and I heard somebody playing classic music on the piano in the Prayer Meeting room. Brother Cole went out to investigate and came back with an astonished look on his face, and said, "Why, it is that man, K....." He was glad to get our free meals. He left Memphis. We did not hear from him for a while, and one day we received from him this letter:

"My Dear Dr. Cox: Do you remember the poor looking wreck of humanity that strolled into your church about two years and a half ago with his feet almost on the ground and whom you fed at your noon-day service and also supplied him with a pair of shoes through the city mission? You remember I did once upon a time work in a bank and you wrote back to find out about me, then got my fare paid to Hot Springs, where I was to play the piano in a picture house, but I fell down with stage fright? Yes, this is the same fellow who is writing you tonight to ask you to help me again. The Lord has been exceedingly good to me and last Saturday I was elected cashier of this little state bank here in ..... and took office from that date. It's certainly good to be back in the business again and if you still hold those meetings at your noon hour please don't forget to pray

for me that I may be successful here and become a power for good in the community. You don't know how often I have thought of you and the real good you are doing and the way you helped me the little time I was in Memphis. From the bottom of my heart I say, 'God bless you!' If you will tell me the lady's name at the city hall who bought me that ticket to Hot Springs I will be more than glad to refund it and write her a personal letter. I think her name was Miss Russell. If you ever come this way don't forget to look me up and when I take my vacation next year I am going to make sure to call on you in Memphis. Thanking you again for the many favors you showed me, and wishing you much happiness and prosperity, I am, yours very truly, ————————." Later on he wrote that he had been promoted to a larger bank, and still later passing through Memphis stopped in to see us and made a wonderful talk at the meeting.

Today I received a letter forwarded to me by my secretary from a Memphis woman in very deep trouble regarding domestic matters expressing appreciation for the interest we had shown her and her family. She and her daughters are prominent workers in a Memphis church. The trouble with her is that her husband has become infatuated with another woman.

Great encouragement has come to many cases among the sick. We have been forced to believe that God does heal the sick very often in answer to prayer, sometimes in connection with the use of means and sometimes without means at all. It is our testimony that it is possible for God to heal when the human physicians have given up all hope. I will cite just two cases among the many. A dear old Memphis lady, Mrs. N....., was paralyzed as a result of being knocked down by an automobile. I called to see her a number of times. One morning when I went around to see her the doctor happened to be there. Following him out to his automobile I said, "Doctor, please tell me about her." Looking me in the eye he replied, "Dr. Cox, she will never get up." We kept on praying and one morning not long after the interview with the doctor, I dropped in to see her on my way to town and had a word of prayer. About an hour after reaching my office my secretary gladdened my heart by saying Mrs. N.....'s daughter just telephoned and said tell Dr. Cox that "ten minutes after he left here mamma got up and walked to the dresser." The old lady was soon able to come to church, and has been coming ever since. Through

these years she has often testified that she is alive in answer to prayer.

While I was telling the story of the Noon Prayer meeting at the John Brown Bible Conference in Arkansas recently, my secretary forwarded a letter to me from a nurse in Louisville, Kentucky, who said that a year ago she wrote to me requesting the prayers of the meeting, as the doctors assured her a very serious surgical operation was absolutely necessary. She wrote that since the day she wrote to our meeting she has not suffered a pain, and is now happy in her work of nursing.

The Lord has shown himself willing to heal mental afflictions as well as physical. A man wrote in great distress, "My wife's mind is afflicted. We have had to send her to the asylum. The children and I badly need her at home. Please pray for her recovery." Later he wrote that she seemed no better, but urged us to keep on praying. Still later we were gladdened to get the news that his wife was entirely well, and that he was going to the hospital to take her home, that they would come out of their way in order to be at the Noon Prayer meeting. I shall never forget the dear fellow as he told about the wife's trouble, and then of her healing. When he came to that part of his talk, he pointed to his wife, sitting on the front seat, and said, "There's my wife," and he choked up and could not say another word, and sat down weeping. There were many others weeping, not for sorrow—but for joy that God had again manifested Himself as the prayer hearing and the prayer answering God.

Matters of romance have had quite a place in the noon meeting. I could cite many if I had the time. I will give just one. One Saturday afternoon I was resting in my office, and to my "Come in" in response to a knock on the door, there entered a man with a desperate and discouraged look on his face. He introduced himself as a Texas Baptist pastor. He told me that he had been engaged for some time to marry a young lady in one of the eastern states. He was returning from a visit to her and was distressed because when he got there she told him she had changed her mind. I said, "Now, brother, we will pray over this matter." Kneeling by his side we both led in prayer. As he left I assured him that we would remember the matter at the Noon Prayer meeting. He seemed encouraged. Later on he wrote: "Dear Brother: Things are no better, keep on praying." Still later he wrote

the same thing, but not long after then there came the encouraging message: "Dear Brother: The Lord has answered prayer. We are to be married next Saturday." Not long subsequent to that time I was called to spend forty days with the army camp at Montgomery, Alabama. I expected to wear civilian clothes. They assured me that I would feel out of place, and they proved to be right, because I was not there long before I felt that my pant legs were about three feet wide. They said, "Dr. Cox, the only thing is for you to go to town and get an officer's outfit." I did so, and was very proud of my tan leggings made of sole leather, until they rubbed the skin off of my boney ankles. I went to the doctor and he bandaged them and did what he could for them. About that time they informed me that I was expected to be at a reception at the First Baptist Church the following Friday night. I hobbled around the best I could and shook hands with a few people and a few minutes after arriving sat down at a little table at one end of the room. Pretty soon there came across the floor one of the prettiest little women there, making a bee-line for me. She held out her hand and said, "This is Dr. Cox?" I said, "Yes." She then said, "I am Mrs. B....., and I want to tell you how happy we are and thank you for what you have done for us." She was the wife in the case. You ask me, "should such matters be taken to the prayer meeting?" With all the earnestness of my soul I reply, "Yes." It is my firm conviction that if more marriages were taken to the prayer meeting, not so many would find their way to the divorce courts.

The Noon Meeting has had a very practical ministry. I often think of the words of an English painter a few months ago. He and a man from Sweden were in our book room adjoining the noon meeting room. To Mrs. Anna Tann Ladner, the Noon Meeting nurse, he said, the next day at the church, "My friend and I were looking at the books and all at once we heard some music. We decided to go out to see what was going on, and found a very interesting prayer meeting and, lo and behold, at the close of the meeting the pastor said, 'All the men who wish are invited to take lunch in the dining room.' We went in with the others and enjoyed the lunch. I am a painter and out of work, if you need any painting in this church get the material and I will do the work free of charge, to show my appreciation." Later on he entered the painting business on his own accord. He dropped in one day to leave his card, and to tell me he was doing well. Still a little later

I was at the Baptist Hospital, as the result of a surgical operation, this painter came out to see me saying, "Doctor, I have brought you some English apples, grown in America." He commenced to tell my wife about the blessings received at this old down town church, and he said, "I love to go down there, and hear them sing 'There is power in the Blood' then in a soft tone of voice, he leaned over the bed and said to me, "Doctor, there is power in that soup, too."

You will be interested in knowing that we have served a total of over six hundred and twenty-five thousand free meals, to women at twelve o'clock and men at one. We first commenced by giving meal tickets to a small restaurant near by. It was not long before we found that the man running the restaurant was a Unitarian and he spent his free time discounting the gospel we preached down here, although one day I paid him for one hundred and fifteen meals. Our consecrated janitor, C. W. Anderson, a colored man who has served this church for about twenty-one years, came to the rescue and said, "Dr. Cox, let me make soup? It will not cost much, and will go farther than anything else." I said, "All right, try it." He tried it and has kept it up every week day since. In addition to serving over six hundred and twenty-five thousand free meals, the meeting has spent thousands of dollars in helping people otherwise. I feel sure the question in your minds is the question usually asked, "Where does the money come from?" You may be somewhat surprised when I tell you we have never taken a collection for this work or asked a soul for a cent, except the Lord. Money has come from all sorts of sources. I remember a number of years ago a letter came from Angelina Winfrey from Virgilina, Virginia. It is usually difficult for me to remember names, but suppose I remember this because it is so peculiar. In the letter were two dimes, carefully wrapped up. Among other things she said, "I send two dimes. I hope they will help buy something for somebody to eat." A family in Georgia, who, as far as I know, have never seen Memphis, have sent us through the years, I think not less than $500.00. I remember one day receiving a letter from that family containing three checks, $5.00 from the parents, $5.00 from the son studying in a university somewhere, and $10.00 from the daughter who was teaching school.

The Lord has abundantly taken care of the finances of the noon meeting, not only in providing money for taking care of these meals

and helping people in trouble, but in many other respects. For instance, we prayed for quite a while the Lord would provide us somebody to serve as missionary of the noon meeting. One day there came a letter from a man who belongs neither to our church or denomination, who wrote, "Dear Brother Cox: I wish to spend some of my tithing money in engaging a woman who understands nursing to help mothers, children and others who are in trouble. I should like to do this work through your noon meeting if you are willing." About the same time there came to Memphis a consecrated practical nurse, expecting a position in one of our hospitals. Finding the position already filled she came down to request us to pray that the Lord would open the way for her. We were impressed that she was the woman for the place, and so reported to our friend. She was engaged at once for $75.00 a month, this friend paying the salary. At the end of the year he was so well pleased that he raised her salary to $85.00.

Several years ago I said, "I am impressed that the Lord wants us to have the property next door. It is worth more to us than to anybody else, and we need it worse than anybody else. Let us pray over the matter." The people looked up as much as to say, "Do you realize that they want $30,000 for it?" I reminded them that $30,000 is no more to the Lord than thirty cents is to us. "Let us keep on praying," and we did. A year and a half from that time there came to Memphis a wealthy widow whose husband had died in another city. I was asked, by a friend, to go and see her—which I was glad to do. I offered a word of comfort and led in prayer. As I left I said, "We will remember you at the Noon Prayer meeting, but, of course, shall not call any name." From her eyes I thought she resented it. In a few days she came, heavily veiled, to the meeting. At that time I was about ninety percent decided to accept a call to a Texas church, and took that problem, as I do others, to the meeting. At the close of the meeting one day she said, "You ought not to leave here. This is where you belong. This is the work you ought to do. You remain here and I will give you the money to buy this property you have been praying for for so long." After prayer and thought, I decided to remain. She authorized me to buy the property which I did, for $25,000.00. She would not even allow me to pay for registering the deed. Today that property is worth easily $54,000.00. Soon after then she said, "I want you to baptize me." A little later, "I want you and your wife to be my

guests in California this summer." We were her guests that summer and the next summer. This consecrated wealthy widow has meant much to the on-going of Central Baptist Church. In answer to prayer the Lord has sent us money in sums all the way from one cent to $25,000.00.

He has solved financial problems in other ways, too. A woman wrote from Mississippi: "Dear Brother: Our home is being foreclosed upon. The sale is advertised for the 20th of next month. Will you pray every day until then?" We did, and on the 23rd, I received this letter: "Dear Brother: The Lord has heard and answered prayer. The man who owns the mortgage has been to see me, and has agreed to let me keep the house and pay for it like paying rent." Many individual financial problems have been solved in answer to prayer. Also, in regard to matters of church finances, God has shown himself very gracious in hearing and answering prayer.

A large number of unemployed have rejoiced that they have secured, in answer to prayer, employment. I call to mind the case of a Presbyterian man who said in the meeting one day, "I need work badly. I want you to pray that I may secure a position." In the meeting that day was a young lady whose uncle was in the wholesale drug business. She walked over to this man, gave him the address of her uncle and told him to go to see him. He did so. The firm called me up and asked me what I thought about him. I recommended him highly, and he was employed. That was eleven years ago. One day the proprietor was showing me through this place and when he came to a certain floor, he said, "You remember S————————?" I said, "Yes." He said, "He is in entire charge of this floor, and is one of the best men we have." That is one of the cases where supply and demand have met in the dear old prayer meeting room.

I should like to have time for many more, but I will take time for only two others. A bright eyed twelve-year-old boy came to us one day and told us that he was an orphan, that his sister had a home and that he was very anxious himself for a home. I mentioned the matter, and asked him to stand. A banker's wife in the room said, "I will give him a home right away," and she did. A week or so later a friend in New South Memphis telephoned me about a woman in deep trouble. She said, "she has several children and her husband died last winter. An addition to the family is expected next month. Can you help us get

some baby clothes for her?" That was rather an unusual request, but I took the matter to the Noon Meeting that day. Just as soon as I had made the request a little woman whose son was drowned recently said, "I will buy the material if some one will make them." Another little woman who has seen very much trouble said, "I will make them." The material was bought and the garments were made and the little mother was very happy.

Some of you remember how the Lord heard and answered prayer last year in regard to the finances of our Bible Conference. You will remember that Brother Biederwolf announced on the closing Sunday that he desired to raise $800.00. When he was taking the offering in the afternoon a note was handed to him. I noticed his hand trembled when he read it. It said this: "If this audience will raise a thousand dollars, I will give another thousand." The cry went up, "Let's raise it" and people commenced coming from all over the house bringing money until we had a total of about $2,100, including the thousand which was given by this friend. This thousand was given by a retired merchant of Warsaw, Indiana. I called him up and asked the privilege of meeting him. The next day he and his wife came to the No-Tobacco meeting and I expressed my appreciation for what he had done. He said, "Dr. Cox, when I came into the auditorium I had no idea of making that proposition, but when I looked over the great audience, I said to myself, this audience ought to be good for a thousand dollars, and I was led to make the proposition." Some of you remember that on that Sunday afternoon I testified that I felt sure that this matter was in answer to prayer, and that I had prayer with Brother Biederwolf about the matter, and had written to the Noon Meeting in Memphis to remember it. This Memphis meeting and a great host of others here and elsewhere united in prayer in such a fashion that God saw fit to give us more than we asked for. Yes, He has shown Himself to be the prayer hearing and prayer answering God. Jesus has shown Himself to be not only our Saviour, but our Shepherd. Perhaps the song sung more than any other at the Noon Meeting is this:

"There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! no, not one!"

"Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done,,
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! no, not one!"

Prisoners of Hope

By MR. W. M. DANNER
General Secretary of the American Mission to Lepers,
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More than ever before I wish to stress the hopeful aspects of the story of leper relief. The outlook for not only cleansing the lepers, but for cleansing the world of leprosy becomes constantly brighter as governments and considerate people everywhere are joining in a united attack on the problem. The leadership in this effort to commute the sentence of present and potential prisoners of leprosy is with an organization, familiar to frequenters of Winona in other years, the American Mission to Lepers. In order to understand the grounds for our present high hopes of ridding the world of leprosy it is necessary to consider for a moment the history of the problem.

Leprosy is as old as man's written history and probably very much older than that. In both legends and in ancient documents of record one may read of the terror brought to men's hearts by this scourge and of the hopeless condition of its victims. In the ancient writings of the Chinese, Syrians and Egyptians there are allusions to a "fatal, disfiguring affection" which we are warranted in assuming to be leprosy. Aristotle described it vividly, and from his time, nearly four centuries before Christ, the disease has been indigenous in Greece. In these early writings an oil called chaulmoogra was recognized as having an effect on the disease, but knowledge concerning it was vague. The story is told of a Burmese princess cast into the forest because she had leprosy and being rescued by a prince in a similar plight who taught her to rub the leaves of the chaulmoogra tree on her body and to eat the bitter seeds and fruit of the tree.

When I was in Japan recently I was told of a Japanese princess of two thousand years ago who broke all precedent by interesting herself in lepers, personally bandaging a loathsome case to allay the insane fear inspired in her subjects by leprosy. At Nara she started a hospital for lepers, a ruined portion of which building still stands.

It was left for Jesus of Nazareth to point people definitely toward giving loving consideration to lepers and putting hope in their hearts.

"Heal the sick" would have included lepers, but Christ wasn't content to leave a possibility of their being overlooked, and he added "cleanse the lepers."

But for nearly two thousand years this request of the Master's was totally disregarded. From foreign lands, following their conquest at the height of the Roman empire, the disease was introduced into Italy and spread all over Europe. It is true that in the middle ages the governments of Europe and the clergy became alarmed by its prevalence and instituted a mode of segregation, brutal but effective. From 1094 until 1472 there were no less than 21,000 leper asylums built in Europe. Now there is only a scattering number of lepers left in England and the continent. However grateful we may be for this fact, we cannot commend the method by which the result was achieved. In medieval England a burial service was read at midnight over the leper to be isolated. After that the only connection allowed him with divine grace and human fellowship was a peep hole in the wall of the cathedral where he might on holy feast days see others partaking of the communion. The verger of almost any old English cathedral will show you "the lepers' squint."

It is uncertain when leprosy invaded the western hemisphere. Possibly it was brought by the early Spaniards, or from Africa in the days of the slave trade. At present it occurs in many sections, notably Mexico and South America, not omitting the five hundred or more cases in our own United States. The residents of no climate are exempt and the disease has attacked the white as well as the other races.

It was left for a Christian missionary in the nineteenth century to point out the omission in program of the church. The day of his founding of the Mission to Lepers was a great day of hope for lepers, as was the day when an American research worker in a little laboratory in the Hawaiian Islands discovered a way to use certain derived elements of chaulmoogra oil in a hypodermic treatment, which when persisted in faithfully can frequently effect a cure.

During the fifty years of this mission's existence so much has been accomplished in the way of international public sentiment for humane and scientific instead of abusive and hysterical treatment of lepers that ridding the world of leprosy, once considered an idealistic slogan, is a potential possibility. Leper hospitals established by the mission in oriental countries, where by far the greatest amount of leprosy is to be found, have borne fruit in institutions for lepers built and main-

tained by hitherto indifferent governments. Japan, always quick to copy good things, has taken over the entire care of her pauper leper population. Similarly China, Siam, the Malay Peninsula and India are bearing an increasingly large share of the support of their own lepers. Like the proverbial tiny mustard seed the little that the Mission to Lepers has been able to do for the world's two million lepers is being miraculously multiplied.

Because of this government co-operation, the service of the Mission to Lepers is being gradually released to more distinctly spiritual ends and to the commencement of pioneer work in countries where lepers are still entirely neglected. The most notable instance of 1928 pioneering by the Mission to Lepers is in response to an appeal which comes from Inhambane, Africa. Twenty thousand lepers in one section of Portugese East Africa have no other refuge than a temporary leper camp across the channel from Madagascar. In connection with this camp we have a five hundred acre tract of land with citrous fruit trees, guavas and pineapples, with river bottom soil, excellent for rice and truck farming, and with opportunities for fishing, raising chickens and goats, making cooking pots of clay and other self-help activities which are an invariable part of the plan of any Mission to Leper home. The need is for dormitory cottages to be put up on this unusually workable piece of property in a continent where no adequate demonstration of cleansing the lepers has yet been made.

Another hopeful development of 1927 and 1928 has been the system of out-patient treatments for lepers. If, as imminent leprologists assert, the incipient cases of leprosy are not highly infective, there is every reason why dispensaries with trained native assistants can supplement the hospital care of lepers. Greater numbers can thus receive the benefits of treatment than can possibly be interned. And yet, one must not be too optimistic about the dispensary system. The regularity of treatment, the proper food, exercise and sanitary conditions which are of almost equal importance with the medicine cannot be assured when patients remain in their own homes. But as an auxiliary to segregation the dispensary system is a great development of the work. With each appearance of a patient for treatment an opportunity is presented to tell him the gospel story. Thus, as always, the spiritual and physical aspects of the work go hand in hand.

As a principle for checking leprosy segregation has been known since the days of the Old Testament words, "He shall dwell alone;

without the camp shall his habitation be." The modern contribution to the principle of segregation is the sympathetic spirit in which it is being carried out. Patterned after the tender consideration of the Master, leper homes are now being made as truly home-like as possible. It is small wonder that this friendly kind of segregation, together with the arrestment of their disease through medical skill, should have brightened the attitude of the leper himself. He is now a "prisoner of hope"—hope that he himself may some day be free of his disease and hope that the suffering to which his class has been subjected may be ended.

You may be commenting inwardly, "If such progress is being made in dealing with leprosy, need we carry the burden of it any longer?" My answer is that to remove our help now would be to lose all the momentum of our success thus far. This is the tide "which if taken at the flood leads on to victory."

Through the missionaries from whom we have heard today here in Winona, we have had a real view of the spiritual and practical aspects of the crusade to end leprosy. We are proud of these workers who are typical of those who are carrying on for us in the far places, and would not withdraw our support from them at this critical time. "Why do the people in America do these things? Why do they love us so much?" plaintively asked a poor Portugese-African leper. In your hearts you know the answer. It is for the Master's sake that you elect to have so generous a share in bringing to pass his prophetic vision of the prisoners of leprosy set free and the world cleansed of leprosy.

Note—Further information concerning work for lepers in all lands will be furnished free on request to the American Mission to Lepers, Inc., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

Over Earth's Oldest Highways

By REV. WILLIAM T. ELLIS, D.D.
Journalist, Author, Traveler, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Perhaps it was the journalist's instinct for a "scoop" that set us off on this unprecedented tour of the whole extent of Bible Lands; but before the quest had ended the mere travel feat had been subordinated to mighty meanings and messages of a land still freighted with spiritual significance and with political portentousness to the living day.

We found more than we looked for.

Why we have had no predecessors on this eventful and wonderful journey is not easy to explain. When one considers the long Christian centuries wherein pilgrimage to sacred sites was counted a supreme act of religious devotion it seems incredible that nobody has ever before sought to master in one consecutive journey all the far-flung lands of the Scripture.

Of pious pilgrims to little Palestine there have been uncounted millions: all of the familiar holy places of the Holy Land are monumented shrines, and have been so for centuries. Zeal for visiting the land of our Lord has been responsible for an almost unbroken stream of pilgrims for nearly two millenniums. This was the lure that caused the history-transforming Crusades of the Middle Ages; and more wars and political imperialism than an American Christian cares to contemplate. Nevertheless, I cannot find that anybody, be he saint or palmer or soldier or scholar or adventurer or archaeologist, or explorer, has ever left record of having traversed, at one time, the full course of the geography of the Old and New Testaments.

"Travel is easier in these days of the auto," the reader naturally comments. True enough; yet men fared farther afoot, or riding quadrupeds, in the ancient caravan days, when the great trade routes of the known world stretched from Britain to Peking. A new admiration for the hardihood and initiative of the travelers and traders of long ago and simpler days is awakened in the person who, with no little difficulty, penetrates from Europe into untraveled Asia, only to find

that he is on the beaten track of the dead centuries. What our day acclaims as spectacular achievements of airplane and automobile, in covering the vast waste spaces of the East, was done with monotonous and unremarked frequency by the armies of the conquerors of long ago. The Bible record itself surges from Mesopotamia and Persia across Arabia and the Mediterranean countries to the seats of imperial power in Macedonia, Greece and Rome.

The route of Jonah's journey from the Mediterranean to the Tigris was, for instance, sensationally exploited when recently first covered by automobiles; although no allusion was made to the reluctant prophet who traversed it long ago. The telegraph told the press of the world the tale of the first Jerusalem-to-Bagdad motor trip: yet the Hebrew exiles trudged it afoot, more than twenty-five hundred years ago. Even to this day, the lowly donkey and the inscrutable camel must be credited with longer "runs" than the ubiquitous automobile. Bible times were travel times. Only the prevalent ignorance of geography keeps students of the Scriptures from being amazed at the extent and variety of the journeys of the characters in literature's supreme Story. Abraham was more of an adventurer than men who to-day write "F.R.G.S." after their names. Paul's journeys were imperial in extent, as well as in consequences.

What may be termed the flesh-and-bloodness of Bible personalities emerges as a clear impression from a tracing of their travels. Nobody can make a traveler believe that robust-hearted old Paul, with his eagle eye for life's deeper meanings, as well as for its outward expressions, did not really enjoy himself as he pursued his perilous itineraries. Anyone familiar with the earth's byways, as well as with its highways, will declare that his memories of Europe's capitals and famous "sights" have grown stale; but that his days and nights on the desert, or amidst the mountains, or on storm-tossed native craft of many seas, and his conflicts with robbers and with hunger and cold, abide as his real travel treasures. Who can doubt that, amidst the commonplace quiet of humdrum life at Hebron, young Esau and Jacob were often regaled by Isaac's tales of Abraham's adventures, as he pioneered his way from Ur of the Chaldees, in the lower Mesopotamian Valley, to Haran on the highlands; and then, later, down through ever restless and adventure-filled Canaan to the repose of the encampment by the Oak of Mamre. Waste no pity on pilgrims

for the perils they meet: for these are far outweighed by the pleasures.

This narrative would be justified were it simply a demonstration of the vastness and variety and vitality of what may be called Bible Lands. It pushes the horizon of Scripture students far out beyond the conventional confines of the Holy Land; by which is meant, usually, only Palestine. The unique Book, which never commanded more public attention than to-day, ranged over practically the whole of the then known world. It did business with the great empires of its era. One of the constantly recurring temptations which beset us in our ten months in Bible Lands was the allurement of other history than that of Scripture. Not a square mile of Bible geography but is overlaid with the enticing experiences of the centuries. There is scarcely a single conspicuous figure of the classical period who did not at some time or other beckon to us from some spot which we were considering from the standpoint of its Scriptural associations. The roads we traveled, in trailing Bible characters, were also the roads that had echoed to the feet of famous soldiers and statesmen and scholars and other leaders of the human race. Every era and epoch of past glory spoke to us from tumbled or excavated ruins. Imagine having to pass Babylon with only a few allusions in its relation to the Hebrew story! And in Athens and in Rome and in Angora and in Ephesus and in Sardis and in Shushan and in Persepolis and in Amman and in Jerash, we felt obliged to shut out from full and leisurely consideration all of the epochal meanings of these seats of destiny, except such as are directly related to the theme we had assigned ourselves. An overflowing sense of the interrelation of the Bible's background with the background of all ancient history cannot be escaped by anybody who traces the old, old trails.

Whoso sets out to follow the route of the events of Scripture soon discovers that he is literally following the oldest highways of history, the main-traveled roads of human development. Doubtless the savants have known it all along; but the plain man of affairs finds the fact fairly uncanny. All of the greatest movements of mankind that have made history, up to the fifteenth century, went over the route of the Bible Story. After the fifteenth century, the western developments which took place in the New World had their springs, definitely and avowedly, in that same Scripture.

This conviction grows steadily, until it becomes almost an obses-

sion. Would you know the classical world? The term is interchangeable with "Bible Lands." Study a map of Alexander's conquests, or of the dominion of imperial Rome, and, lo, it coincides almost exactly with the scene of the events of the Old and New Testaments. Commerce, science, literature, art, philosophy, politics—in short, what we call "civilization"—all arose and were developed within the area of the Bible background. Really to know Bible Lands is a liberal education. For Bible Lands are also Art and Science and Commerce and History Lands. Nobody can know the maps and men of the Bible narrative without coming to know also the places and personalities which bulk largest in the annals of the human race. This interweaving of the sacred record with the chronicles of the nations is one of the unique characteristics of the Bible, possessed by no other religious writings.

So the truly up-to-date person is obliged to take cognizance of the places where the story of the Scriptures was enacted. Not to know them is to be uneducated. An intelligent comprehension of our own times requires a reasonable degree of familiarity with those regions which are the staple story of the Sunday schools and of the churches, and the background of all classical history.

Modern Biblical criticism sometimes forgets that the Old Testament is the best attested historical record that has survived the centuries. Only in recent decades has archaeological research brought out of the storehouse of ruined and unremembered cities the long-buried records of kings and conquerors and countries and peoples to substantiate the narrative of Holy Writ. No reader of the Bible need give ground to any ignorant critic of its historicity. Although the course of the Bible events runs through at least two millenniums of time, and impinges upon the diversified life of Babylonia, Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome, it checks up accurately whenever there is adequate authentic data with which to compare it.

All efforts to make out the Bible to be the untutored creation of a primitive and isolated group of orientals—a small book of a small people in an undeveloped era—are born of ignorance of geography and of history. Every modern discovery of archaeology tends to make the ancient world older and larger and more sophisticated. The "skeptic," who used to say that writing was unknown in the days of Moses, is now seen as an ignoramus, even by the modern schoolboy: recent

diggings in Ur of the Chaldees have given us a grip on sixty-five hundred years of recorded history—and incidentally proved the Father of the Faithful to be the product of a ripe city civilization. Likewise, latest study of historical sources has shown that Jesus was no provincial Peasant, no small-town Carpenter, but that He dwelt at the confluence of the tides of His time, and that in His daily life, and in His farings-forth of ministry, He moved amidst all the outward splendors and appurtenances of the Greco-Roman life at its height. Nobody who knows the facts can escape the conclusion that the Bible, merely as an historical record, is a big book and a source book, which needs a cosmopolitan consciousness for its comprehension.

For myself, I had to go down the Appian Way, and through Paul's cities in Greece and Turkey, and to and fro in history-crowded Syria and Palestine and Egypt; and off into untraveled Arabia and mysterious Mesopotamia and remote Persia, before I could fully sense the magnitude of the truth that the Bible is a place Book. One's mind gropes for an explanation of the fact that the efforts of all the aspiring world-conquerors of the ages, from Sargon and Cyrus down to Napoleon and Kaiser William II, were either confined exclusively to, or else definitely entered into, what we know as Bible Lands. This was true not only of such monarchs as Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander and the Caesars, but also of leaders of hordes, such as Jenghis Khan and Kublai Khan and Tamerlane and Othman the Turk. This same arena was the stage of the rise of great civilizations, like the Greco-Roman, the Persian, the Islamic and the Egyptian.

Here also, and most important of all, arose the three monotheistic faiths—Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Either the Creator chose to reveal Himself to mankind most definitely in this region because it is the center of human history, or else Bible Lands became the center of all history because the Creator there made Himself known to man. In the geography of God there is surely such a thing as place providence. All regions are not alike to Him.

If it may be permitted to a mere layman, who knows little except what his own travels have taught him, to make a suggestion to the theologians and religious teachers and leaders of this generation, I would say that the particular Christian apologetic for to-day does not lie within the fields of philosophy or of doctrine, but in the demonstration of the reality of the record of the Bible. This Book is proved

genuine by its place references. It dealt with real people and public problems and actual scenes, as well as with the profound spiritual verities. In devotion to the latter, the Church has allowed the former to grow misty and unreal. If a thousand forceful representatives of each of the great branches of Christendom could devote a year to such a journey as we have just completed, over the entirety of the Bible background, the effect upon every single one of the problems confronting Christianity to-day would be incalculable. The Christian Church does not have enough first-hand and comprehensive knowledge of the territory which must be visited before the Book itself can be fully understood. The Land interprets the Book. Fewer homilies might be needed if more facts were habitually presented in our pulpits and Bible classes. An increase of real travel by informed Christians amidst Scripture scenes (not the two-day visits to Palestine which the modern Mediterranean cruises permit); an enlargement of understanding of the historical and geographical background of Scripture; a perception of the unchanged usages amidst the peoples in these lands; and an awareness of the present problems which persist in vital acuteness at the strategic center of human life where the events of the Bible were enacted—these would result in somthing akin to a world-wide revival of religion. Our day is ready for such a message.

Here I come to another rather stupendous generalization, which has developed as I have journeyed, and causes me to marvel that teachers of history and of international politics can ever fail to relate their themes to this livest of all literature, the Bible. As already said, this road of the Scripture Story runs through the heart of history, contemporary as well as ancient. More current world politics may be learned in three months of travel in Bible Lands than by four years of study in a university. If one knows what the great nations are doing or designing in the Near East, he may the more easily discern what policy dominates them at home. It was in Bible Lands, the ever turbulent Balkans, where Paul had some of his most adventurous experiences, that the world was set on fire in 1914. To-day there are more smoldering flames, potential of world conflagration, in Bible Lands than in all the earth besides. A short cut to comprehension of world politics is a place study of the Bible. It seems as if an inscrutable Providence had designed that this little fragment of the earth's surface should always be central and pivotal to human affairs.

In Bible Lands a man is in the midst of the facts of international

relations which in the West are only shadowy theories or policies or propaganda. In all of its red rawness, imperialism confronts the traveler. Intrigue that is concealed in Geneva, Paris and London is known by its results to even the peasants in the Near East. Soft and sweet words are put forth in European capitals to represent the attitude of the great nations toward one another, and toward the little peoples. Machiavelli's bones may be buried in the Church of the Holy Cross, in Florence; but his spirit still dwells in the chancelleries of Europe. A fog of diplomacy and propaganda obscures from the West what even the hamals, hunkering by the roadsides of Bible Lands, waiting for burdens for their mighty backs, discuss as obvious facts of policy on the part of the competing nations. Out here nobody, not even the tourist, can remain wholly ignorant of what Europe's projects and jealousies really mean, when wrought out into human affairs.

That theme is a book in itself; so I proceed precipitately to the generalization that all of Europe's immediate postwar projects in Bible Lands have been failures. Details may be found in subsequent chapters: but it is important to remember what happened to them all:—

The Lloyd George-Veniselos scheme for the annexation of Western Turkey to Greece was a complete and ignominious and tragic collapse, carrying down with it the British government of the day.

France's assumption of control over Cilicia and Syria has resulted in abdication of the former, and such a shameful, costly experience in the latter that a large *bloc* of public opinion in France is calling for a withdrawal from Syria.

Italy is entirely out of Anatolia.

All of the elaborate schemes for an expansive "Armenian homeland" have fizzled out into the Soviet Republic of Armenia in the Caucasus, now an integral part of Bolshevik Russia.

Great Britain's romantic project for the hegemony of Arabia has cost literally barrels of shining golden sovereigns, and consequent wars and the downfall of her puppet kings, and the rise of a new "strong man," and the alienation of the friendship of the Moslem world.

The working out of Zionism has satisfied nobody, least of all the Zionists.

Down Babylon way, in Irak, with its oil, Great Britain's path has been strewn with rebellion and other obstacles, and the British taxpayer is clamorous for withdrawal.

British overlordship in Persia has collapsed.

In the case of Egypt, Great Britain has been forced to abandon her project of a protectorate, and to accept at least the nominal independence of the nation.

While Greece still holds the Aegean littoral of Macedonia, few students of international affairs look upon this condition as permanent, with thirsty Bulgaria and Yugoslavia demanding Aegan ports as their right.

That is a startling record. It means that Bible Lands people are as refractory as ever—and more resolute for recent, war-born "self-determination." The peoples whose varying fortunes form a large part of the Old Testament narrative evidently have no intention of becoming passive pawns in impenitent Europe's old, old game of imperialism. This little fragment of the earth's surface called Bible Lands certainly has an uncanny habit of being forever the most up-to-date theater of world disturbance.

Ominous as is the present state of the world's oldest highway, the very citation of the conditions through which it winds makes plain the truth that here also lies the road to world peace. This thoroughfare, which runs like a red strand interwoven into the long line of history, leads to Jerusalem, "the City of Peace." Perilous problems cluster around it; and it traverses our day's acutest danger spots; but, lo, its lesson is that we must go to Galilee, rather than to Geneva, to find peace. Not pacts, but purposes; not documents, but discipleship; not the maneuvering of statesmen but the mastery of the Saviour, holds promise of that new world era wherein men will abide as brothers.

"That's mere idealism," comments the "practical" man, as he shrugs his shoulders. Without tarrying to dwell upon the demonstrated truth that your "practical" man has been the bat-blindest figure in history, while the seers and prophets and dreamers have overturned empires and systems with their ideals; I merely point out that this oldest highway of earth, which we have been following, and which is central to the Bible Story, is the route over which traveled the Great Change that affected all subsequent history, the Gospel of Christ. The most significant fact about this thoroughfare is that it once echoed to the tread of Apostles, saints and martyrs, with their audacious program of a world made new. Theirs is the one scheme of

social reconstruction that has worked at all. And theirs is the only practical plan that contains a real prospect of peace for our day. Men will have to retrace their steps to the City of Peace if they really mean to get away from war.

That rather old-fashioned truth is the newest and most important finding that has come to me along this portentous highway of the ages.

[This address is taken from William T. Ellis' book, "Bible Lands To-day", by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company, New York.]

Quiet Days By Galilee

By REV. WILLIAM T. ELLIS, D.D.
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Pen is powerless to portray that which best deserves reproduction —nobody has adequately described a sunset, since nature works in the superlative degree—so I sit here on our balcony overlooking the Lake of Galilee, and wonder how to begin my crowded tale. It is a morning in early December. We are guests of genial Father Toepper, a German Lazarist monk who maintains a hospice on the northern shore of that lake which is the best-loved stretch of water in the world. Father Toepper, with his twinkling blue eyes and silken brown beard and unfading smile and gestures of animation, is a character study worthy of a chapter: with his Bedouins in their black tents, who partake of his bounty and obey his authority. Scholar, publicist, boniface, Biblical authority, cosmopolitan, Father Toepper is a man not soon forgotten. We occupy his large, upper room, with its own balcony, roofed over by gorgeous Bougainvillae vines in full bloom. Directly in front, at once obscuring and adorning the view of the lake, is a glorious palm, twenty-five feet high, and next to it is a pine tree, with a cypress hard by. A little to our right, the monk's orange and banana groves bear golden fruit on a background of intense green. A lover of plants as of people is our hearty host.

As in the days of Jesus, the great highway to Damascus from the coast runs along the northern end of the Lake; and nowadays all the talk of chance-met travelers is of developments in Syria, and of the safety of the Damascus road beyond the border. Even one day's sojourn by the northern end of the Lake makes clearer than much study the strategic position of Galilee, and why Jesus was in touch with the world currents of His day. There were geographical and political reasons for the cosmopolitanism of the Galilean who hereabouts first claimed world dominion. Jesus knew His times.

This Lake still has immeasurable pre-eminence over Lake Geneva as the spot whence the deliverance of the nations from war and fear and hatred is to come. Right here were spoken the words, and right here was lived the Life, that hold highest hope for humankind. Such

is the thought ever uppermost with one who is tracing the earthly footsteps of the Teacher of a new world way.

Within the past few days we have covered practically the whole scene of the Galilean ministry of Jesus. Somewhere within walking distance of this spot where I am writing, was His own town of Capernaum, where His manhood was lived and His greatest works done. Never has the Gospel record so glowed with present reality as when I read it here: for the places mentioned are no longer mere names in a book, but actual localities that I may see by lifting my eyes; and that my feet have lately trodden.

It was down yonder gray Gadara hills, on the eastern shore of the Lake, that the swine rushed into the sea when the evil spirits entered them from the tomb-dwelling maniac: and right here in Tabgha wanders to-day a naked lunatic, making his home in the caves. The boatmen whom we saw letting down their great net last evening, girding up their garments to the waist, were in unbroken succession to the fishermen who became apostles. The other boats, setting out at dusk for the night's fishing, whom our rowers hailed with the prayer that God would give them a good haul, may have toiled all night and caught nothing, for December is a dull month at the fishing. It will not be easy to forget the mien of dejection with which the crowd of Arabs who had gathered to see last evening's big net hauled into shore, walked away empty-handed.

Only by walking—which includes climbing and stumbling—over such a region as the road to Chorazin may a traveler get any real understanding of one of the big facts of Holy Land geography. This stony land was not always stony. It simply would have been impossible for a city to have existed on the site of Chorazin, under existing conditions. Traffic could not have been carried on. Homes could not have been built. Food could not have been raised or transported. Wheels could not have moved over these roadless rocks, and pack animals could not have traveled them. Written clearly on these stony hills, where the slinking hyena that we saw seems the natural inhabitant, is the tremendous truth concerning Palestine, that the Land to-day is not as it was in the times of Scripture: not so fertile, not so cultivatable, not so beautiful, not so resourceful. The Promised Land of the Children of Israel wore a far different face from the territory which Zionists nowadays seek as a national home for the Jews.

This clear, indisputable fact has a bearing upon every phase of study of the Holy Land. It applies generally, "from Dan to Beersheba."

The explanation lies largely in a single word: deforestation. The Holy Land has been practically denuded of trees. Only on the uplands of Moab, across the Jordan, are any old forests to be found. Ignorance, war and poverty have caused the sacrifice of the forests, including even many of the gray groves of olive trees, which are one of the country's principal sources of revenue and sustenance. Dwellers in Palestine lament the destruction of whole large areas of olive trees by the Turkish and German armies, during the late War.

Without trees, stones have gradually appeared where good soil once was. And the light, friable dark brown soil remaining between the rocks is exceedingly fertile. These stony hillsides are a panorama of lovely wild flowers in the springtime. Given a chance to grow, the trees, and especially the olive, send sinuous and adventurous roots down between the rocks, and find adequate nourishment. But for profitable agricultural purposes, the hills of Galilee have been made impossible. Too much of the top of the mountains lies at the bottom of the Lake. The muddy tinge of the Jordan, all the year through, tells its own sinister tale of rain-washed, treeless uplands. Every visitor to Palestine is struck first of all by the stony barrenness of the hill country: and the country is mostly hills. When he looks closely, he sees that these slopes were once terraced, and bore vineyards and orchards and gardens. Of course, the absence of vegetation has had a great effect upon the rainfall; and lack of water, along with lack of trees, constitutes a fundamental shortcoming of present-day Palestine. Of the ten thousand square miles of Palestine, less than one-half is officially computed to be arable. Divided by Biblically-designated regions, Judea is the most barren; Samaria is better and Galilee is best—for in Galilee and Samaria lies the Land's greatest garden spot, the Plain of Esdraelon. It is on the plains that the Zionists are working out their experiments of afforestation and of modern cultivation. Whatever may be the outcome of Zionism, the trees it has planted should remain a lovely monument.

Whoso loiters about Galilee will see many touches of native life that unexpectedly shed light upon the Scripture narrative. What criticism has regarded as one of the "fishiest" of Christ's miracles was the finding of the silver tribute coin in the mouth of a fish. Granting the known existence of a fish peculiar to this Lake, which has a pouch

in its jaw wherein it carries its eggs and its young; and admitting the proclivity of the fish to pick up bright objects, the query has been, "How could that fish ever have come into possession of the coin?" A trifling incident of our boat trip to Bethsaida is perhaps illustrative. A rather simple-minded Arab had been doing errands ashore for us, while two of our three boatmen had gone up the Lake with a gun, in successful search of waterfowl. He had stood guard by the ladies in an orange grove ashore, while a friend and I had pushed out into the Lake for a swim, *au naturel*; and he had carried shoes and parcels while the party later waded out from the shell-strewn beach to the returned boat. So I gave him a ten-piaster piece, the equivalent of half a dollar, which he promptly put into his mouth. But the silly fellow had never learned the advantages, financial and otherwise, of keeping his mouth closed; and he dropped the money into the water which had been muddied by his feet. He smilingly touched his head and pointed to heaven, remarking that Allah had decreed it so. Was it some remote ancestor of this man who similarly dropped into the Lake the coin which Peter extracted from the fish's mouth? And what will a modern fisherman say if he catches a fish that has swallowed my glittering ten-piaster piece?

Galilee boats are heavy, and propelled by two long, apparently clumsy sweeps, fastened to thole pins by thongs, which the rower pushes, rather than pulls. It fell to me to take an oar when we went half a mile or so out into the Lake for our swim (and there is no more exhilarating bathing to be found anywhere in the world); and I was surprised to discover how easily the oar was manipulated. Nevertheless, it was a source of wonder to behold our two Arab boatmen, light, lithe chaps, drive the heavy craft at full speed for an hour and a half, part of that time in the face of heavy wind and waves, which arose with the startling suddenness characteristic of the Lake. Despite their intense exertion, they sang merrily in the moonlight as we neared shore; and laughed at the foreigners who were heavily wrapped against the chill wind, whereas they wore only thin cotton garments. Who would exchange a Venetian gondola, or a Hudson River motorboat, for this rough craft on Galilee, the sea of sacred memories?

After all the varied aspects of the Lake and its environs and its history have been considered, it still remains true that the most cherished memories of quiet days by Galilee are of the water itself,

and of the hills around it. Sometimes the Lake is a vivid green or blue, like the Mediterranean at its fairest. On dull days it wears a somber lead color; and at evening it shares the purple glow with the resplendent hills. This author is not so foolhardy as to attempt to describe a celestial sunset or a moonrise, or the glory that marches softly and swiftly over the eastern highlands to introduce the new day to this most hallowed of waters. But before and after memory reverts to the cities and ruins and peoples of Galilee, it dwells upon the indescribable and immeasurable beauty of the Lake in its changing lights: the loveliness that once brought peace and refreshment to the weary spirit of Jesus of Galilee.

Curious convergences strike the modern rambler in the home-town neighborhood of Jesus. Just at the time when scientific studies of the age and origin of man had begun to percolate down to the common consciousness of the world, there was reported, from this very region by the Lake, the discovery of possibly the oldest human skull. The Galilee Man, as this petrified fragment is called (although now the experts contend that it was a woman!), gets into print in a way that confuses readers who have been reared to reverence the Man of Galilee. On this spot, for millenniums pre-eminently sacred to religion, the modern contention of science dramatically thrusts itself forth. At first sight it looks as if this northern end of the Lake is to become a controversial battlefield between the forces of the Man of Galilee and those of the Galilee Man.

As we made our way one sunshiny December morning, when the world seemed too fair for any kind of quarreling, across the stony but fertile Plain of Gennesaret, toward the cave where this prehistoric relic had been discovered a few months earlier, we mused, naturally, upon the long, long stretch of human history that this region has staged. In childhood days it used to seem as if the long-ago times of Jesus were close to the beginning of things; and so far distant from our own era that they could scarcely be reconstructed. One recalls not very learned Bible class discussions as to whether Jesus and the Apostles really could read and write; and clear affirmation by certain popular "higher critics" that writing was unknown in the days of Moses, so that the Lawgiver of Israel could not possibly have recorded his statutes. Yet here in the Greco-Roman ruins all about the Near East are signs that the race was ripe to rottenness when Jesus

came upon the scene. The world has suddenly inherited a bigger clock and a longer calendar; but no new time-keeper.

Twenty thousand years or more is the age assigned by the savants to this prehistoric skull. The exactness of the chronological knowledge of these modern wise men rather bewilders a layman; and likewise the apparent recklessness with which they toss about periods of tens of thousands and millions and even billions of years. One who has to cudgel his brain to retain even a vague knowledge of three thousand years of fully and clearly recorded history envies these cocksure masters of millions of years. Despite all the heretical winks and tongues in cheeks of ordinary men who also are in a position to examine the evidence of the archaeologists and of the geologists and of the anthropologists, there really is no way to check up on the affirmations of these scientific dogmatists who make the theologians look like timorous amateurs. Perhaps a celebrated British political maxim, "Wait and see," is as pertinent an observation as any for one who has heard the scientists disagree over evidence in their hands.

A young man, Turville Petre, found this much-discussed upper skull of the now famous Galilee Man, in June, 1925. He was out for a term of study with the British Archaeological Society in Jerusalem; and work had to be found for him. So he was sent up into Galilee by the director, to poke around the ancient caves that abound in the neighborhood where already German scientists had gone exploring. All of Bible Lands is a region of caves: and the Wady El Amud (or "Valley of the Pillar") which runs due north from the center of the Plain of Gennesaret, at the northwestern corner of the Lake of Galilee, has many such. In addition to the one that has now won celebrity, I entered two others which have been dug out, showing the same layers of ancient deposits, especially flints. Others, including two almost opposite the Cave of the Galilee Man, still await the exploring spade of the archaeologist. It seems to me that the caves of Asia Minor and of Syria and Palestine offer the best fields of adventure in the world. And on the way, enriching experiences of natural beauty and of human life, such as the ageless Bedouin in their black tents, will be stored up: for the oleanders and crocuses and cyclamens and other flowers which still bloom in the Wady El Amud, as they did when the Galilee Man sallied forth from his cave habitation, armed with flint spear and club in quest of the family dinner, are a perpetually fragrant memory. As I photographed a charming glimpse of the

Lake down the Wady, I wondered if the eyes that once looked out from beneath the protruding eyebrows of the skull which has given Mr. Petre a permanent place in the school books, used to pause to contemplate this loveliness.

Long before scientists paid any attention to this particular cave, it was locally known as "Robbers' Cave." Imagination is quickened as one observes the evidences of the successive groups of mankind, from the doughty hunters of the prehistoric period to the inoffensive shepherds of modern times, who have made this huge aperture in the rock their habitation. None have left inscriptions that remain. Only the debris tells their story. The cave is about twenty feet high and thirty feet wide at the entrance, which is more than one hundred feet above the bottom of the ravine; and within, at its greatest dimensions, I estimated it to be fifty feet high and nearly a hundred feet deep. The walls are smoke covered, and on the roof are many curious limestone nodules, the size of a golf ball, perhaps incipient stalactites. A few feet above the entrance, and clearly of human construction, is a circular hole, about eighteen inches in diameter, blackened by smoke. Possibly this was cut into the soft limestone, aeons ago, to let out the smoke when the entrance was closed up, for protection from enemies or from the elements. The walls are naturally irregular, nooks and alcove opening off from the main chamber, as is usual in limestone formations. I wonder if this is the origin of chamber within chamber which marks the ancient sepulchres of Egypt, Phoenicia and Syria? The "Tombs of the Kings"; in Jerusalem, is a clear example of this. At present, the Robbers' Cave is inhabited only by great flocks of pigeons; and we found several snake skins.

Fire is one of the first needs of man: and more wood and brush have been burned in this cave throughout the millenniums—for the cave has apparently had practically continuous use since first man began to occupy it—than the mind can easily conceive. Each fire left a deposit of ashes and scraps. These packed down throughout the centuries; and by the nature of the clearly marked strata of ash-gray deposits, varied by occasional charcoal layers, and bits of pottery, bone and stone, the scientists have sought to determine the antiquity of the successive eras. On the lower levels flint implements and flint chips are abundant: for early man's house was his workshop as well as his castle.

It was on this lowest level, beneath a rock which had apparently fallen from the roof, that Mr. Petre found the petrified upper front portion of a human skull, separated into three fragments but not crushed at all. His theory is that the accident which killed the Galilee Man also preserved his skull from decay, beneath a cavity in the rock. Why the teeth and lower jaw and other bones were not found is one of the points that give play to conjecture. The director of the British Archaeological Society, Dr. John Garstang, was present at the actual discovery of the skull; but he has kept in the background and given all the credit to his young assistant.

At once the skull was taken to London, and submitted to the eminent anthropologist, Sir Arthur Keith, who examined and classified it as representing the Neanderthal type of man, of the period extending from twenty thousand to fifty thousand years ago. Sir Arthur comments (London *Times*, August 14, 1925): "From all of these facts, it may be inferred that in point of size, the brain of the ancient Galilean fell only a little short of that of the average modern Englishman of to-day." This is a scientific pronouncement that may not politely be stated in its converse form.

Two points pertinent to our central theme emerge from the cave of the Galilee Man. One is that the earliest man may have had his beginning in Bible Lands. It almost seems as if this region is central to science as to history and to religion. The recent dictum that the human species began in Europe, or in Central Asia, has been dramatically challenged by this fragment of a human frame from a cave in which the wandering Jesus of Galilee often may have taken refuge for prayer, in one of His seasons of seclusion. The location may be visualized if it is suggested that the Galilee Man lived in the suburbs of Capernaum, which was the home, during His maturity, of the Man of Galilee.

Of far greater practical significance is the conclusion of Sir Arthur Keith, that this Galilee Man possesses as large a brain as the modern Englishman who is sapiently discussing religion, politics, economics and sports to-day. The statement recalls something said to me just after the War by Colonel T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of the Hejaz," the leader of the Arab allies against the Central Powers), who was busy as an archaeologist at Carchemish, the Hittite capital on the Euphrates River, when the War called him to fame in a totally different field. "The thing of which I am proudest," said Lawrence, "is

that I discovered the oldest archaeological man—that is, of man falling within the period of recorded history. The man was about five thousand years old, and I dug him up at Carchemish. His skull clearly showed the brain capacity of an Oxford don."

No reader can miss the meaning of these two testimonies, and their application to the present controversy over evolution. For if man's brain has not evolved to any substantial degree in the past five thousand years, according to Lawrence; or in the past twenty thousand years, according to Keith, the hypothesis of evolution must be discarded as a practical factor in the progress of the race. As a biological theory, evolution may continue to be held, and held in perfect consistency with the teaching of the Bible. But it contains no hope for the development of the powers of living human beings. All the once-popular patter about society's "evoluting" into a better order of mankind is unscientific buncombe. Even the most patient and far-seeing humanitarian is not willing to wait twenty thousand or fifty thousand years for the race to develop bigger, better brains and consequent personalities. All the clamor about evolution as a substitute for religion has been futile. The Galilee Man, as interpreted by our day's foremost evolutionists, has come forth from his cave to rebuke our folly.

In dramatic contrast, the Man of Galilee, from the very same locality, speaks anew a message of hope, and one that is even more scientific: for the psychologists, such as Professor William James, must be admitted to a scientific rank quite equal to that of the anthropologists, such as Sir Arthur Keith. The latter, and all his learned associates, would doubtless be quick to agree with Professor James, that the powers of man are capable of development and increase by bringing to bear upon them certain spiritual and emotional forces. Any intense personal experience, such as love, or fear, or patriotism or religious conversion, may arouse in a person powers totally unsuspected by him or by anybody else. There is, scientifically, such a possibility as transformation of an individual or of a nation or of a race by the experience of religion. One great inward spiritual upheaval may have more effect upon a human character than years of education or environment. The World War proved the truth of this principle. Christianity has demonstrated it times without number. Regeneration is as scientific as evolution—and far more provable and practical. So we may translate into the scientific jargon of our own day the teachings of the Man of Galilee that He came to bring life, and life more

abundantly. His Message, which made over His fellow Galilean followers, who had been but commonplace fishermen, into saints and statesmen (a rare combination!), heroes and world leaders, is assuredly the truth for our troubled times.

[This address is taken from William T. Ellis' book, "Bible Lands To-day", by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton and Company, New York.]

A Christ-Like World

By BISHOP FREDERICK B. FISHER, D.D.
Missionary from Calcutta, India

Text: Rev. 21:1,5: "Then I saw the new heaven and the new earth. * * * So I make all things new."

Our impelling Christian purpose is to make a Christ-like world. It is an ambitious and comprehensive program. Its achievement is beset with vast difficulties, but its redemptive boldness calls out the most heroic loyalty to the principles of Jesus Christ. Let no one say that this motive, so stated, smacks of our emphasis upon this present world as against that divine Heaven toward which all Christians look with hope. A Christ-like world can be brought about only through spiritually regenerated personalities. We, therefore, comprehend the whole Christian motive and goal in our dream of a Christ-like world. Lives devoted to this task take on a new meaning. Individual and social regeneration was the impelling impulse of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. In His memorable prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, He gave immortal expression to His own spiritual hope for His disciples in all ages—"As thou hast sent me into the world, so send I these into the world." What for? To serve, to suffer, to die, to prove the resurrection, to attain Christian perfection.

Can we not be bold enough to say that Jesus intended every true follower of His to be a CHRIST? It is no sacrilege for a Christian to claim this as his ideal for himself and his fellow-Christians. Jesus pleaded with God to make us such; it is our heritage, and His expectation. This, then, is the motive of the Christian kingdom—that followers of Jesus may be incarnations of His own life, and that they may bring into being a Christ-like world. It is a mystical conception, yet it is the most intensely practical program ever enunciated for personal character-building and for universal social progress.

Christ died for all humanity, not alone for that wonderful little group of disciples surrounding the foot of the cross, but for the captain of the crucifiers, for the thieves at His side, for His race, which re-

jected Him, and for the millions who had not known of His existence and would have despised Him in their pride, had they known. It is this compelling conviction of universality and necessity which makes the Christian gospel unique and supreme. There is no escaping it. Christians cannot circumscribe it, nor can non-Christians ignore it. It is more than a religion; more than a system of ethics; even more than a plan of salvation; it is a divine principle, made tangible in a living personality and program. Caught in the grip of this personality, and convinced of the inestimability of this program, we Christians have set forth on the marvelous task of remaking human nature and thus rebuilding our world. What a dream! A Christ-like world, peopled with Christ-like men and women. This is the meaning of Christ's universal prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Nothing short of this will ever satisfy the Christian soul.

I have expressed our Christian motive in objective terms. I do this because it is impossible for me to conceive the motive apart from the purpose. Motive is more than impulse; it leaps to conclusions. It starts out on a road that leads to a definite end. Love for Christ, devotion and loyalty to Christ, are the springs of vision and of power that hold us on the road—but it is the new, recreated, Christ-like world which lures us onward. It is the only kind of human world which can be intellectually, ethically, and spiritually defended. Can it be achieved or actually realized? Are we getting nearer to it today? And if we do bring it to pass, what will be its dominant characteristics? A hundred challenging questions spring to our minds as we contemplate this Christian dream for mankind. No group in all the world is better equipped to answer these questions than the teachers of youth in the Sunday Schools of all nations. Think of the hundreds of thousands whom you represent here tonight. That is the purpose and end of all our teaching, praying and loving and serving. What kind of men and women do we wish our youth to be? There are five great qualities which you would like your students to develop and achieve in life. This would be all the success or greatness you could wish for them: To be educated, to be prosperous, to be healthful, to be ethical, and to be spiritual. Let these qualities be realized by all mankind, and we shall have a world patterned after Christ's ideal.

1. The Christ-like world will be AN EDUCATED WORLD. Illiteracy and ignorance have been, since the days of primitive men, the most heavy drag upon human development. They must be banished.

There is no way to do it, except by the steady and progressive spread of educational facilities, until universal education shall have become an accomplished fact. The majority of the world's children are not in school at all—neither day school nor Sunday School. We have not yet arrived at the place where all governments feel responsible for the education of the country's future citizens. Taking the world as a whole, the masses remain, even in this twentieth century, illiterate and ignorant. This makes them the prey of disease through unsanitation, the prey of poverty through ignorance of economic laws, the prey of superstition through the lack of soul culture. They are the slaves of ignorance, tied to tasks they do not understand, and driven to toil which they hate, by masters whom they fear. And in most countries the masters themselves are as ignorant of human cultural values as are the slaves who blindly serve them. There is no cure except in education that comprehends the training of the mind and soul and body. At the base of human ills you will find ignorance with its brood of unnecessary children—bigotry, superstition, fear, hatred, and helplessness. Modern educators, in secular and religious education, have undertaken the most gigantic task that confronts the races of men. It is a holy call, and no cost is too great, no sacrifice too hard. God bless you, beloved dreamers, as you attempt to supplant age-old ignorance with knowledge and wisdom.

Are we gaining ground? Yes, among all the races, and in every language. The educational and scientific advance of the last one hundred years is the Arabian Nights of history. No brief survey can portray it. In the modern missionary movement alone you will find facts and achievements beyond measure. Just a century ago William Carey and Alexander Duff were still alive in India, Adoniram Judson in Burma, Robert Morrison in China. Duff had founded a little school in Calcutta where a few Hindu and Moslem students came timidly to drink at the new fountain of learning. Among the boys there was a master mind, Ram Mohun Roy, destined to become the most potent reformer in five hundred years of Indian history. He was the founder of the Indian Reformation—its Martin Luther. He was the inspirer of the Indian Renaissance, its Francis Bacon. As a boy he entered a Christian school, founded by a Christian missionary-statesman, and as his kind grew he turned away from old racial superstitions and faced the new day of scientific knowledge. It was as though a new brilliant torch had been put into his hand to be turned into every

primeval hut, into every dark temple, into every idolatrous shrine, into every polygamous palace. When he began to apply the modern scientific principle to the old social, religious, and economic customs of his ancient civilization he was shocked by its inadequacy and its sin. Denunciation followed. Then came social ostracism and banishment and excommunication. His father challenged him to turn his back upon the new learning and to bow to ancient forms. The enlightened lad lifted his shoulders—not superciliously, but reverently—and said that it would be impossible to ignore the light. But the father countered his argument by reminding him that the sun which brings light into the world has from the beginning of time risen in the East; and that wisdom likewise began there. Was it not a strange thing to expect sudden light from the West? Ram Mohun's answer was typical of the new learning. "Father," he said, "it is true that the sun rises in the East, but as it spreads its daylight abroad throughout the earth, it moves toward the West. At high noon, when it shines the brightest, it is neither in the East nor in the West. And when the afternoon comes, its rays fall from the Western sky. Father, it is now high noon in human history. Wisdom may have begun in the East, because man began there, but wisdom, like the sun, has grown with the years, and moves now in the Westward heavens. I turn me about to its light. Much of the morning is made bitter by this later light, but much of our early dawn thinking was shadowy and mystic. It cannot be on the full light of the whole day's experience. We must not remain children nor sulky sages." What a prophet's voice it was that spoke these words! The idea has been imaged by one of our poets:

"Not by Eastern windows only,
When morning comes,
Comes in the light;
Eastward, the sun climbs—
Slow, how slowly—
But Westward look!
The sky is bright!"

Rajah Ram Mohun Roy was not a Joshua bidding the sun to stand still. He was a Francis Bacon testing his own life, and the experience of all those about him, in its growing and changing light. Kipling applies to India and Burma an earlier epigram by describing a dawn that comes up like thunder. This is exactly what happened to the

mind of the Orient when Ram Mohun Roy shocked his compatriots into the consciousness of the new realism of Western science. The Indian Renaissance and the Reformation were both on at once—the torch of truth and the hammer of justice. He and his followers attacked child marriage, idolatry, polygamy, caste and landlord usury. The Brahmo Samaj, a potent and cultural Unitarian Christian Society, sprang into being; other reform movements began throughout the country. And from that day to this the torch of truth and the hammers of justice have been constant evidence in modern India and throughout the Orient. Sometimes we think the change is slow—but what are a hundred years in civilizations that are 5,000 years old? Enlightened government, education, missions, altruistic social service are all working side by side and in hearty co-operation to remake an old order into the new. Hundreds of thousands of nurses, doctors, magistrates, teachers, preachers, administrators, scholars, prophets, authors are scattering illiteracy and ignorance and superstition. To become impatient, and to turn from construction into halting doubt, would be cowardly and unscientific. A nation may be "born" in a day, but it requires a lifetime to grow and develop into its new being.

The modern missionary educational movement very boldly lays claim to having molded such heroic souls as Rabindrinath Tagore, Mahatma Ghandi, and C. R. Das. Whether or not they themselves lay claim to orthodox Christianity; whether or not they themselves would wish to acknowledge any debt to the new Christian educational emphasis, does not greatly matter. The very language in which they speak so magnificently and so gloriously; the ideals they espouse and expound; the social order toward which their dreams point—these essential things are the gift of the new West to the ancient East. Of necessity, it is not all Western. These souls have proved their greatness by holding fast that which is good in their cultural past. It is a blend, almost sublime, in its achievement and promise. The best is yet to be; it is still in the mold.

Outcaste and Brahman, coolie and litterateur, slave and master, fair and dark, Eastern and Western, Northern and Southern, all mankind, will reach their goal in Christ only as Christian education lights the darkness and crumbles the barriers.

2. The Christ-like world will be a PROSPEROUS WORLD. But, says some earnest person, dare you say that Christians can remain truly Christ-like in prosperity? Yes. That is the claim. In fact, I be-

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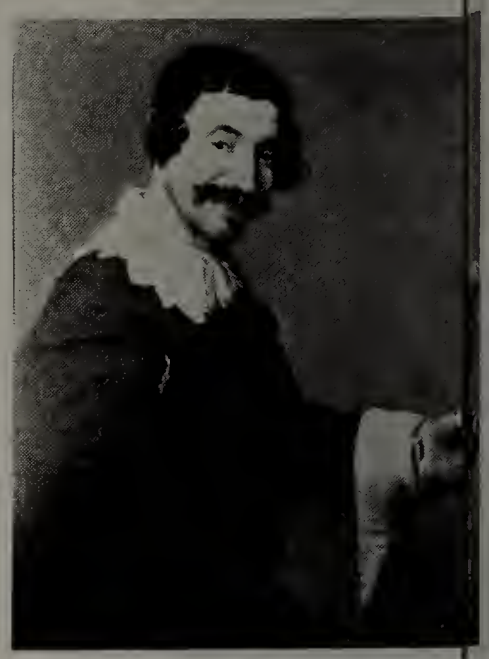
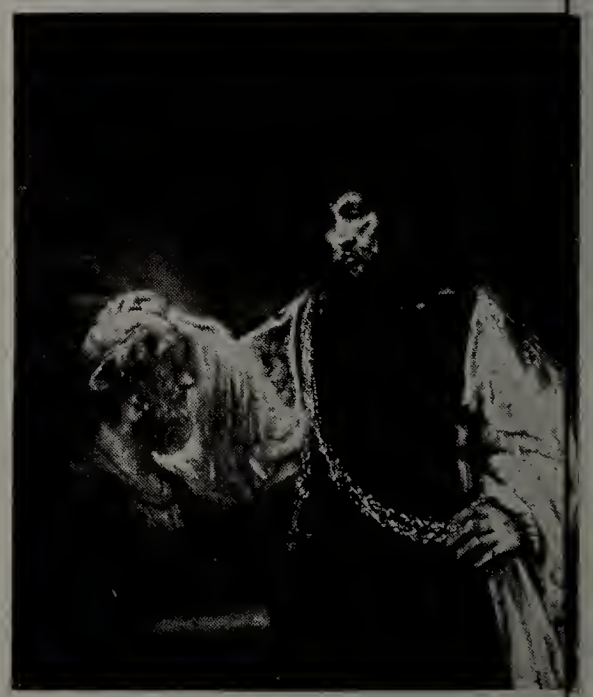


MAN WITH WINE GLASS—VELASQUEZ

VENUS AND THE LUTE PLAYER—TITIAN

FIGURE—LEHMBRUCK



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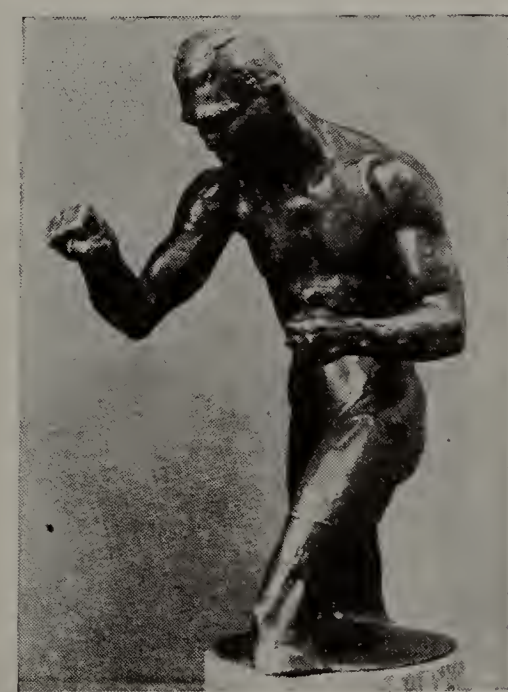
THE CANOEIST'S BREAKFAST—RENOIR

TOILET OF A BRIDE—COURBET

GIRL COMBING HAIR—CASSATT



SCHMELING—BELLING

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
OFFICIAL CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS

FULLERTON HALL LECTURES

Daily lectures at 12:15 Noon, 2:00 P. M. and 4:00 P. M. from June 1, to November 1, 1933. The subjects are as follows:

DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON, *Extension Lecturer.*
- The Enjoyment of Modern Painting
- The Enjoyment of Modern Sculpture
- The Enjoyment of Modern Architecture
- The Quest for Beauty
- The Arts in America, 1893 and 1933
- One Hundred Years of Portrait Painting
- One Hundred Years of Landscape Painting
- Modernism From Paris to The Grand Canyon
- Science Paves the Way for Art
- The Beautiful Rooms We Live In

CHARLES FABENS KELLEY, *Curator of Oriental Art.*
- Two Thousand Years of Eastern Art
- Etchings, Engravings and Lithographs

DANIEL CATTON RICH, *Associate Curator of Paintings and Sculpture.*
- What is Modern Art?
- How to Enjoy the Primitives

HELEN C. GUNSAULUS, *Assistant Curator of Oriental Art.*
- Two Centuries of Japanese Prints

HELEN PARKER, *Museum Instruction Department.*
- Insurgent Painters in the 19th Century

HELEN FRANCES MACKENZIE, *Children's Museum.*
- Art for Children

MARGARET E. DAVIS, *Extension Department.*
- The Italian Schools of Art

GEORGE F. BUEHR, *Extension Department.*
- Reality; Art as an Appreciation of Life
- Emotion; Art as a Reaction to Life
- Form; Art as Design
- Taste; How to Know What you Like

A sketch class for beginners every Friday morning from 10:00 to 12:00. Mr. Watson and Mr. Buehr, Instructors. (In Fullerton Hall.)

Single admission to any lecture or sketch class 25c.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
OFFICIAL CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS

GALLERY TOURS AND GUIDES

A general tour through the exhibition of paintings and sculpture every week day at 9:30 A. M. and on Sundays at 1:00 P. M.

A lecture in the galleries on a selected section of the exhibition every week day at 11:00 A. M.

The fee for all gallery tours is twenty-five cents per person.

Private guide service by appointment. One dollar per hour for two persons or less, additional persons fifty cents each.

Private groups may be formed upon request, for more detailed study of the collections. Miss Helen Parker, Head of the Department of Museum Instruction, assisted by Miss Helen Barsaloux, is in charge of all gallery tours.

GALLERY TOURS FOR CHILDREN

Gallery tours for children will be conducted by Miss Helen Frances Mackenzie, Curator of the Children's Museum.

A gallery tour through the exhibition of paintings and sculpture every week day at 11:00 o'clock to point out things of special interest to children up to fifteen years of age. The fee is ten cents per person. Tours start from the Children's Museum.

ART SCHOOL FOR SUMMER

A six weeks' Summer Session will be conducted by the School of the Art Institute, from June 26th to August 4th.

In addition to courses in Drawing, Painting, Design and Methods of Art Instruction for teachers, an intensive course in History of European and American Painting and Sculpture based on the Century of Progress Arts Exhibit will be offered under Miss Helen Gardner, author of "Art Through the Ages" and "Understanding the Arts."

Children's classes will meet five mornings a week.

An exhibition of the Work of Students of the school will be found in Blackstone Hall.

The Goodman Theatre School of the Drama is in operation during the Theatrical Season.

A prospectus will be sent on request by addressing the ART INSTITUTE, Chicago, Ill.

lieve that the Christian victories are retarded more by poverty than by riches. Many honest saints have been misguided in their extreme renunciation. There is a place for CHRISTIAN MATERIALISM. Have I coined a phrase? Very well, it is a helpful and a necessary one. Perhaps CHRISTIAN MATERIALISM is the next great cultural step for mankind. Why deny the fact of matter? Why attempt to explain it away by a combination of mysticism and philosophy? Man is born into a material world. Fact and form are all about him. He is at least a temporary citizen, with rather a long tenure, of a hard, cold, realistic world. He cannot ignore it; he cannot escape it. It remains with him, in one form or another, during all his earthly life. By all odds the best thing for an intelligent Christian to do is to accept it. Not to accept it as it is, but to accept it as a fact and then to set about discovering how to use it for cultural and spiritual ends. Saints deny it, and renounce it for spiritual ends. Maybe the time has come to USE it for spiritual ends. Mind and capacity are given us to use in re-creating the world in which we live. And science gives a million illuminating illustrations of the re-creative possibilities. Is it not better to remake our world than to desert it and forsake it? God, in the first creation, could not have made it a worthless thing. Materials have spiritual uses, and in many ways Christian civilization has found its greatest glory in the development of what we call a material civilization. What has poverty ever really done for mankind, except that out of its grinding discipline a few of the world's great souls have been born. What has continued poverty done for the masses of men? If ignorance has been a millstone around humanity's neck, poverty has been a chain and ball about man's feet. Let poverty die. A few bold and brave modern economists are beginning to write and speak of a day when poverty shall be no more. One has recently said, "There is a faint hope, remote and vague at present, that by research and the patient addition to knowledge, poverty may eventually be eliminated from civilized countries. I have not the folly to suppose that these momentous changes can be brought about in the lifetime of anyone here present. The improvement of society as a whole is a slow process."

Its pace can be wonderfully quickened by the united Christian forces of the world. When Shaftesbury was an old man and ready to die, he parted from his fellow peers in the House of Lords with the altruistic declaration that he could not bear to enter Heaven and leave

the world with so much poverty and misery in it. He was a social pioneer. Since his day a new crop of youthful visionists has grown up which says that youth dare not live in a world with so much poverty and woe in it. They are too impatient to wait to mourn over it. They must tackle the root causes and cure them, not by mystical withdrawal from the world, but by construction of the material stuff out of which the old is made. St. Francis and Tolstoy and Ghandi make heroic appeal to our spiritual imagination. But they do not present a universal standard of life. I have seen too many Oriental and African huts of mud and straw to wish any man or woman or child to live like that. I would like to take them all out of these hovels and put them into palaces. But, of course, they must first be prepared for life in a palace. Vast vistas of cultural, educational and spiritual training spring to one's mind here. Poverty has been one of man's most terrible enemies, and all the forces which look toward a Christ-like world can unite against it. Research into its causes and cure from economic and social standpoints must be conducted on a world-wide scale. Grinding poverty has no place in a world where Christ's kingdom is established.

3. A Christ-like world will be a HEALTHFUL WORLD. A third crude and persistent enemy of civilization has been disease. More has been done to conquer it in the last one hundred years than during all previous history. How wonderful it would have been if primitive man had been born with sanitary knowledge. But he emerged into organized social life without scientific instinct. For ages he struggled for existence against adverse climate and material resources. Today the will to health has become a dominating motive in all countries, and science is grappling with the problem of disease in a thousand centers throughout the world. I was deeply moved one day in India when one of our greatest Oriental leaders told me of an experience he had passed through on a recent visit with an Oriental king, or maharajah. He said that the bitter knowledge of age-long neglect had come to him. What a difference he discovered between his own fellow-countryman, whose vast wealth staggered the imagination, and the rich men of the Christian Church. He described how his kingly compatriot spent his money lavishly and selfishly—rich jewelry, fast horses, elephants with gold-covered tusks, baskets of precious gems into which he could thrust his eager fingers and let sparkling jewels drop from them like sunlit drops of water. All for self, while his millions of subjects groveled in disease, poverty and ignorance, without adequate hospi-

tals or homes or schools. Contrasted with this he had visited wonderful medical experiment stations, where consecrated Occidental physicians were seeking at sacrificial cost, but with high enthusiasm, the germs of disease that swept the children of the tropics into untimely graves. He knew that rich American and European Christians poured out their wealth to support these stations. Then with his hands over his face he mourned aloud over the Orient's age-long failure in stewardship and altruistic conscience. This great and benevolent non-Christian caught through this experience the meaning and significance of the Christian ideal of service. Individuals, organized foundations, governments, and international corporations must be inspired by the Christian churches to consciously plan and constructively work for the abolition of disease. For a Christ-like world will be a world of health. This ideal, held before the growing generation, will raise up scientists, philanthropists and social servants on a world-wide scale. Here is a motive that challenges the highest—the relief and cure of human disease and suffering. In a world patterned after Christ's plan we will find hygienic principles and practices dominant and universal.

4. A Christ-like world will be AN ETHICAL WORLD. The Golden Rule among individuals, nations and races must supplant greed, lust and conquest. In spite of modern relapses, we can clearly see great gains in the human march toward a world of good-will in industry, politics and society. Industry has faced new ideals during our present generation. Hours of labor have been reduced; opportunities for leisure have increased; the position of women and children has been revolutionized; working conditions have been improved; governmental capital has been stabilized, thus making sudden panic less imminent; incomes and wages have made a higher standard of living possible among the common people; and one dominant element in our present situation must not be overlooked, namely, that larger corporations managed by executives who are salaried officers rather than complete owners, are turning the attention of shareholders toward the necessary efficiency and public usefulness of their business, instead of exorbitant profits regardless of service; while the shareholders are more and more the workers themselves and the general public. Of course, there is danger here, but a constant demand for moral conduct, and a constant investigation from the standpoint of Christian ethics will make a constant demand for moral conduct, and a constant industrial fabric. My point is that Christianity dare not withdraw from the eco-

nomic order. The Sermon on the Mount is a system of earthly ethics as well as divine injunction. The Golden Rule can and must be made the economic human program. The development of international commerce, the expansion of Europe, the uprising of Asia and Africa, the spread of humanitarian ideals, the better knowledge on the part of all races—these causes and others have brought mankind into closer co-operation during modern times. Many of you will recall the inspiration which came to you in your student days as you devoured Bacon's "New Atlantis," where in picturesque phrase he portrayed his Utopia. He pictured a great society of wisdom, called the Order of Solomon's House, which he thought to be the "noblest foundation that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of nature of all things." Merchants of light were sent out every twelve years to all parts of the world—"men who remain abroad for twelve years, gather information and suggestions in every field of art and science, and then (the next expedition having brought men to replace them) return home laden with books, instruments, inventions, and ideas. Thus, you see, we maintain a trade not for gold, silver or jewels; nor for silk; nor for spices; nor for any other commodity or matter; but only for God's first creation, which was light." Meanwhile a busy army was filling many laboratories, experimenting in zoology, medicine, dietetics, chemistry, botany, physics and other fields; there are, in addition to these men, "three that collect the experiments in all the books; * * * three that try new experiments; three that tabulate the results of experimenters; three that look into the experiments of their fellows and cast about how to draw out of them things for use * * * for man's life * * * three that direct new experiments; three that from the results draw up observations, axioms, and aphorisms." "We imitate also the flights of birds; we have some degree of flying in the air; we have ships and boats for going under water." And the purpose of it all, he says, with fine Baconian ring, is, "the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." This is pictured by Will Durant in his "Philosophy and the Social Problem."

If a dreamer of the Renaissance and the intellectual prophet of the new scientific era could have such dreams, how much more may modern Christians apply Christ's most idealistic principles to organized human life. Our missionaries and doctors and nurses and educators have been these "merchants of light" in actual practice. The new

world is in many ways the direct result of that missionary enterprise. Peace and good-will among men is the Christian goal. Its realization is our Christian challenge and task. Good things and bad confront us; friction and misunderstanding wait just around each corner. But the teaching task of the Sunday Schools is to hold fast to the ideal and to press it to educational, economic and political victory. Thomas Curtis Clark has expressed the ethical dream of a Christ-like world—

"He Shall Speak Peace"

"Hatred and greed and pride shall die,
Cannon and swords shall prostrate lie;
Warring shall end, the world shall cry—
For He shall speak peace.

"Rivers shall nevermore run red,
Terror shall hide his bloody head,
Life shall no more for lust be shed—
For He shall speak peace.

"They shall not strive in earth again,
Honor will come to dwell with men;
Children will bide in safety then—
For He shall speak peace.

"Desolate plains, now bleak and cold,
Burst forth again in green and gold;
Birds of the trenches sing, as of old—
For He shall speak peace."

5. The Christ-like world will be ever a spiritual world. Sin has been the twin sister of ignorance, of poverty, of disease, and of injustice. Can we conquer and eradicate it from the human heart and from organized social life? Yes. That is the Christian dream. Nothing short of this can satisfy any true Christian. Our spiritual task in the bringing about of the kingdom of God on earth is two-fold: first the achievement of the inner consciousness of God, and second, the destruction of sin. Our personal spiritual ideal is sonship of God, growth and culture in divine grace, fellowship with each other, and immortality of life. The personal spiritual character is the base of all our hopes. Only

spiritually-minded, redeemed, consecrated personalities can build or sustain Christ's kingdom on earth. This is our deepest, highest motive —personal purity of life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

It is glorious to contemplate a Christ-like world; it is a precious thing to suffer for, to work for, to pray for, and, if need be, to die for. An educated world, a prosperous world, a healthful world, an ethical world, a spiritual world; a world no longer the way of ignorance or poverty, or disease, or hatred, or sin.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. * * * And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. * * * And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them. * * * And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The Book That Changed the World

By BISHOP FREDERICK B. FISHER, D.D.
Missionary from Calcutta, India

The Scripture foundation for our message is found in the 105th verse of the 119th Psalm—"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a significant thing that the Psalmist in speaking of the Word of God called attention to the fact that the Bible would light our feet and our pathway, because it indicates clearly that the Psalmist was on the road to some greater destination and that he needed light for the path. Those of us who believe in the upward progress of the world and of mankind, believe that back of this progress there is some definite reason.

Prof. John Dewey in his remarkable little book on "The Reconstruction of Philosophy" said that the world does not blindly proceed, but that every stop in human progress is determined by somebody's mind. That is to say that there are no blind forces at work in the world, unrelated to mind, and that the will of man has a great deal to do at certain epochs in our history with either setting the world forward or setting it back; and very often a particular epoch of progress is born in the mind of a man.

William Tyndale translated the Bible into the English language a little over four centuries ago, because of a remarkable, a very great world event which had just preceded. When William Tyndale decided that the Word of God should be translated into the English language, he reached that decision because Constantinople as an oriental city had fallen.

There had been centuries of struggle between the Mohammedans and the Christians for the control of what was supposed to be the key-city between Europe and Asia. It is no longer regarded as the key-city, because we have ocean routes, because we have vast transcontinental railways and have made connections by other means, but in those days

it was a key-city. Mohammedans and Christians fought for nearly a thousand years for the control of Constantinople.

It is a remarkable thing that Constantinople should have fallen to the forces of the East, because I suppose in intelligence the forces of the West were the better of the two. But there are unseen powers that work in even political affairs, and the Spirit of God moves upon the wills of men to help them to see the way.

If Constantinople had not fallen to the Mohammedans at the time it did, these great Greek scholars would never have been scattered over Western Europe. Greek scholars by hundreds were driven out of that part of Asia and settled in Western and Northern Europe. They brought with them Greek history, the Greek New Testament and the Old Testament, in two of the great languages of Asia Minor. They came to Oxford, and Cambridge, and London, and Paris and Berlin and Copenhagen. And everywhere these Greek scholars carried the Word of God. That meant the awakening of Europe. We sometimes think of the Renaissance and the Reformation as more or less synonymous, but one has to do with the mind, and one has to do with the spirit.

It is significant that with the fall of Constantinople and the coming of these Greek scholars across the continent, there came into being the printing press, and London received Tyndale's translation of the Bible into the English language. It did not come easily. You know that when the Bible was first exhibited by a group of friends to the then Bishop of London, he looked upon it with deep suspicion and asked how many copies there were. He was told that eleven hundred copies had been printed in Germany. Then the Bishop told his friend, a book-dealer in the city, to buy every copy, for "I would destroy them all."

The book-dealer set about to purchase them, but was not able to buy all of them; the old Bishop of London was irate; he was even more than irate, he was very deeply concerned. He called a little meeting in the Vestry of St. Paul's. There was an open fire-place in this room. To this small group of people in the Vestry of St. Paul's he preached a sermon, and after the sermon he deliberately took the new translation, spat upon its pages, and threw it into the fire.

That week William Tyndale was strangled to death. As he was being strangled, there was a gurgling sound in his throat, and the

keeper said, "Unloose the flax a little, so that we can hear what this man is saying." When they loosed the flax, Tyndale with glassy eyes looked up into the faces of the crowd and said, "O Lord, open the eyes of England and of her king." Suddenly the flax was twisted again, and William Tyndale joined his fathers on the other side.

That was a little more than four centuries ago, and do you know that within five years of the time that Tyndale died at St. Paul's Cross in London, the Bible had been put into every parish church in England and Scotland. So that when William Tyndale said, "O God, open the eyes of England and of her king", the prayer was answered within five years of that night.

It is true the Bible was chained to the pulpit; nevertheless it was there in the vernacular of the people within five years of the offering of that prayer. It is forever impossible to destroy the Word; it is today the open Word of God.

When I visited Plymouth, Massachusetts, recently I saw along the roadside three marvelous white buildings—the spire of the church, representing the open Bible; next to it the public school, representing the instruction of the children of the land; next to it the town-hall, representing democracy—the open Bible, universal instruction, and democracy—all three cornerstones of the American government.

The Psalmist was right when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." It is a light on the pathway of human progress, not only when it was uttered, but even thousands of years after. Is it not amazing that the expansion of Europe synchronized so marvelously with the opening of the Word of God?

I tremble sometimes to think what the world might have been like if the expansion of Europe had come before the opening of the Word of God. Though you and I can be criticized as representatives of the white race for many things that our fellow race brothers have done, the fact remains that there went with commercial expansion and with political power the open Word of God and Puritan ideals.

We need only to look back a little more than 100 years to realize what that expansion has meant, inasmuch as it carried with it the open Bible, the Word of God. It is interesting that along with this expansion has gone the missionary movement of the last one hundred twenty-five years, which has rewritten the history of mankind. One hundred and twenty-five years ago Carey went out from England

to India, Adoniram Judson to Burma, and Robert Morrison to China. Can you realize, you who sit here in this modern church this morning, that one hundred years ago William Carey was yet alive and that those other men were at work in other sections of the world?

In just one hundred years have been made all these changes. The last one hundred years have been worth more than any previous one thousand years of human history, because with the expansion of mankind in its commercial and political movements, the Word of God has been opened in the languages of the common people, so that all can read it.

I visited a school for Hindu boys, made possible by the gift of jewelry, property—everything that a wealthy Indian woman could give, except the little cotton cloth that she wore for a garment; all to establish a school for Hindu boys. The principal of that college was a Christian; they discovered that a graduate of a Christian school was the best man to train those Hindu students because of the inner light that guided him as an individual.

I wanted to see the textbooks they were using. He gave a command, there was a shuffle, (the boys sit cross-legged on the floor) and everyone pulled out a New Testament in English. The principal explained that that was the way he was teaching them their English, using the New Testament as a composition book. They were not writing something silly; they were writing the miracles and parables from the book that changed the world.

You and I are standing just now on the threshold of a new day. Forty-five years after Wycliffe was buried, the angry people (those in power in church and state) went to his grave, took up the bones, burned them, and scattered them on the River Swift. The River Swift went out into the ocean, and so the dust of Wycliffe's body was carried to all the world.

Somehow God is at work in the world today, and I believe he is at work through His Word, and I believe that our missionary activities, coupled with the marvelous expansion of our race and with the scientific knowledge that has been stirring many men, has brought us to the new day.

I lay it before you as a romantic fact that Jesus Christ is alive and at work, and I challenge you to learn of Him in the Book that has changed the world.

God grant that you and I, whether it be in America or Asia, may be true to the ideals of that Book and that we may love it and yearn after its ideals and never be satisfied until the last man, woman, and child has been brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Prayer at close of sermon: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light upon my path. O Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we lay before Thee this morning our lives touched by the knowledge that is contained in this Book. We lay before Thee afresh our lives, asking Thee to use us in the work of Thy kingdom to keep the Book ever open before the races of mankind in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, and to make possible the coming of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, who taught in His yearning petition to Thee, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Kentucky Mountaineers

By REV. WILLIAM T. FRANCIS, D.D.
Executive Carr Creek Community School, Carr Creek, Kentucky

Far down in the mountains of Kentucky and her neighbors of the Appalachian highlands live the mountaineers of the south, shut off from education and opportunity by formidable barriers of rock and ridge. We of the old stock are recognized on the outside by such terms as "moonshiner", "feudist", and "mountain white". It is true that the mountain regions have long been known as the home of the moonshiner, a 'bad man' of the hills, but today the Kentucky moonshiner is rivaled by those of his trade in every state of the Union. Our Kentucky moonshiner sneaks out into the head of a dark hollow beside a running stream to make the damnable stuff, and your 'civilized' moonshiner goes into his attic or basement. It is all the same, men and liquor, with this difference: In the mountains the light of educated thought and action has scarcely penetrated through the hills, and, in the mists of years an isolated people have lived in poverty. Outside, the wealth of education and opportunity lies at every man's door for the asking.

Feuds, too, there have been in our mountain land, feuds the companions of moonshine, the result of overwrought emotions, a gun, an enemy, and family pride. Today the feuds are passing. They are blackened records and they must go, along with "an eye for an eye". Always they have been a blot on our fair wooded country. And, yet, in all their blackness, need they stand out any more terrifying than the cold blooded murders of 'civilization' in any day or time?

Again comes that strange name, "mountain white." Yes, my friends, we are mountain whites, and more, we are white Americans. Search history for the facts regarding our race of highland folk, join the venture of those old pioneers following Boone's trail the way of the wilderness road, know us to be blood of your blood, bone of your bone, pure Anglo-Saxon stock, American pioneers, your ancestry our ancestry, your God our God, one and inseparable.

Just how we mountain people got pocketed in our shut away hills

is hard to determine, for stories differ. Some say our fore-bears crossed the Alleghenies in search of western wealth, and found their way barred by walls of mountains, and impenetrable wilds; others say that they were hunters, lovers of the open, woodsmen well content with the joy and thrill of the hunt, the kill. In those days there were bear and deer and wild hog in abundance.

In the proud Blue Grass live our neighbors and kin of one hundred fifty years ago. How came they into possession of fertile lands, whilst our ancestors strove against all the forces of nature in a land of perpendicular mountain-sides. A broken axle, or a lost trail is said to be the answer.

Whatever the conjectures, we know certain facts. About the last quarter of the eighteenth century groups of people from Pennsylvania, from Virginia, from North Carolina, people who were English, Scotch-Irish, Pennsylvania Dutch, came into the mountains of Kentucky through Pound Gap. John Mullins and William Thomas Francis (whose name I bear) two of my ancestors, brought their families over this trail from North Carolina and Old Virginia. Others made up the party, and this group of people with their slaves settled on Carr's Fork of the Kentucky river, now in my own Knott county, known as the "county without a railroad".

A Kentucky mountaineer born and bred, I have myself lived through days which belong to the old colonial period. Born in a pioneer log house, one of a family of twelve children all grown to manhood and womanhood, I learned to read and write by the light of an old pine knot, or the flickering fire in the chimney corner. Not one of our generation but has lived the same kind of a life Abraham Lincoln knew. We split rails on the timbered slopes, borrowed fire from our neighbor, stripped logs from the mountain height and by ox team hauled them to the creeks.

"There were giants in the earth in those days." Men stalked through the wilderness, armed with broad axe and pole axe. With these they cut down and hewed timber, cleared for homestead, corn patch and garden spot; raised their log houses out of stout oak, beech and ash. From poplar or black walnut came the rails for fences: "stake and rider", "worm rail", "palins". Of the women folks, mother and one daughter did the cooking, spinning and weaving at home. The others went to the fields with the men folks to lay up the fenc-

ing; to cut, pile and burn the "brash"; or to plow, plant, hoe and tend "craps"; corn, still the main source for bread, taters, both white and sweet, "shucky beans", "cowcumbers" satisfied hunger.

Great "fat" gourds were raised to hold the hog grease or beef "taller", water gourds for dippers to slake thirst, and bugle gourds, long and slim for dinner horns or calling sheep.

Wool was washed, picked, carded and spun "as fillin'" for linsey-woolsey dresses, blankets, pants and hunting shirts. Flax was grown for warp and tow shirts. Later cotton came to be planted. Of a night by the firelight each young'un of the family was set to picking seeds from a pint of cotton. Poured out on the hearth it looked a peck. While the young tow-heads bent to their task, mammy carded wool or cotton into rolls; at the same time one of the older sisters was spinning the rolls into thread (the big wheel was used for wool, the little one for cotton and flax; warping and weaving were done of a day ('twixt meals and other chores.) In the corner, his day's work over, pappy nu'sed the least 'un and by the dim light read his Bible.

Our shoes we grew! We raised our cattle, slaughtered them in the fall of the year, ate all the fresh meat except the hind quarters, and these we dried in the smoke house for winter use. Out in the chip yard beyond the house palin's lay two rough troughs; each one half of the same big poplar log, which had been split open, adzed out and left side by side. One was the lye trough, the other for tanning. The hide from the beef-critter was first taken to the lye trough, and there soaked for ten days in the wood ashes lye; the hair rubbed off, then put over into the tanning trough filled with oak-bark ooze. After a month or more, the tanning process finished, the hide was hung in the barn loft till ready to use. I do not know how old I was when I had my first pair of shoes, but I was old enough, I remember, to take a big sand rock and scrub the pelt side (pelt, to us, meant the inside of the hide as distinguished from the grain or leather side.) While my father was cutting the pattern of the shoes for the family, the smaller ones of us were put to work making pegs from sugar-tree wood. These pinned the soles to the uppers. Up to the time of my own childhood, pioneer people in the hills wore moccasins, not shoes. Lacers for both moccasins and shoes were made from tanned ground-hog hide or coonskin, coarse and tough; our "Sunday best" lacers we cut from squirrel skin, fine, thin, elastic. All the sewing, you must

know, in either moccasins or shoes was done with thread of squirrel skin. Eight months of the year we were barefoot. Many a chestnut burr, too "sticky" to pull open with our fingers we "busted" with our tough heels.

Religion

There is a popular belief that the people of the mountains were outlaws and brought with them no religion or moral standards. This is far from the truth. Sections of the mountains differ in kind and condition of folk and custom, for the Appalachian highland region, you must bear in mind, is nearly as large as the combined areas of New England and New York. It embraces the mountainous territory of nine southern states. In such a vast region many types of humanity are to be found. The early settlers in our section of eastern Kentucky were men of religious principle and fervor. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, hardly had they built their own cabins than they erected houses of worship. Of hewn logs these church-houses were constructed, and, lacking nails, the roof boards were weighted down with poles and rocks. Thither, at church time—once a month—came the men accompanied by their families. Armed with flintlock guns and dirks, they were ready at all times for Indian attack. Worshipers stacked their guns outside the church-houses where two or three stood on picket duty.

Services were from three hours to half a day. Sermons continued from one to two hours each, (these customs still prevail) and men "called of God" responded to the persuasion of the Spirit. With eloquence they preached a gospel of doctrinal beliefs; faith in Christ; repentance toward God; born again of the Spirit; perseverance of the saints; general resurrection of the just and unjust; baptism by immersion only; and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper together with foot-washing.

"And supper being ended, he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he himself was girded. * * * For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you."

Schools.

Way back in the days of the first settlers, members of the family

who could read and write taught the children what they could at home. A generation later came the first schools in the new country. My grand-father, Simeon Francis, son of William Thomas Francis, the first settler of the family, taught school on Carr's Fork; this was the only school in what now is Knott county. In the days following the War of the Revolution, this same Simeon Francis was the only man with larnin' enough to make out pension papers. From the head of the Kentucky River to the ridge dividing the Big Sandy and Kentucky river valleys men tramped over the hills to get help from this man of books.

Then followed the "Blab School", an old log church house, puncheon-floored, with no windows, gave room and shelter. In these schools there was no discipline and little teaching, a hubbub of reading out, spelling out, talking out; for books—a blue-backed speller, a reader, a 'rithmetic, one each to a family, packed in for miles across the mountains.

Later came the Free School, where there were any schools at all. These schools provided our larnin' in the three R's for three months of the year. The teachers were older pupils who had preceeded us and knew the books, called "common school branches," from cover to cover.

Sometime during my boyhood there came into Knott county (lately struck off) George Clark, of Greenup county, on the Ohio, far north of the mountains. To "Professor Clark" many of my generation owe their education. He was the first real school master to come into our mountains. Students from Knott and adjoining counties filled dormitory and class rooms, hungry for larnin'. On the mountain paths no snow was ever too deep, no ice too slick to turn us from his teaching. For the first time in our lives we knew the meaning of discipline, open-mouthed we listened to his precepts. Added to reading, writing and 'rithmetic we had history, geography, civil government. No need to drive us to school. How we pored over our lessons, anxious to excell in our recitations. A whole new world was opened to us and our kind.

For five generations, we who are the descendants of those rugged pioneers have multiplied and scattered through the mountains. We have peopled the hills, all up and down the little winding streams, back in the dark hollows, and out on the ridges, farming our strips of

bottom-land, or our perpendicular hill-sides. Civilization, along the great water ways, has passed us by in opportunity, education, industry, good roads. We are said to be two hundred years behind the times. Our people, living in pauper counties (counties where the assessed value of property does not bring in enough revenue for needed schools, roads or other public improvements) have eked out an existence. It is estimated that in the southern mountain area there are more than two million illiterates. Our section of eastern Kentucky shares her portion of that number—and Knott county is a pauper county.

The Carr Creek Community Center.

In 1920, together with my brother, Simeon Francis, it was my privilege to contribute land whereon should be established a community school, the living exponent of patriotic education for our own Americans, descendants of pioneer peoples. Miss Olive V. Marsh and Miss Ruth E. Weston, both furrin (foreign in the mountains means anyone from outside) college women answered our call from Macedonia. With their help and knowledge, the people of the community established the Carr Creek Community Center, and set to work to build the teacherage and school house. The first ten years were particularly hard, but enthusiasm never was lacking, and year by year the Center has continued, struggling—hoping—working! Friends from the world outside have responded to the needs and by their interest and gifts have helped us to grow. Our governing board is composed of five mountain men, elected by the community, two executives and one associate executive, the last named may be from the outside. Our accounts are audited annually by Meldrum and Meldrum, Certified Public Accountants, Louisville, Kentucky. We were incorporated in 1924.

Since 1920 the Center has grown from a one-room school of twenty-six pupils to a splendid school of eight grades and four years of accredited high school with a total enrollment of one hundred forty-two. This number includes children from the community, neighboring districts, and children living at the Center.

During the years, teachers and workers have come to us from Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. With a vision of the future they come, willing to sacrifice the salaries and comforts of life outside for

the sake of the young manhood and young womanhood in our mountain land.

Miss Humes, of Pennsylvania, now an executive of the Center, has been interested in the work since 1921. In the fall of 1923 she came to Carr Creek as a volunteer worker, and has been with us ever since giving of her time, labor, influence and means. Her aim is to build living monuments, as a testimony to the strength and endurance of that nation whose God is the Lord.

Outside, we are often asked what mountaineers look like. My friends, the best definition I can give you for a Kentucky mountaineer is to ask you to take a good look at me, a thoroughbred- of the species. We and our children have the same ancestry as you. We owe our origin to the Anglo-Saxon; mountain children are mostly tow-heads, and curly heads too, fair of face and feature. If you do not believe it come down to Carr Creek and see for yourselves. In our Center family you will find a group of healthy, fine-looking boys and girls, eager for an education and willing to work for it. The girls do the cooking and house work for our family of thirty-two including twelve boys, twelve girls, workers and teachers. They have practical every-day training in household economy.

The boys split the wood, carry coal, build fires, tend "craps", feed the livestock, milk the cows, build and mend fences, and lend a helping hand in the repair work about the place. In the manual training shop under a competent teacher they make furniture for our use, and learn the rudiments of carpentry and building.

Daniel, the son of a miserable drunken father, has lived at the Center with us for four years. On the little creek he calls home there is moonshining and liquor, guns and outlawry from sun up to sun set, and through the night hours. For women and children there is no peace. In the time he has been with us, Daniel has grown from a small chap to a manly young fellow. He has been our stand-by as water carrier, wood-chopper, general chore boy and trusted mail boy. Today he takes his place as one of the older boys, a member of the sophomore class in high school, a good student, looking forward to medicine as a profession. His two sisters were also taken into the Center family at the entreaties of the mother who feared for their lives at the hands of their drunken-maniac father. The saving of this family alone would warrant the upkeep of the Center.

From the head of a little hollow, miles from the Center, come two of our most promising girls. They have known life in all its poverty and barrenness. Having no father and a hopelessly ignorant mother, they have been handicapped from their birth. At the Center, under decent living conditions they have developed in efficiency and personality.

Betty Jane has no father or mother, nor home. She has been with us since Singing Carr Home for girls was first built in the summer of 1923. Today, instead of the "puny" child she once was, she carries on her share of the household duties, has the oversight of the younger girls and carries second year high school work.

Three of our girls have come to us from Wolf Pen, seven miles away. Two of the older ones we have graduated from high school—both of these girls have gone on to Berea College to prepare themselves for teaching. The younger sister, a bright, red-headed child, is still with us, determined to stay through high school. Four more little red-headed sisters, back on Wolf-Pen, in the great old log house are looking forward to the day when they can "Come to Carr".

Of our boys, "Jeems" is the oldest. As a little boy, trachoma so injured his eyes that he was not able to go to school, "Fotched on" doctors effected a cure, and although his eyes will never be strong, he has a fine mind and is well able to carry his high school subjects.

"Little" is the last of five brothers and an uncle who for four years kept house in a cabin which they built for themselves from lumber provided by the Center. Monday morning always saw them tugging a poke o' taters, meals or beans up the Center hill; food for their five school days: Friday evening home they tramped for "mother's cooking."

The older brothers all graduated from high school, with honors—and have taken their place in normal school, college and school teaching. "Little", left alone, is now one of the Center family, fourteen years old, a sophomore, and the keenest, brightest one of all, he leads his classes in all his studies.

Religious Influence.

The Carr Creek Community Center is Christian, but non-sectarian; our aim is to build character, clean, strong, efficient lives for present and future. We are non-sectarian because in our old reg'lar Baptist country any other church name would be held in suspicion. We be-

lieve that by teaching Christian principles and standards we can raise up a generation of useful, honest young lives.

Our every morning chapel service in the school assembly room starts the day right for all of us with Bible reading and the singing of hymns. Often the entire assembly recites from memory a passage of Scripture; one of the Psalms, the Ten Commandments, the books of the Bible. It is our desire to have them continue to learn more Scripture, as a guide and help for all their lives. There are evening prayers for the children living at the Center, each one having a part.

Sunday school, despite the objections to "foreign religion", we have steadfastly maintained. The old objections are gradually disappearing. Miss Martha A. Beecher, associate executive, has been Sunday School superintendent for the last four years. A leader from the membership is appointed for each Sunday. In this way our young people are trained in the conduct of Sunday School, and are given a share of the responsibility. A young peoples' meeting holds sessions Sunday evenings. Preaching services are conducted twice a month. Occasionally vesper song services are held.

Community Work

In all our activities we seek to develop the interest of the fathers and mothers as well as the children. Speakers from outside—interested in the welfare of the mountain people, bring to us topics of current and religious interest.

In November last, Berea College held an Extension Opportunity School at the Center, the first of its kind in the mountains. President Hutchins loaned six of his able staff for the experiment. Lectures on child health, agriculture, the world of industry, religion were the order of the days, with community singing, story-telling, and games for recreation. In spite of the bad-humored weather, the attendance for the ten sessions soared to 1,193, in the region of foot-traveling, and the occasional family mule. The Round Table discussions proved most of all the splendid mentality to be found in this hill country, and the deep craving for an education in the things which are most worth while.

The needs of children in these pauper counties must be met by people of understanding and foresight, "for no man liveth unto himself." Our Carr Creek Community Center receives no guaranteed support from any religious body or any other association. Our work is

maintained by money we receive from appeals sent out three times a year and by contributions of friends from time to time. You who live in the great world of civilization and we who live in the isolated regions of the Kentucky mountains have the same common race heritage, the same blood that flowed through the veins of Washington, Jefferson, Boone, Lincoln and other liberty-loving Americans is still found unchanged in the boys and girls of our hills. They are looking and struggling for a chance for education and training, and when given this opportunity they are ready to take their place beside those who have been brought up out in civilization. Every year sees millions of dollars expended on great memorials to commemorate the noble dead; and every year sees mountain children, slaves to poverty and want, begging for new liberty and life. How long will the people of the richest nation on the earth turn deaf ears to those of their own blood? Oh, if they could but awaken, and with the spirit of the Good Samaritan look upon our bright-eyed young folk with compassion, and by their gifts build living monuments!

Who knows what savior of his country may come from the mountain wilds?

Who knows what wealth of young manhood and young womanhood lies tucked away in the highlands?

Yours is the challenge of the years.

To open the door of education and opportunity to even one child is worth a life of sacrifice: to build for the future of many young lives is to be richly blessed!

The Believer's Biography

By REV. JOHN GREENFIELD, D.D.
Evangelist and Bible Teacher, Moravian Church.

Text: Isaiah, Chapter Twelve.

This is one of the shortest, but also one of the deepest Psalms in the Old Testament. Whilst this chapter may refer to the Jewish people at different times of their world history, we feel perfectly justified in applying it, also to the universal experience of the Israel of God, to Abraham's spiritual children, not after the flesh, but "of faith". (Gal. 3:7.)

In this short Psalm of six verses, which every Christian should at once learn by heart, we find the following four great experiences of every true believer, viz.:

I. His awakening.
II. His conversion.
III. His sanctification.
IV. His service.

I. The Believer's Awakening.

Verse one reads: "In that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me."

The Bible describes God as being angry with two classes of persons, the sinner and the backslider. Two passages especially confirm this: "God is angry with the wicked every day." (Psalm 7:11). "But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord." (II Sam. 11:27). Everyone knows John 3:16, but few seem to be aware of John 3:36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." We may well ask if the general indifference to spiritual things, the universal lack of conviction of sin in our day, may not be traced to our failure to proclaim the wrath as well as the love of God? Both are equally true, and when that great American theologian, Jonathan Edwards, preached his tremendous sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God", all New England was swept by a mighty revival.

When that apostolic missionary, William C. Burns, was conducting an open air meeting in his native land of Scotland a tall man, slightly intoxicated, in the outer edge of the crowd, was rudely interrupting, and interjecting occasional comments, exciting the risibility of those around him. Mr. Burns paused a moment, and then, fixing his eyes on the man, solemnly said: "You are tall and strong; but you are not too tall for a coffin, nor too strong for the worms. You are tall and strong; but not too tall for the grave, nor too strong for death. You are tall and strong; but you will one day have to stand forth, one of the crowd before the great White Throne; and how will you face the Judge of the whole earth? Tall and strong as you are, you cannot be hid from God. The rocks and the mountains will not cover you. His all-seeing eye is on you now." The effect was absolutely overwhelming. The man became sober in a moment and one of the most eager and respectful listeners the preacher had. It was the wrath of God as well as His love that brought the great Scotch Presbyterian preacher, Robert Murray McCheyne, to the feet of Jesus. He described his conversion in one of his hymns:

"Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe."

It was the wrath of God that led to the spiritual awakening of Charles Wesley, the prince of English hymn writers. This he has told us in the well-known lines:

"Depth of mercy can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?"

It was the wrath of God as well as His love that led another sweet singer in modern times to the foot of the Cross. We refer to Frances Ridley Havergal, of the Church of England. In her famous hymn, "I Gave My Life for Thee", she represents Jesus as saying:

"I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,

To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for Me?"

The noble martyr, John Huss, who for his faith was burned at the stake July 6, 1415, on his forty-sixth birthday, wrote a hymn in which he sets forth the chief fundamentals of our faith. The first stanza reads:

"To avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffered in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made,
And by His most precious blood
Brought us sinners nigh to God."

This hymn of the great Bohemian reformer and martyr, which Martin Luther translated into the German tongue, may well be said to form a commentary on the first verse of our text, "And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." In view of Christ's atoning death we may sing with Wesley:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

Let us then as faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. (Acts 20:27). His anger and wrath on account of sin are as real as His grace and love. But both must be preached at the foot of the Cross. Let it not be said of us what the famous London preacher, Dr. Joseph Parker, affirmed of many religious teachers of his day: "Hell gone! The devil gone! And God going!" Those words seem almost prophetic of our own times. As proof of this witness the atheistic societies that are being organized all over our land, especially among our youth in the great centers of learning and culture. Surely this is the time above all others when Jesus Christ expects His true servants to "preach the Word", even as He Himself "before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession." (I Tim. 6:13). We are not so much called upon to defend the Word

as to preach it. We cannot explain either the wrath or the love of God, either heaven or hell; but we are commanded to proclaim them.

Thus did the Spirit-filled apostles preach on the day of Pentecost, and this faithful proclamation of sin and all its consequences, as well as of the more abounding grace and love, produced the following never failing results: "Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (Acts 2:37.)

II. The Believer's Conversion.

Verse two: "Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation." This is the language of heartfelt faith in Christ and, joyful assurance of salvation. Millions of believers have adopted these words as their triumphant confession when they stood at the Cross beholding the Lamb of God bearing their sins in His own body.

Isaiah has truly been called the Old Testament evangelist. Some of his chapters seem to have been written at the Cross. The beloved disciple tells us in his Gospel that Isaiah saw "Christ's glory and spake of him" (John 12:41), although he lived seven centuries before Jesus was born. The evangelist of the fourth Gospel quotes two passages from Isaiah in this twelfth chapter. The first quotation is from the famous fifty-third chapter, and the second is from the almost equally well-known sixth chapter. The "disciple whom Jesus loved" evidently knew of only one Isaiah. In chapter six the youthful Isaiah saw the Lord in His glory and majesty, His holiness and might, but both were linked to the altar of sacrifice. In the fifty-third chapter the prophet beholds the Lord as the Messiah, the Lamb led to the slaughter, the intercessor, "by whose stripes we are healed."

Isaiah, like Abraham, saw the day of Christ, and was glad. He beheld God manifest in human flesh, and that greatest wonder of the universe as well as of eternity, "the Lord's death." Henceforth like Paul he had only one theme, viz., "Christ, the Messiah and Him crucified." In reading what Robert Burns called "Isaiah's wild seraphic fire," we cannot help calling to mind the beautiful lines of Isaac Watts:

> "I'll carve His passion on the bark,
> And every wounded tree
> Shall droop and bear the mystic mark
> That Jesus died for me."

We may well, therefore, imagine Israel's great prophet standing in the Spirit at the foot of Calvary's Cross and, in full view of bleeding and expiring Deity, exclaiming: "Behold God is my salvation! I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song. He also is become my salvation." What precious truths we learn here! Salvation is in a person, not in a creed. The devils believe and tremble, but "he that hath the Son hath eternal life." We are not judged by any dogmas we may hold in our head or hand, but whether we can truly say: "I am crucified with Christ! Christ liveth in me." Well may we therefore with the Psalmist utter the fervent prayer: "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." (Psalm 35:3). Then shall we be able to confess with the inspired prophet, "Behold God is my salvation. The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song. He also is become my salvation." These words remind us of the conversion of the well-known Moravian evangelist and hymn writer, John Cennick. All Christians delight to sing his sacred songs, such as "Jesus, my All to Heaven is Gone", and "Children of the Heavenly King."

He described his own conversion in the following language, "My heart danced for joy and my dying soul revived. I heard the voice of Jesus saying, 'I am thy salvation." The fears of hell were taken away. I no more groaned under the weight of sin. Being sensible that Christ loved me and died for me, I rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Our text also emphasizes salvation as a very personal and possessive experience. Notice how often in these few lines the first personal pronoun is employed, "Behold God is *my* salvation. *I* will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is *my* strength and *my* song. He also is become *my* salvation."

Truly has the great German reformer, Martin Luther said: "All religion is to be found in one little word, "my"—"My sins and my Saviour." Standing face to face with the crucified and risen Christ, beholding His pierced hands and feet and side, we fall down before Him and cry out with the doubting disciple, "*My* Lord and *my* God." Here all creeds converge. Here all the true children of God unite. Dying, John Wesley is heard to repeat again and again the same lines which solaced Charles Haddon Spurgeon on his death bed:

"I, the chief of sinners, am,
But Jesus died for me."

These words also emphasize faith as an act of the will, and not

only of the head and heart. "I will trust." Did not Job of old exclaim: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." (Job 13:15).

John Bunyan, whose three hundredth birthday we this year celebrate, has given us this striking experience: "Suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, Thy righteousness is in heaven and methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, is my righteousness so that wherever I was or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, He wants my righteousness, for that was just before Him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for my righteousness was Jesus Christ Himself, the same yesterday, and today and forever."

Truly every believer has reason to exclaim with the inspired prophet of our text: "Behold God is my salvation! I will trust and not be afraid."

III. The Believer's Sanctification.

Verse three: "Therefore, with joy shall ye draw water out of thy wells of salvation." Water is generally used in the sacred Scriptures to typify the Holy Spirit. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." (Isaiah 44:3). "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean from your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new Spirit will I put within you," etc. (Ezekiel 36:25-26).

"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." (Eph. 5:18). We thus get an idea of the meaning of one text, allowing Scripture to explain Scripture. "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." The fullness of the Spirit, the baptism with the Holy Ghost, the apostolic Pentecostal experience are all included in the words of our text, and are set forth in the New Testament repeatedly in words like the following: "The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." (Acts 13:52).

That scholarly commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, distinguished alike for his "oceans of learning" and for his profound experience both of salvation and sanctification, has the following instructive note on this passage: "This hymn, (Isaiah 12), by its whole tenor, and by many

expressions in it, seems much better calculated for the use of the Christian church than for the Jews in any circumstances, or at any time that can be assigned. The Jews themselves seem to have applied it to the times of Messiah. On the last day of the feast of the Tabernacles they fetched water in a golden pitcher from the fountain of Siloah, springing at the foot of Mount Zion, without the city; they brought it through the water-gate into the Temple, and poured it, mixed with wine, on the sacrifice as it lay on the altar, with great rejoicing. They seem to have taken up this custom, for it is not ordained in the law of Moses, as an emblem of future blessings, in allusion to this passage in Isaiah, "Ye shall draw waters with joy from the fountains of salvation," expressions that can hardly be understood of any benefits afforded by the Mosaic dispensation. Our Saviour applied the ceremony, and the intention of it to Himself, and to the effusion of the Holy Spirit promised, and to be given by Him. The sense of the Jews in this matter is plainly shown by the following passage of the Jerusalem Talmud: "Why is it called the place or house of drawing?" (For that was the term for this ceremony, or for the place where the water was taken up). Because from thence they draw the Holy Spirit, as it is written, "And ye shall draw water with joy from the fountains of salvation."

The New Testament Scripture, referred to by Dr. Clarke, where our Saviour applies this text to Himself is the following: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water." But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive." (John 7:37-39).

Thus we see that Israel's great prophet Isaiah sets before us in all their fullness, not only Calvary but also Pentecost, not only the crucified Saviour, but also the Holy Spirit. Mark how the following passages anticipated the time when God would pour out of His Spirit upon all flesh: "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest." (Isaiah 32:15).

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek." (Isaiah 61:1-3).

The outpoured Spirit, the fullness of this Spirit for power is the

promise of the Old Testament for these last days in which we live. This baptism with the Holy Ghost fits us for successful Christian service. The apostles before Pentecost were almost unqualified failures. After they had been "clothed with power from on high" they became more than conquerors. Drawing water with joy from the wells or fountains of salvation signifies therefore our birthright and privilege to drink in, even to overflowing, of the divine Holy Spirit, even to be "filled with or unto all the fullness of God." (Ephesians 3:14-21). It was for this fullness of the Spirit that Charles Wesley so earnestly prayed in one of his most fruitful hymns:

"Oh that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!

"Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!"

It was for this fullness of the Spirit that James Montgomery, the son of a Moravian missionary, prayed in one of his most stirring spiritual songs:

"Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power!

"The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love."

It was concerning this fullness of the Spirit that the greatest preacher of modern times, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, sang in one of his only too few hymns:

"The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift, is near
Each pleading company.

"Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour!"

The great soul-winners of all the churches have ever been men like the first Christian martyr, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." In his famous "Lectures on Revivals" that prince of American evangelists, Charles G. Finney, has truly said: "Every step of progress in the Christian life is taken by a fresh and fuller appropriation of Christ by faith, a fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit. You must pray in faith for the Holy Spirit. At every forward step in your progress you must have a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit through faith."

And the saintly Andrew Murray of South Africa, whose books on prayer and Pentecost are Christian classics, tells us: "The glorified Christ is He who baptizes with the Holy Spirit. Do you desire that this glorified Christ should baptize you with the Holy Spirit? Offer yourself then to Him for His service. God help us to understand what a great thing it is to receive the Holy Spirit with power from the glorified Jesus! The abundant life is neither more nor less than the full life of Christ as the crucified, the Risen, the Glorified One, who baptizes with the Holy Ghost, and reveals Himself in our hearts and lives, as Lord of all within us."

IV. The Believer's Service.

Verses 4-6: "And in that day shall ye say: Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted. Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known (or let this be known) in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee!"

In these three verses we have the joyful service which every Spirit-filled believer will gladly and continually render. They remind us strikingly of the New Testament exhortation to those Christian Jews who had gone forth to the crucified Jesus, without the camp, bearing His reproach: "By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name, or conferring His name." (Heb. 13:15).

Spirit-filled believers invariably become praying, praising, testifying and confessing Christians. In answer to earnest, united and per-

severing prayer the Holy Spirit came upon a little congregation of less than three hundred members two centuries ago. They were filled with prayer and praise and testimony, and during the next twenty-five years sent out of their midst more than one hundred missionaries. Their leader, Count Zinzendorf, could truly describe them in one of his many hymns, as

"Everywhere, with shoutings loud,
Shouts that shake the gates of hell,
Thine anointed witness-cloud
Of Thy great redemption tell."

Having tasted the Spirit's fullness from these fountains of salvation they longed for even more of His overflowing life and power. They organized a society for the one purpose of prayer—called the society of Hourly Intercession. Each one pledged himself to pray one hour, so that during every hour of the day and night some one was engaged in prayer. That society continued to function for one hundred years, and all the while Pentecostal power was upon that congregation and revival streams flowed out into all the earth.

Something similar happened within our memory some years ago in Wales and Korea. Indeed the whole history of the Christian church from the days of Pentecost abounds in "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," gracious outpourings of the Holy Spirit, always and only in answer to earnest, united and persevering prayer. During such times of revival believers experience the joy of salvation and live the life of spiritual service described in these closing words of our text: "In that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord," etc. A Spirit-filled Christian is a praying, praising Christian. If we want good prayer meetings, where believers pray and praise, we must draw water with joy from the fountains of salvation and be filled with the Holy Spirit. Paul knew this when he exhorted the Ephesian saints to be "filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in your heart unto the Lord, giving thanks always for all things." (Eph. 5:18-20).

A Spirit-filled Christian is also a witnessing, testifying Christian, who does what our text indicates, "declare His doings among the people." Jesus told His disciples, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me to the uttermost parts of the earth." When believers become full

of the Holy Spirit they want to testify. They cannot but speak as the Spirit gives them utterance. They all want to be missionaries at home and abroad. They say with John Cennick:

"Then will I tell to sinners 'round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to the atoning Blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

And lastly, a Spirit-filled believer is an optimistic, singing, victorious and jubilant Christian. How strongly this is emphasized in the last two verses of our text: "Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things; let this be known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

All our great hymns were born in revivals. A Spirit-filled Christian must "sing unto the Lord, for He has triumphed gloriously." From the days of Watts, Wesley and Zinzendorf down to our own times of Moody, Bliss and Fanny Crosby Spirit-filled believers have flooded the earth with sacred songs and Gospel melodies.

To quote again the familar lines of Cennick:

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways."

The singing may at times become somewhat loud rising into a mighty shout of triumph, for our text exhorts us, "Cry out and shout." "For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." Such was the experience of the saintly and intellectual Dr. Arthur T. Pierson when he sang,

"Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,
His blood has redeemed me from sin;
I weep and I sing in my gladness
To know He is dwelling within."

A lady once said to Moody: "Oh, Mr. Moody, I am so happy that I feel like shouting." The great evangelist quickly said: "Shout away, madam, only be sure to live as loud as you shout." Thank God, that is possible, for "great is the Holy One of Israel in us" and "He works in us to will and to perform all His good pleasure." Oh, let us be satisfied with nothing less than the fullness of the Spirit. Let us seek

every day this victorious, jubilant life of service, the fruit of the Spirit when He fills us to overflowing. The Christian soldier of the Cross may well march with a shout of triumph. The great captain of our salvation, like Joshua and Gideon of old, will tell his faithful followers when to shout. He Himself will one day break through our sky and clouds in all His triumphant glory, for "the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (I Thess. 4:16-18). Yes, "then there'll be singing, there'll be shouting, when we all get home," or as the learned Dean Alford so beautifully has said:

"What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of ten thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!"

"Ye Shall Receive Power"

By REV. JOHN S. HAMILTON, D.D.

Acts 1:8—"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Christ took His little band of disciples on the mountain top and gave them His parting blessing. He said: "John baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. Go back to Jerusalem and wait there until ye are endued with power from on high."

This command is for ministers, Sunday school teachers, and followers of Christ. Wait until ye are endued with power from on high. If you undertake to preach, teach and live in my name your words will be as sounding brass, without my Spirit. But there is no need to wait long. The moment there is complete consecration the fullness of power will fall. The disciples did wait. It was a period of heart searching. The power fell. The city was in a commotion. Men ran in terror. They asked: "What shall we do?" The answer came: "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." It was the fulfillment of the words of John the Baptist: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

We must not confuse this power with religious form. There never was a time when people were so well educated, suave, tactful as today, when morality was passing as religion. But it is well known that many have the form of Godliness but deny the power thereof.

We must not confuse this power with enthusiasm. It is not hard to see enthusiasm in many a church but there is no Holy Ghost power. There is no substitute for this power in great church buildings, high-class anthems, oratory or decorum. All will be powerless without the Holy Ghost.

We must not confuse this power with worldly influence. Sometimes we find great pride that certain churches claim to be the aggregation

of nearly all of the big folks of the city, but no one can accuse them of being big in spirituality.

Who may have the Holy Spirit? The promise is to you and your children, to all who are afar off and to as many as the Lord our God shall call. He took in all the geography, all the centuries, all the nations: "As many as the Lord our God shall call." He calls all measures of intelligence, and grades of society, and offers this power.

When the Holy Ghost is come upon us we shall receive power in prayer.

Rom. 8:26-27—"Likewise the Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God. My soul, wait thou only upon God for my expectation is from Him."

When the Holy Spirit shall come on us we will live a victorious life. He will take us up out of a weak, compromising, stumbling life into one of power, vigor, and consequence. We will grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Some folks do not grow in grace. They are stagnant. They may have a few leaves but no fruit.

How may we receive the Holy Spirit? Turn from all known sin in your life. Make an uncompromising and irreversible surrender to Christ. Abandon yourself to Him. Empty yourself. Move out and let Him move in and take possession. Receive Him by faith. Walk in the Spirit and you shall not make room for the flesh.

Historical Sketch of Winona

Written for Home-Coming Day by VICTOR M. HATFIELD
Poet and Lecturer, Publisher of Winona Echoes and Other Books

A third of a century ago a man with a resourceful brain, a sympathetic heart and an expansive vision made a comprehensive survey of the state of Indiana, and laid before the Synod of the Presbyterian Church the need of a mecca where ministers and laymen, wearied by the routine of labor, might gather together for physical, mental and spiritual refreshment. Thus Dr. Sol C. Dickey inaugurated a movement that has developed and flourished, until to-day the institution, Winona, is known throughout the civilized world as a powerful promoter of righteousness and good cheer.

Bass Lake, in Starke county, was first selected as the spot where the foundation should be laid. A tract of one hundred and sixty acres was purchased, and arrangements were made with the citizens to build a spur from the nearest railroad to the lake. The citizens failed to comprehend the importance of the venture, and consequently declined to carry out their part of the contract. As a result of their short-sightedness, Dr. Dickey negotiated for the purchase of Winona's present site, which was then known as Spring Fountain Park. The lake was called Eagle Lake, a name given by the Indians in early years, because the shore lines meandering near the present city of Warsaw resembled the figure of an eagle with outspread wings.

The Beyer brothers were the owners of the ground which now comprises Winona Park. The consideration of the sale was one hundred thousand dollars. Charles H. Conner, of New Albany, was the first president of the infant organization, and he headed a subscription paper with his own pledge for one thousand dollars. The work of selecting the site, and formulating plans for future operations gained rapid momentum through the efforts of Sol C. Dickey, Henry Webb Johnson and Edward S. Scott. A Chautauqua program was provided the first year, and the following year the Bible Conference was established. These two branches of this luxuriant tree form the protecting canopy under which hundreds of subsidiary institutions have flour-

ished. Hotels reared their heads as by magic. Vast auditoriums with capacity for housing many thousands of people were built. Four hundred buildings, including business houses, winter homes and summer cottages, cover about three-fourths of the park grounds. The graceful Mount Memorial college grew out of the desire of Winona's promoters to provide educational facilities. The electric light and water company was formed, and a plant put in operation. The excellent spring water was carbonated and shipped all over the country. The Winona and Warsaw railway was built, and the Winona interurban line from Goshen to Peru made possible through the wisdom and foresight of the board of directors. A miniature railway, running from the entrance building to Kosciusko Lodge, with its noisy gasoline engine, carried passengers to and from the terminals to intermediate points. A tortuous rolling coaster stood for many years near the present site of Swiss Terrace. A cyclorama covered the spot where Dukes fountain now stands. McDonald island is a reclaimed swamp. Alexander McDonald, of Cincinnati, provided the funds, thirty thousand dollars, with which to dig the canal and create the inviting region beyond the bridges.

The new Presbyterian federated church was erected a few years ago at a cost of sixty-five thousand dollars. A complete modern sanitary sewer system was installed last year. The cost of this improvement was about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Two and a half miles of concrete streets have added to the beauty and comfort of our village, and greatly facilitated travel. The park is beautiful, the lake picturesque, while shaded walks, flowing fountains, a profusion of flowers, singing birds, chattering squirrels, refreshing breezes from the lake and numerous other interesting features contribute to the comfort and happiness of summer visitors. One year ago an indebtedness of thirty-five thousand dollars was removed, and the institution is now practically self-supporting.

It is not an exaggeration to say that no other institution in all the world has a larger accumulation of good will, or a more enthusiastic co-operation on the part of its patrons, than the one whose history we are reviewing to-day. Since the time of its establishment complete programs have been presented every season, and interest has increased with the constantly growing attendance. The fact that Winona has flourished throughout its entire existence without a dollar of en-

dowment is most remarkable. It has supported itself to a large extent by its own operations. Liberal gifts from Dr. and Mrs. Sunday have in recent years made substantial improvements possible. Smaller donations from other good friends have lightened the heavy financial burdens resting on the shoulders of the management. But even when confronted with embarrassments and momentous problems, the hand of God has directed His faithful servants, and blessings unnumbered have abounded within our borders.

Bethany Camp is a wide-open door of privilege. From a small beginning the movement has grown until its influence is felt in the remotest bounds of our nation. Lofty ideals are instilled into the hearts of young girls who tarry there, and noble characters are formed through contact with Mrs. Besserer and her consecrated assistants. The generosity of Mr. William A. Peterson and his mother, Madam Peterson, has made possible the expensive buildings and equipment both at Winona and Chicago. The Chicago Boys' Club houses and entertains every summer three thousand under-privileged boys from the great metropolis, and the value of Christian training and the vacation experiences cannot be estimated. The gospel of song has been elevated and enriched through the tireless efforts of Homer Rodeheaver. E. O. Excell, in his day, contributed generously to Winona's matchless musical programs. The sweet singers of the earth have here entranced our souls with their rapturous melodies, and heaven has seemed nearer in Winona because music has occupied so conspicuous a place.

Inspiring messages have fallen from the lips of Dr. Sunday, Dr. Biederwolf, Dr. Chapman, McNeill, Morgan, Paul Rader, Major Cole, F. B. Meyer, Bishop Hughes, Gypsy Smith, Gunsaulus, Booker T. Washington, Samuel Hadley, Hillis, Conwell, Sam Jones, Cadman, Moorehead and a host of other earnest preachers of the Word. Tens of thousands of lives have been transformed, and uncounted blessings have flowed out like rivers into homes in all parts of the country because our beloved institution was founded thirty-four years ago. The seal of divine approval was set upon its charter at the beginning. The vine of His own planting has flourished luxuriantly, and its leaves are for the healing of the nation.

Ten schools are conducted on the Winona grounds during the summer months. They are the School of Theology, School of Missions,

Extension Division of Indiana University Normal School, Biological School, School of Photography, School of Sacred Music, Bethany Schools, School of Christian Education, Cooking School and the School of Jewish Missions.

William Jennings Bryan, E. O. Excell, Marion Lawrance, Sol C. Dickey, John M. Studebaker, H. J. Heinz, Edward S. Scott, Henry Webb Johnson, E. F. Yarnelle, Thomas Kane, Alexander McDonald, E. A. K. Hackett, Judge Frazer, Beyer Brothers and J. C. Breckenridge are names familiar to all Winona's friends. The mention of them excites grateful memories in our hearts. Harmony prevails throughout the deliberations of Winona's directors, and the doctrines taught here are lifting the level of living to a higher standard, and thus helping to advance civilization, and establish better citizenship throughout the world. A protected environment within the park provides safety for the young, and true content for the older ones.

The presence of a large number of evangelists and evangelistic singers on the Winona grounds, many of them living here throughout the year, has always been a vital factor in helping to maintain a high Christian standard, and exalt the fundamental principles of the Holy Scriptures. Dr. Hugh H. Bell, the new executive, has brought to us from a rich experience suggestions and plans which are rapidly developing into concrete form; and we are persuaded his coming was a divine call. His administration, all agree, has been marked with willingness and wisdom.

The management of Winona's affairs is in the hands of the following twenty-one trustees: William P. Carmichael, president, James A. Gordon, secretary, O. A. Newlin, Lincoln G. Dickey, Walter R. Werking, Mrs. W. A. Sunday, Elmer B. Funk, W. S. Rogers, William A. Peterson, W. A. Harbison, James A. Orr, C. E. Sawtelle, W. E. Biederwolf, W. H. Northrup, W. H. Brunning, Homer Rodeheaver, Edward S. Scott, C. R. Scoville, M. B. Williams, C. M. Woods, John A. Sloane.

The record of Winona's past is a proud one; the present is teeming with important activities and the possibilities of the future are limited only by the faith of its directors and other friends and patrons. The efficiency of this mighty institution can be increased a hundredfold by the enthusiastic and unselfish co-operation of every one of its friends.

Home-Coming Day

Home-Coming Day! The words ring out with cheer.
Welcome and hospitality are here.
Friendship and love endearingly entwine,
And fellowship becomes a thing divine;
While memory recalls our yester-year.

Fraternal sunshine sheds its radiance clear;
The smile is beaming through the glistening tear.
We drown our griefs in friendship's sacred wine,
Home-Coming Day.

Ah, many of the friends we held so dear
Are waiting for us in yon heavenly sphere:
They're beckoning us to join them at the shrine
Where joys eternal shall be yours and mine;
Glad greetings that shall burst upon the ear,
Home-Coming Day.

Christ Contrasted With Great Men!

By REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE, LL.D.

(Note: Material used in this discussion and part of the series is printed in a book entitled "A Challenge to Modern Skepticism.")

There are only two possible creeds concerning the Lord that are voiced by the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God,"—a creed witnessed to by a multitude of prophets; the alternative creed is Pilate's opinion, "Behold the Man!"

This has been the basis of twenty centuries of skepticism. Pilate's skull is the theological seminary of infidelity. All that has ever been argued against Christ can be summed up in Pilate's personal opinion, an opinion without one shred of evidence.

One miracle of Christ is, He must be contrasted with men. We compare mountains with mountains, cities with cities, men with men; we never contrast one with the other. But Christ can never be compared with men, since He has permitted no comparisons Himself.

We compare men with nature, but it's merely in poetry. It's rhetorical. But when Christ says, "I am the bread of life," "I am the water of life," "I am the light of the world," these are comparisons with nature impossible with men, but natural with Christ and witnessed to in our religious experience.

I. No. Great Man Was Ever Prophesied.

Scattered through the races of earth were prophecies of a God-man who was soon to appear.

Mark! These are Gentile prophecies.

Judaism was a tropical zone, producing volcanic natures. Heathenism was an arctic zone, producing iceberg intellects. Emotionalism was despised. Imagination was kept in bounds by the laws of art. Hence, these Gentile prophecies are simply stupefying.

Socrates urged his disciples to seek for one who he declared would deliver them from the fear of death! Plato, four hundred years before Christ, in the most electrifying paragraph in Pagan literature, affirmed

that when the perfect man came, the world would first scourge, then crucify him. How the heart burns when you read that sentence! Aeschylus, the Shakespeare of Greek poets, announced that he knew of one who would one day dethrone Jupiter. He refused to give his name. Tacitus and Suetonius both affirmed that it was an ancient tradition that universal sovereignty would one day rise out of Judea. Virgil, the Roman poet, like a bugler, warned the world of the advent of a king under whose reign the lion and lamb would one day dwell together in peace. Even China joins the singers. Confucius predicted the coming of one who would revolutionize the world; while that mysterious voice, Zoroaster, in Persia, prophesied the nearness of one who would be the universal destroyer of evil.

Here are tongues chanting softly in the night. These are not the croakings of swamp-like natures. They are the world builders. They pressed the sacrament of civilization to the lips of races. As they toiled, a vision came and vanished.

The issue is, was Christ the fulfillment of these prophecies, plus the prophecies of Judaism? Christ Himself appealed to the witness of the prophets!

II. No Great Man Ever Escaped the Law of Heredity.

Was He the result of the natural laws of birth? Account for this mystery in Jesus; we find in His personality no footprints of the law of heredity. It is understood that modern science is entering an impeachment of heredity as an unbending law. But this cannot be denied: Given a Chinese father and a Chinese mother, the babe has skin yellow as parchment and eyes that tilt in the brow like the Tower of Pisa. Given an African father and an African mother, the babe is as black as a flower poisoned with frost. Given a Jewish father and a Jewish mother,—the child is not Chinese, African, or Saxon; it is *Jewish*, as if every page of the Old Testament had been burnt into its personality.

But heredity, this potter's wheel, upon which racial attributes are moulded like clay, heredity, whose hand of iron warps the mind and disposition, claimed no dominion over Him. Twenty centuries of Jewish blood flung their stormy waves upon His heart, but in the boldest flight of imagination, it is impossible to think of Jesus Christ simply as a Jew!

Mary, His mother, is a Jewess. Her thinking, her ideals, her temperament, are Jewish. She possesses at once all the weaknesses,

graces, and attributes of her race. But in nothing does Jesus resemble His mother. From the standpoint of heredity, the physician cannot place his finger upon a racial resemblance. Are we reminded of Christ when we meet a Jew? *Never!* Even His thought is as universal as Himself.

Place Him in the balances and measure Him against the genius of His own people. The Jewish race of His hour had degenerated from a flowering vine into poison ivy. It was narrow, bigoted, fanatical, suspicious, traditional, materialistic, more fierce in hatred, more cruel in revenge, in greed more ravenous, in ritual more idolatrous, in defeat more slavish, and in victory more tyrannical than any of the world's races. But in Jesus we find attributes the reverse of all these. He was broad as the horizon, universal as the air, sympathetic as noonday, unsuspicious, liberal thoughted, hating traditions, tender-hearted as motherhood, in innocence, snowwhite as the brow of a maiden priest, the gentleness of a child crowned with the majesty of an angel, rending the materialism of His times with the ineffable radiance of His spiritual mindedness, while *cruelty, greed, money*—to name these words in His presence is blasphemy.

If the laws of human birth can produce a living statue of heavenly gold, like Jesus Christ, we have a right to look for similar characters elsewhere. But in the thousands of years before His birth, unto the twentieth century since, no man has appeared who has suggested to the world the faintest resemblance to the Master.

Soil, climate, environment have conquering influences in the production of men. Asia produced Buddha. It could not have produced a free thinker like Socrates. The Roman genius could not have had its cradle in Damascus. We cannot transplant the ancient Jewish spirit into San Francisco. To temple the Chinese Confucius in Europe, his teachings must be regenerated.

Here are the representatives of the races: A Chinese, a Hindu, a Persian, a Greek, a Roman, a Jew, a Saxon, a Negro. Put into each one the teachings of Confucius. Do you make them Chinese? No! Or, the teachings of Buddha, are they Hindus? No! Or, the teachings of Zoroaster, are they Persians? Or the teachings of Socrates, are they Greeks? Or, the teachings of Seneca, are they Romans? Or, the teachings of Moses, are they Jews? No!

Now put into each one the teachings of Jesus Christ and there is

one result, these *are Christians*. And if at one end stands a Hindu, and at the other end Gladstone, if the Hindu hath in his heart, mind and soul the teachings of Christ, equally with Gladstone, in the sight of God and the angels he is spiritually as valuable as Gladstone. Christ's teachings affect men equally.

III. Great Men Are Cradled in Colleges.

If Jesus had been educated by the schools, He would have labored among cultured people. His vocabulary would have glittered with technical terms. He would have abandoned Himself to speculation, propounded a logical system, and combated counter theories.

But here we stand in the presence of contradictions: His disciples were fishermen; His sermons were delivered without apparent preperation; He does not elaborate a system; He does not attack the schools of His time; He writes no books; He quotes no authorities. On the contrary, He teaches as if no scholars, priests or statesmen were in the world. He speaks as though His words were the first that humanity had ever heard and would also be the last.

Had he been trained by the schools, His opponents would have charged Him with insolence, for pretending to know more than His masters. On the contrary, they upbraided Him for attempting to explain the Scriptures without having been taught.

Take Christ's denial of authority. He denied the authority of His mother. He denied the authority of orthodoxy represented by the priests. He denied the authority of the past represented by Moses.

The skeptic must account for Christ's education. He says, "His mother taught Him." A poor Jewish peasant woman? Impossible! To affirm that He studied books is equally incredible. Only kings could afford libraries. The poverty of a carpenter's home would not permit the purchase of costly manuscripts. To say He traveled and came in contact with learned minds is an assertion without proof. Where did He go? He quotes no one.

The skeptic says, "He brooded upon the problems of His soul-life." But this is an intellectual absurdity upon the theory that Christ was simply a man. To analyze even the laws of thinking requires profoundest scholarship. To classify the laws of the soul-life is a task that no school in the world ever attempted. When skeptics ask us to believe that a young Jewish carpenter, exhausted after the day's toil, investigated and discovered the solutions that belong to the soul here

and in futurity, is again to ask us to deny one miracle and accept theirs. Ask a lawyer and he will tell you that the testimony of the common people is always overwhelming, because it represents unbought evidence. The people knew Him intimately. The indignant questions flame from scores of tongues, "Is not this the carpenter?" "Whence hath this man letters, never having learned?" In other words, they questioned His right to teach, because He had never gone to school. They knew it. They knew Him from infancy.

Go to a lawyer with a case of supreme importance, or to a physician, and each will ask for time to consult authorities and get expert opinion before pronouncing judgment. The Pharisees, to bring Him into disrepute with the multitude, tried to impeach His witness. They brought Him carefully prepared dilemmas. These dilemmas are such marvels of skill that if He assents to either alternative, He is undone. He does not ask His disciples their opinion regarding the question at issue. He does not ask for time to consult Moses and the prophets. The question is asked, the answer is given at once. Questions are asked involving great social, political and moral relationships. The common people questioned Him. The Pharisees questioned Him. The Scribes, the Lawyers, the Priests—they thronged Him with questions. At once the answer is given, without hesitation, without employing the logical processes of reason which we must use,—and the answer lies now upon that written page, and the scholarship of twenty centuries has never been able to lay its finger upon a solitary answer and say, "That answer is wrong!"

IV. No Great Man Ever Created Great Men Unlike Himself.

A. The Jewish prophet is unlike any great man in history. The prophets were created by the vision of Christ's advent. Never did this happen before in human history.

The prophet belongs in a rank of an eagle's flight above the ranks of earth's immortals. He is in a distinct class. He resembles no one.

I once looked upon the Pacific ocean when it seemed like a vast poem. Anon, it moved in priestly solemnity. Then it flung its billows against the cliffs like a reformer hurling anathemas against the evil of his times. In the morning it wore the serene face of a martyr upon the scaffold. At noon, it had the statesman's grandeur of personality. Again the mood shifted, and it seemed a gigantic Socrates brooding upon world problems. Compress that ocean into a man, and you have the prophet!

He salutes us from afar. He seems to dwell in eternity. The prophet's eyes have the quality of mountain summits. When the world is dark his eyes are beautiful with light. His soul is rude. His voice is a scream. He mocks our institutions. He threatens us with, "Woe, woe!" The world has always martyred the prophet, thinking he was a wild beast in human form.

No marble monument for the prophet! His grave is weed-grown and forgotten. But men say, "His speech is hushed now!" Not so! He thrilled men's lives like harps, and that music cannot die. His bugled voice with resurrection power aroused dead hopes. His tears were lightnings smiting tyrannies. His frown flung terror upon the hearts of kings. He stood for God amid great crimes. Like fabled Atlas, he carried this sad world upon the strong shoulders of His love. Now lies he there! But the prophet's grave is the cradle that God uses, to rock humanity from the infancy of barbarism into the manhood of civilization.

But in this battle-voiced legion of angel-men, from Moses to John the Baptist, from John the Baptist until now,—wherein do we find a place in their ranks where Christ may stand? Which one does He resemble? Look closely into those faces and find His image hinted forth that we may say, "Here is one like Him!"

But there is another view of the Old Testament.

Look at it from the hilltops of Matthew's Gospel. Then, how beautiful those aisles whose blood-stains here and there are sweet with memories of Israel's joy. Those columns like obelisks do stand, their marble pages sculptured deep with prophecy and psalm. Whence that music, whose unearthly notes, like spectre-smitten organ keys, do thrill with dread and grief and hope? Within yon shadow, vast and dim, is Sinai's Mount, and on its crest the prophets kneel, their bodies wrapped in night, their faces touched with dawn. O Ye Immortal Ones, earth knew ye not till time's unrolling judgment scroll did vindicate your words and tears that warned!

There moves a priestly throng, you hear a deep-toned chant. Where yonder harp-string sounds, a poet weeps. That altar in its flame some covenanted hope doth celebrate. That colossal moving shade is Israel in its weary march. While above, around, the very air seems luminous and thrilled with angel presences and songs.

Never does the prophet's eye grow treacherous with skepticism. The Jewish prophets did not hesitate to contradict the very processes

of history. They foretold absolutely the calamaties of Israel and of surrounding nations from Abraham to Christ, and horoscoped the personality of the Messiah, the nature of His kingdom, its earth-wide conquests, and the closing chapters of the world. He stood alone in a world filled with idols, and cried, "Hear, O earth, there is but one God."

These prophets are men, but they seem to have wings. Instead of speech you hear mysterious cries that no man can comprehend. When they see the peril of Israel's downfall into materialism, they turn their faces like suns upon the ocean, and drawing up mists and clouds, they roll them across the sky of Israel's future in judgment warnings. The prophet used his stake of martyrdom like a battle-axe and swung it against despotism. He plucked up the fire-brands kindling at his feet, and hurled them into the future. To scaffold one of those high thinkers was to lift his thought into the sky. To scatter his dust was to scatter his ideas. Humanity was a famished tiger. The prophet flung himself into those angry jaws to satisfy humanity's hunger for God, righteousness and redemption.

What immense personalities! Nothing could thwart their sublime purposes. They clasp hands across centuries, and keep step with the drums of God for man's redemption. If one falters another leaps forward and picks up the burden. They succeed each other like different swells of music, but there is only one symphony. A patriarch is followed by a law-giver, the law-giver is succeeded by a dreamer, the dreamer by a poet, the poet by a king; then, in the footsteps of the king a city flings its battlements in the air, and crouched at the city's gates are lion-voiced prophets. But each of these prophets supplements some other, corrects, improves, enlarges, working at different angles upon a fabric concealed even from their eyes. But the temple was rising toward the sky. No sound of tool or noise of hammer, the foundations buried in the past, the walls gleaming in the ages; here a column is lifted, and there an arch is sprung, but always rising higher and higher, throwing its glories farther and farther, spreading its influence wider and wider, and under the touch of countless voices, under the touch of countless hands, there glows upon the vision of Israel the dream of a golden age!

But that is not wonderful,—every nation has had that dream. But the Jewish prophet's dream reversed all others. What, for example, was the golden age of the Roman Empire, sung by its poets and real-

ized by its Caesars? A golden age was prophesied when a great city should rule the world; a time when glorious architecture should adorn the streets; a time when sages should speak and poets sing; a time when men and women should be clad in costly raiment and revel in banquets. That time was realized. When Augustus Caesar sat upon the throne, a golden milestone was driven into the earth,—the golden age had come! What was the Jewish dream? Simply a time when *every man, woman and child in the world* SHOULD BE CLOTHED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS!

Whether the prophecies terminate in Jesus Christ is not imperatively insisted upon now,—the skeptic must concede, *apparently*, that they do. But the doctrine of mathematical probabilities will not permit us to say that this is an accident. Centuries and centuries of history never culminate in a coincidence. That the prophecies of the Old Testament do culminate in Jesus Christ is the affirmation of twenty centuries of Christian scholarship.

Account for this overpowering legion of men and historical events preceding and predicting the Messiah. The law of cause and effect is not in evidence. The prophets of the Old Testament were created by the vision of a coming Messiah. If this be true, we confront another miracle of history.

The second miracle is, the law that produced the prophets seems to vanish with John the Baptist. From the moment he called to the world, "Behold the Lamb of God," there has never appeared a prophet with a message concerning the coming of a Messiah.

V. Then Christ Created a New Type,—The Apostle.

The prophet toiled for a race. The apostle was a world man. Quite all of the prophets were educated men. The apostles were fishermen. With the weak things of earth, God confounds the mighty. The apostles carried the Gospel to the nations. Then another astounding miracle—they vanished. With the death of Paul, the law that produced the apostles seems to have been withdrawn from earth. Paul was the last of the apostles.

VI. Then Christ Created a New Type, Never Before Seen in History, the Reformer!

The Dark Ages present to us the human mind in subjection, the intellect of man opposed by tradition, the scepter and the dungeon. But what was the result? Was free inquiry stifled? Was the spirit of

investigation unwinged? Did the Church with all its ponderous machinery of ecclesiastical authority, reinforced by the steel arm of the state, succeed in making the human brain a slave? Just the reverse was true. The genius of Christianity, born of the free spirit of Christ, reasserted its lofty dignity. It lifted reason again to its throne, replaced the seraph's trumpet to the lips of conscience, and the human mind stretched upon the rack, tied at the stake, imprisoned in the dungeon, asserted a strength that quenched the fire, shattered the chain, crumbled the scepter, and, bursting forth into new inquiries, new investigations in science, philosophy and theology, the modern world was born.

Another miracle confounds us! With the passing of the reformers of the sixteenth century, the type vanishes. There has not a reformer like Luther appeared since. The law that created these strange "sons of thunder" was withdrawn.

VII. The Universal Type of Human Greatness, That Christ Did Not Employ, Is the Poet.

To the eye of commercial clay, a garret, a bed of straw, a fireless hearth,—these are kinsmen to the grave. But soft, a poet dwells in that lofty place where poverty mocks with rags! From that broken window pane his eye peers forth. He sees the morning untenting the skies. The East is a sea whose waves bring mysterious whispers from the great beyond. Around him sweep in mighty surges the prophecies of the new day. Afar off the clouds begin unfolding their radiance, splendor overtopping splendor, range above range, altitude above altitude, height above height, and far above the loftiest shining peak the poet beholds the horizon lifting the morning, like the New Jerusalem, from God out of Heaven! So with Christ's words. Each sentence contains a crimson flash of glory. Each idea is deep as an eastern horizon. Each truth unfolds the coming dawn, destined to pour a noonday of righteousness upon humanity.

The poet is the priest of civilization. He looks upon the past and weeps. He feels the pulse throbs of millions of hearts, and dreams. In the far away future he sees the solutions of world problems. He gathers up those solutions into a song, waves his white hand, "Hail and Farewell," and disappears.

What does the poet leave behind? A footprint and a watchword. That footprint marks the path of progress. That celestial watchword

becomes the secret of civilization. Not what the scientist thinks, not the tools of inventive genius, not what senates plan, but what the poet dreams, is the hope of the future.

The prophets, the apostles, the reformers had poets in their ranks. Christ never called a poet to discipleship. He never alluded to a poet. When He speaks of David, it is never a recognition of his poetical genius. Not one quotation of poetry as such can be found upon the lips of Christ.

Conclusion.

Christ was born when the Roman Empire was on its death bed.

I one time saw a sunset which seemed fairly to portray this hour, the dying hour of Roman imperialism. I stood upon the highest range of the Allegheny mountains.

The sun had disappeared, but his shining remained. To the left was a field with a plow sticking in the furrow. On the right were pasture lands for flocks and herds, the melody of sheep bells softly touching the air with music. The day was done, and the hour grew into an intense silence.

Toward the west the fields were already folded in deep shadows. The forests in the background were indistinct but massive, while the summits of the mountains in the distance leveled themselves into a broken velvety line of blue haze. Above that rim rose the sky. The contrasts in color were simply indescribable. The most gorgeous tints and hues inter-blended. Streams of fire, an apocalypse of splendors, rolled and flamed, as though at a hundred points at once a transfiguration scene was unfolding.

Looking toward the north, I noticed a wonderful change taking place. The brilliant colors were fading, and a mysterious afterglow of sombre tints began creeping over the landscape. It was the twilight! Onward swept this weird influence. A church spire vanished. The rail fences in the far away seemed to crumple into air. The scattered groups of trees massed themselves into huge splotches of ink. The twilight swept its fingers across the sky, and the lustrous gold merged into leaden hues. Then it seemed to move forward, a gigantic personality of darkness, blotting out hedges, and logs, and fields of corn. The ground on which I stood seemed to tremble. The plow shriveled up into a ghostly outline. The winds began to whisper. An insect broke the stillness with its strange cry. The earth seemed put-

ting on a shroud of death, when suddenly the sky, lifting itself above the night, slowly, softly, beautifully deepened into blue, and out of the depths a delicate gleam of white reached down. It was the evening star, lifting the earth into the shining of countless midnight suns. That twilight hour was Roman imperialism, and that star,—The Star of Bethlehem!

Skeptical Theories of Christ

By REV. JOHN B. KOEHNE, LL.D.

(Note:—Given at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 18, 1928. The substance of this and some of the other lectures in the series on "Christian Evidences" are in the author's book entitled "A Challange to Modern Skepticism.")

When the Lord asked His disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" He assumed the world did not know who He was. No one on earth ever asked that question of his generation. That is a miracle in itself.

To say that He was an "ideal man" or a "moral prodigy" is foolish. In all history or in poetry there is no such type. Nor did He claim that He was a "moral ideal" to imitate, as great men are imitated.

To say that He was a "prophet" is false. Never did He claim that He was one of Israel's prophets. "Thus saith God" was never on His lips. The Jewish prophets testified regarding a coming Messiah. He affirmed they meant Him. He never spoke of a Messiah who was yet to come.

The overwhelming fact is, those who do accept Him as the Messiah and die in that faith, die at peace with God, according to their final testimony.

The counter fact, thrilling with horror, is, no skeptic, ancient or modern, who lived and died in the denial that Christ was God's forgiveness of sin, not one affirmed with his dying breath that he had found peace with God, upon the basis of his rejection of Christ as God's atonement for sin.

It is conceded that "modernism" has conquered not only thousands of churches, but its prisoners are being measured in terms of denominations.

But one dreadful fact remains: During the last score of years, since " modernism" has swept forward, a number of distinguished modernists have died.

Not one left a dying testimony to comfort his church, or as a witness that his repudiation of the evangelical faith had assured him of meeting God in peace! *Each one died in silence!*

I. Skepticism had to explain Christ. The first theory was, that He was an "accident."

Was Jesus Christ an accident? Then the prophecies are accidents. But in this universe of cause and effect, there are no accidents. The universe is not built upon the contingency of fantastical caprice.

The prophetic element of the Old Testament cannot be ridiculed, obscured, ignored, denied, or waived out of this problem. It is a fact big as a thousand years. Suppose this to be an audience of skeptics, and these questions should be asked: "Gentlemen, do the prophecies in the Old Testament point to a Messiah?" The answer would be, "Yes!"

Question, "Do these prophecies relate to Jesus of Nazareth?" The skeptics would say, "No."

The third question, "Do these prophecies *apparently* relate to Jesus of Nazareth?" Why do they hesitate. They dare not say "No!" Because these prophecies *apparently do relate to Him.*

Now let us return to the problem of mathematical probabilities. How probable is it that one would be born of a Jewish peasant woman in whom hundreds of years of prophecy *apparently* will converge? You might as well ask, how probable is it that a Bethlehem will one day lift Jerusalem and transplant it upon the Alps.

Skepticism next affirmed that civilization produced Jesus Christ. Then, we are in the realm of cause and effect. Here are two commonplace axioms: The same causes forever produce the same results; second, greater causes produce the same results. What is our problem? We must take up the civilization of Nazareth, decompose its elements, and analyze them. We will then affirm that, given a civilization equal to Nazareth, it will produce a character like Jesus of Nazareth. Also, if in history a civilization is generated greater than that of Nazareth, we will have as a result a mightier than Jesus of Nazareth. We have had civilizations since infinitely greater than that of Nazareth, yet no skeptic in two thousand years has ever affirmed that he, having been born in a nobler age, was therefore greater than Jesus of Nazareth. Nor has this eulogy been pronounced upon any historical genius of these centuries. To have suggested to Paul that he outranked Jesus; to have hinted this to Luther; nay, if the disciples of Voltaire, of Hume, or of Ingersoll had attempted to bow down and worship at their feet, it would have been rejected in horror.

Measure great men by their disciples. Concede all that can be rea-

sonably asked, and what disaster would compare with that disaster to the world if we should blot from the page of history a few of Christ's disciples?

Here is the map of the world.

Blot out Washington and the Puritans, and this republic is no longer free. Blot out the Christian Columbus, and half the world has disappeared from the map. Blot out John Knox, and Scotland has fallen. Blot out John Huss, and Bohemia is without hope. Blot out the Christian Gutenberg, and the printing press is vanished. Blot out Luther, Calvin, and Wesley, and we are prostrate in the dark ages. Blot out Dante and Savonarola, and Italy kneels to the throne of Lorenzo. Blot out Zwengli, and Switzerland is a mountain solitude. Blot out Peter the Hermit, and the march of the Crusaders, and the last spark of civilization has died in modern Europe. Blot out the Christian Charles Martel, and the Mohammedan shadow crushes the world. Blot out Paul, the apostle, and humanity kneels before that monster, Nero.

Blot Jesus Christ Himself from history, and twenty centuries of art, inventions, and discoveries, twenty centuries of liberty, progress, and civilization, twenty centuries the most wonderful in the world's history,—all have vanished.

Blot Jesus Christ from history, and America, Europe, Russia, the modern progress in China, India, Africa, the gigantic reformations, revolutions, and liberty-compelling upheavals of two hemispheres,—all are dead.

Blot out that manger cradle of Bethlehem, and the Roman Empire was without purpose, Athens had no mission, Egypt was an accident, and Judaism, with thousands of years of prophecy, was the frightful mutterings of a race damned with insanity.

Blot out that manger,—then the poets, prophets, seers and martyrs of sixty centuries, the temples, altars, priests of every clime and every age, all these have lived without purpose and died without hope. Mark well the conclusion of modern skepticism! If Jesus Christ was earth-born and not of heaven, religion is a lie, every page of history is a fathomless riddle, civilization is a delusion, fate rules the world, and the earth itself is no longer a part of the moral universe of God!

Skepticism, in desperation, has finally affirmed Christ was a "myth." That is its last and only challenge.

Who said this? Strauss! When asked by the theologians of Ger-

many, "Who created this myth?" Strauss answered, "The Church created Christ!" They asked, "Then who created the Church?" Strauss never answered. He died an atheist.

To say the Church created Christ is to say, "An effect created its cause."

All the skeptics and modernists will not deny this: If a tribe of savages, taught by a missionary, accepted the Bible literally; if they accepted the prophecies as Messianic, accepted Christ as the Messiah, accepted His teachings as the veritable words of God, the miracles as God's works, the Cross as a blood atonement, Christ's resurrection as a statement of the facts, if these savages repented at the Cross, lived and died, accepting Christ as God's salvation, if they died in this faith, would they be lost forever?

Will any modernist or skeptic affirm they will be punished for their faith?

If not, what's the use of modernism? For modernism to say, "There is no future punishment for any sin" leaves the situation as it was.

What is the use of modernism, if all are to be saved?

Let modernism prove that two contradictory creeds can be true! That is to accuse God of sin!

II. **Also a "Myth" must be created.**

Some skeptics affirm, in trying to account for this mysterious personality, that one time a young Jewish Rabbi lived, whose beautiful character so appealed to his disciples that, in their enthusiasm, they added virtues to his life, thereby making his personality supernatural. They ask us to believe that four men, each in turn, succeeded in drawing an ideal man, a task that Shakespeare never even attempted. Shakespeare created ideal women. They are perfect, as women. They are not angels, but no grace could be added to enrich their feminine charm. Shakspeare failed to create one ideal man.

The supernatural element in the Gospels is attested in that each Gospel writer describes a Christ individual to that Gospel. There seem to be four personalities, under one veil of human nature.

Take for example Matthew's Gospel. It is distinctively a description of a Jewish Messiah. He closes a thousand years of prophecy with this recessional,—"It is fulfilled." In the background are the prophets. In the foreground is Christ. Israel is wrapped in slumber. Matthew sees the night of the Jewish past beautifully softening down in color, a conscious yielding before a presence felt, but scarcely

seen. The horizons of Messianic hopes gradually upbuild themselves out of the night. The stars of ceremonials cast their shining crowns before a regal presence, then silently vanish one by one, but no eye can detect their going. The Mosaic altar, like the east, gorgeous in stormy robes, foreheralds the mystery of the cross. In the temple the cloud of incense, long and slender as a trumpet, is lifted; but whatever the music, it is not for earth's listening. Matthew saw in the past holy days, like priests, a golden multitude processioning the highways of the times, while prophetic voices from the great beyond gave warning of a miraculous advent.

The Gospel of Mark is addressed to the Roman mind. Matthew faced the past. He stood upon the banks and watched the surge of the rivers of prophecy. The Jewish temple seemed covered with wings and flying hitherward. Ceremonials had risen from their lethargy and stood like statues awakening. The past of Israel was like a dream. Matthew beheld in Christ its interpretation.

Mark's Gospel speaks of Christ in the present tense. The Roman Empire had no backward look. Jupiter, the Roman divinity, was a capricious half man and god. Mark points to Christ and says—"Behold the Son of God." Nero wrestled in the amphitheatre, because the garland won there outshone the dull majesty of a Caesar. In Mark's Gospel, Christ's actions are gladiatorial. Rome was not a nation filled with theorists. Her armies were always on the march. Mark makes the days of Christ's life swift-moving as battle chariots. The Romans were a victorious people. Mark portrays Christ as, "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah." Each year the boundaries of the empire were being enlarged by the bringing of new tribes into subjection.

Humanity was like a sea storm-swept. Upon the shore stood philosophers, dreamers, poets, statesmen, warriors, but all were powerless. Mark heard Christ, through the boisterous waves of a storm, say to humanity, the state, the individual,—"Peace, be still." To the Roman mind, loving imperialism, Mark portrays Christ as the one described by Isaiah,—"The government shall be upon his shoulder."

Luke's Gospel is addressed to the cultured mind. To the Greeks this Gospel would have resistless meaning. There is something about the Greek spirit that is universal. Its sculpture, its poetry, its philosophy, belong to the centuries. Hence, Luke paints Christ as the universal man. Matthew relates Christ to Abraham, but Luke goes back to Adam, the first man. Humanity has fallen. Luke portrays Christ as

the new Adam, come "to seek and save that which was lost." Christ, the universal man, is therefore the universal Saviour. Luke's Gospel is the inspiration of foreign missionary movements.

Luke echoes Christ's overwhelming rebuke. He said that He had come to be a Saviour of the helpless, the lost and the abandoned. He said that it was possible for the corrupt to put on incorruption, for the degraded to be made pure. He said—"*I am come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" No moralist in the world ever declared such a thing. Christ stands alone today, among the worldlings, the moralists, the political economists, and the statesmen. He alone says there is rescue possible for Africa. There is a to-morrow for Asia. There is hope for every man, woman and child, no difference how sinful. Jesus Christ is walking across these centuries alone, lifting races and generations into righteousness.

Matthew described Christ as the Messiah. Mark said He was the Son of God. Luke said He was the Son of Man. John is the primitive Beethoven. He portrays not Christ in history, but Christ the soul of history. John's Gospel and apocalyptic visions are an hundred symphonies rolled into a prolonged peal of thunder. He compressed the moral history of the ages into an hour. He concentrates the prophecies of the world into an utterance: "The Word was made flesh." What man can climb the altitudes of that affirmation? Oceans lift their tides within its shores. It is a midnight sky blending with a firmament glorified with noon.

"The Word," God's thought, His will, His purpose, swathed in mortality. This is John's message, the theme and key to his Gospel. John deals with the Christ life from the viewpoint of the seer, the poet, the scholar, the mystic, and the theologian. His records of Christ's words are not the parables upon the street to the common people, but the private teachings to His disciples. Therefore, they are more spiritual and more profound. Christ reveals to them the deep things of God. Other writers tell us of Christ's earthly career. John was the beloved disciple. His head once lay upon the Master's bosom. In John's Gospel we hear the beatings of the Infinite Heart. The other writers tell what Christ said and what He did. John describes the soul life of Christ. The great scholars, the great philosophers of Asia and of the world, find in John's Gospel that which satisfies the loftiest intellectual needs of man, while the mystics, the saints, the devout ones of earth,

have found in that Gospel that which satisfies the spiritual hunger of the human soul.

The Mosaic record states—"In the beginning God created." Moses starts from the creation of the universe and strides forward to the creation of man. John, like an archangel in the midst of the eternities, proclaims the most mysterious sentence that ever illuminated the ages—"In the beginning was the Word." Moses and the prophets saw God related by a covenant to the Jewish race, through Abraham. It is in John's Gospel we find that all-encircling arch—"God so loved the world." Tribes, races, centuries are all included in the circumference of the divine affection. John says—"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." This affirms that the religions of the world have their truths centered in Christ.

"The light shineth in darkness and the darkness apprehendeth it not." Here in vast outline is mapped the heathen world. Under the sway of evil, the world was in a moral eclipse. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." In eleven words is the tragical history of Israel. "But to all who received Him, to them He gave the power of becoming the sons of God." The last twenty centuries bear witness of the fulfillment of that prophecy. He whom the Jewish priests crucified is now the light and life of the Gentile nations.

The Myth Theory Involves Forgery.

One of two things is true, either Jesus Christ was, or He was not. If He was, the four Gospels contain a description of this God-man and we are under moral bonds to reckon with His claims. If He was not as portrayed by the four Gospels, there is a picture there of one who never lived, but was created in the furnace fires of the human intellect. Not only that, but there are four distinct descriptions,—four different types of mind are at work. Internal evidence, the style of writers, prove this. The man who wrote Matthew's Gospel could not have written John's Gospel.

The skeptic's affirmation that this character is a dramatic creation involves a miracle greater than Christ Himself.

What are the facts?

First, the Jewish mind was not dramatic in its genius. Not a single great dramatic character like Brutus or Richelieu appears in the Old Testament. Moreover, intellectual Judaism at this hour was like a stagnant pool in the Sahara. Jesus Christ is an ocean that rolls tidal waves against the shores of twenty centuries. Oceans do not rise from

desert pools. Moreover, the law of art is, that the Creator transcends that which is created. Above the tragedies of Shakespeare, is Shakespeare himself. Beyond the pyramids are the architectural minds that planned them. This is the law of art. Here is the reversal of this law. Four self-confessed sinful men create a sinless life. Not one writer pretends that he is an ideal man himself, yet each portrays in large outline and in detail the most perfect life described in literature.

The intellectual difficulties of this theory grow insuperable when you consider the fact that four men proposed to create an ideal life. We can understand how one man might dream of such a task. Also, that feeling unequal to the picture, he might invite the reinforcing genius of another; but that three men, nay, four, each independently of the other, within the same epoch, should undertake this, and not one writer, even by inference, should refer to the others, is itself supernatural.

Now, which race shall the writers of the Gospels elect to give birth to Him who shall be the incarnation of these prophecies, plus the prophecies of Judaism? There is China, centuries old, with colleges painting her walls with civilization. There is India, with a mighty phalanx of poets, seers, and great religious geniuses. There is Persia, a people gifted with wonderful spirituality. There is Egypt, with priests veritable Colossi in scholarship. Then there are those epoch-making peoples, the Greeks and the Romans. What motive swayed these four penmen to pass by the world's mountain races and elect that ancient valley of contempt, the Jewish race, for this divine parentage? In the first place, was not the Jewish race the maligned and hated race of history? Was it not the byword and hissing among the nations? To ask China, India, Egypt, Persia, Athens, or Rome to accept a Jew as a representative of Heaven would be frothing madness.

At last they begin! The story is unpaged with a star in the sky, a chant by angels, a birth by a virgin mother. We will concede that men would imagine that such wonders would attend a divine advent into history. A God-child is now upon the earth. At once the problem becomes baffling. What shall they do with Him? Behold, they hide Him behind a carpenter's bench for nearly thirty years. What was their motive? Why should they hide Him at all? And of all places, at Nazareth! It was the scorned village, a mockery among the Jews

themselves! "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" This is an old world proverb, centuries of contempt folded in derisive laughter.

Moreover, who will believe that a carpenter is the human essence of divinity? What motive swayed these writers to try to introduce into the world the representative of God, and then cover Him with the ragged poverty of a wage-earner, instead of the purple of royalty or the cloak of the scholar? Have not Plato and Seneca declared, "A man who works with his hands is a slave?"

Suppose a divine man should appear. How would we know it? His speech would proclaim him. Greatness can not hide itself. A morning in June needs no eulogy, and certainly no introduction by a fan-fare of trumpets. These forgers are now confronted with the task of having this imaginary creation speak words, each wearing the halo of divinity. What shall they make Him say? Ask questions? No, we can ask questions. Socrates did that. The world will soon know whether or not this be simply a Jewish Socrates. To prove that He is divine, instead of stating problems, He must solve them. What problems? All problems! There must be no moral problem involving one child of that hour, not one man, not one woman; there must be no moral problem that involves the family, the state, or the world's to-morrow,—there must be no moral problem that relates itself to earth's tribes and races, to all possible conditions between naked savagery and the most splendidly robed civilization,—there must be no problems that belong to sickness or health, weakness or strength, poverty or wealth, ignorance or culture, problems that reach from the cradle through all the amazing experiences of life to the edge of the grave,—*and then beyond it!*

Each and all of these problems must have solutions that will appeal to the world as true, that will be received by the universal heart, mind and conscience, and that will survive the tests of centuries of human experience!

Suppose a man appeared and affirmed that he was the Son of God? We would say, "Prove it: go forth and raise the dead!" Why would we demand this? We would assume that a divine personality can do that which mortal genius can not. In other words, we would demand of one claiming a supernatural heritage, that he shall do supernatural works.

The astronomer will take one ray of light from a distant star, and submitting it to chemical analysis, will tell what the star is composed

of; and yet no man on earth ever has seen or ever will see that star. The miracles of Christ may be subjected to a moral analysis more severe than any chemical test. Whether the alleged works were feats of jugglery or revelations of supernatural power may be easily demonstrated.

If miracles ever occur, they must have a moral basis, a moral background, and a moral purpose. Therefore, they must not occur to excite curiosity. They must not occur frequently. They must not be monstrous. They must be morally right. They must reveal God, and they must save man. None of the alleged miracles of India will survive these crucial tests. The works of Christ, one by one, if placed in these delicate scales, will attest God's presence and power. Moreover, to suggest even that they were the feats of a juggler is to say a lie grew upon the holy lips of Christ, which is monstrous.

To affirm that these writers created these works in their imagination would be in itself a miracle. Skepticism is challenged to describe a single miracle He did *not* perform, necessary to attest that He was God incarnate.

It is impossible to think that the fourfold description was deliberately planned out. It is equally impossible to say that it was simply an accident. But concede that all these strange things happened. Suppose that four men, in whose presence Shakespeare and Plato were nurslings, suppose we concede that these four men fabricated this description of Jesus of Nazareth; the problem then is, what shall they do with Him? How shall they dispose of Him? They have introduced this character into earth and time. Their task is now to have this mysterious one disappear. Remember how they began! They began with a tumult of wonders in earth and sky. That was genius at work. But what is the law of genius? It is to maintain its own height. The earthworm and the eagle live in two different realms. If the advent was marked by such prodigies as the rending of the night by angel wings, imagine what the exit would be! Would not the exit be at least as supernatural as the advent? If four men had invented the records of this sinless life, the wonderful words, the transfiguration, the miracles,—imagine the appalling heights of glorified description these intellectual Titans would have attained, in telling of His departure. The apocalyptic visions of John would be a jangling interlude compared to the gorgeous description of that moment when this One, heaven-born, returned to His own. What possessed four men first to think out a

God-man, then to agree to try to palm Him off upon the religious life of the world, and allow Him to spend His dying hours upon the earth, nailed to a wooden cross like a Roman slave, between two thieves?

The story is done! Three years of ministry, a bribed disciple, an arrest at midnight, Pilate washing his hands of guilty blood, a cross swaying in the darkness, an earthquake, and a burial!

At last, human history unrolls its vast scroll! The stupendous past is ablaze with light! The voices of the prophets swell into thunder-peals of triumph! Mount Sinai kneels before Mount Calvary! The Occident takes the place of the Orient in the march of the ages, and there, and there and there, seated upon the world's thrones, is the Christ, the revolutions and reformations of twenty centuries, the wonders of modern civilization, attesting the glories of his triumphs. King,—all hail! *"The wonderful!"*

The Challenge of the Kingdom of Heaven

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

Jesus is delivering His inaugural address. It is a profoundly impressive hour. Seated upon the Mount (one of the Horns Hatton) He looks out upon a multitude who have gathered about Him as the multitudes always do gather about Him. That multitude is the whole world in miniature. Hidden from their eyes, the Master who could find the school of fish in the deep waters where the disciples who had toiled all night could not find them, discovers all the emotions, passions and purposes which influence the heart and mind, and determine the wills of that vast multitude who make up the citizenship of the world. In every multitude of considerable size may be found all the sins and sorrows, all the perplexities and problems, all the passions and pains, all the gropings and groanings, all the griefs and grovelings, all the darings and dangers, all the trials and temptations, all the baseness and barrenness, all the aspiring hopes and appalling failures, all the inspirations and inhibitions that afflict or enrich humanity.

Therefore, under the direct inspiration of the manifest need and challenge of the multitude, Jesus turns aside at the crucial moment of His own ministry to teach a group of young men. He will make them mediators of His kingdom. He will bring forth to them things old and new that as scribes well instructed they will become the bearers of His messages to the multitudes whose hearts must be healed, whose aspirations must be fulfilled when they seek to know the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. He turns to the group of young men because the disciples of the present will become the teachers of the future. The youth of this day will be the old men of the next. He who follows now will lead tomorrow.

An nivestment of thought in the life of a young man is an investment of cumulative values in the future. The greatest force in the world, perhaps, is an idea whose hour has come. And the Master here plants an idea in the heart and mind of a group of young Galil-

leans so that when its hour has come they may turn the world upside down and change not alone the social order about them, but the whole course and current of human history. Behind them lay the preparation of possibly thirty years. Before them lies a broad expanse of life with its challenge, its opportunities, its responsibilities. Preparation behind; experience before. Preparation is vision; experience is realization. The vision of life's today is the truest prophecy of the reality of life's tomorrow.

All life depends upon three things—the realm in which one lives, the ideal toward which one labors, the spirit which one incarnates. One may live in the realm of the physical, or the psychical, or the spiritual. He may hold before himself constantly, and hold himself to, a heavenly vision. He may so live that the mind which was in Christ shall be in him also.

Therefore, I make today an appeal to your souls. It is the appeal of the Kingdom of Heaven. Nor would I have it simply my appeal or the appeal of the Kingdom itself, but Christ's appeal for the Kingdom.

The Vision of Jesus.

The vision of Jesus as it relates to the Kingdom in the earth is a very specific and definite thing. He came to establish that Kingdom in the earth. Not the Kingdom of God in heaven, but the Kingdom in the earth. It is thus He taught His disciples to pray: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The establishment of His Kingdom in the earth contemplates nothing less than the enthroning of God in all the affairs of men—domestic, social, commercial, political. God is to reign. Men are to be induced to put the reins of the government of life into His hand. Men are to be redeemed from the power of Satan unto God, and redeemed men are to redeem society, and commerce and politics. The regeneration of the social order is to be, and it can be, accomplished only by the regeneration of the individual, of the human units who make up the social body.

The Sermon on the Mount is not only Christ's inaugural address in the establishing of His Kingdom, but it is His proposed program for the operation of that Kingdom in the earth. It embodies all the governing principles of the Kingdom in actual operation in the earth. The Beatitudes, so-called, which introduce this Sermon on the Mount are simply the attitudes to be in for men in the Kingdom. The law of this Kingdom sets forth three demands which form the eternal basic principles of God's Kingdom among men.

Come to Jesus on the Mount and you have already approached the holiness of God. A point rarely discerned, but never to be missed if we would think truly concerning the Kingdom, is that God's Person, God Himself, is the moral constitution of that Kingdom. Any right relation to the Kingdom demands first of all a right relation to God. The Mount of the Sermon is, therefore, the Mount of Light, and not moral light alone but the glistening glory, whitelight of the infinite perfection. The first law of the King for His disciples is: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." There is never compromise nor consent for lowering of standards. God is light and in Him is no darkness at all. "If we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth."

The sovereignty of God is there in the Mount of the Sermon. It breathes the prayer: "Thy Kingdom come." But here is a holiness of God and a sovereignty established not by the sovereignty of infinite authority, but by the symphonizing of the human with the divine life. Christ releases to the world not alone teachings in their spiritual beauty and truth, but He releases also the personality of God by which the hearts and lives of men are transformed and renewed in fellowship with the eternal. There operates in human life the same process employed in tuning up a piano to pitch with a pipe organ that they may be played together in harmony. The first work in the Kingdom of God is to tune up the human to the pitch of the spiritual. "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." What I am undertaking to say is beautifully illustrated by a story told by Dr. Tyndal.

He relates that on a certain occasion, while guest in the home of a wealthy friend, he discovered that there were two grandfather clocks in the hallway of the beautiful home, one at either end of the hall. He tells that one morning after breakfast his host came down and wound both clocks, but he started the pendulum of only one. When Dr. Tyndal called his host's attention to this fact he was advised to wait a while and observe. With keen curiosity he continued to observe. He said that after a time the rhythmic motions of the pendulum of one clock began to affect the pendulum of the other. There was first a vibration, and then began an oscillation, and directly the pendulum of the clock upon which no human hand had been laid began to swing back and forth until it had caught the full sweep and rhythm of the clock that had been started by human touch. The principle prevailing

the mystery was that the two clocks were attuned to the same pitch.

It is even so in human life. The Lord Jesus came and as man embodied in His life the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And as He lived his life among men in perfect consonance with the character of God, men became caught in the rhythmic motion of that living fellowship with the eternal, so that their lives swing more and more perfectly into that same rhythm of character and conduct which reveals the Kingdom of Heaven in the midst of men.

The basic principle of the Kingdom of God is not institutionalism, ceremonialism, nor ecclesiasticism. It is not church, nor ritual, nor authority. But it is the life of the individual man brought into harmony with the life of God. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said the Lord Jesus. That is, the reign of God is within man. The Spirit of God takes possession of the citadel of man's will. From this time he instructs the mind, arouses and controls his desires, makes use of his faculties for expressing the will of God in human thought, in speech and affection. Thus he employs the members of the human body as agents through which God is reincarnated in human life. There is an ancient illustration of this fact. The record is that Enoch walked with God. He went in God's direction. He neither outran Him, nor lagged behind Him. He held conversation with Him. He anticipated, discerned and did the will of God. Day by day Enoch became among his fellowmen the living human expression of God as He is revealed in human life.

George Adams Smith in his commentary on Isaiah says that the great question which men have always asked and for which they have sought answer has been, "If God should come to live among men, what kind of man would He be?" He adds that Jesus Christ is the answer to this question. And truly He is. But Christ designs that men can get an answer true and equally realistic to that question. Paul declared the possibility of fulfilling that purpose of Christ in human life when he wrote: "It is not I that live, but Christ who liveth in me." On one of the rare occasions in which Jesus boasted we hear Him exulting: "The prince of this world cometh: and hath nothing in me." He had given him no place, no precedent, no power. He had not bended the knee, nor yielded the will, nor consented in service to Satan. Always He was able to say: "I delight to do thy will, oh God." And God was always able to answer: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And so rightly the Master insists that

men without holiness shall in no wise see God. For the foundation of God's throne is righteousness and holiness. The uniform of His Kingdom is fine white linen, which is the righteous acts of the saints. We ask: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" and find immediate answer: "By taking heed thereof according to thy law."

There is a striking contrast between Genesis 6:3 and Romans 8:3. In the former there is the sad record: "My Spirit shall not always rule in man for in his going astray he is flesh." Here is an awful picture of the ascendency of the carnal appetites in human life, and the crowding out of God. He is thrust beneath the threshold of consciousness, and the rule of appetite becomes supreme. Those very appetites designed of God for a beneficent purpose, only when given license and given to the control of the god of this world become destructive in their tendencies and corrupting in all their indulgences.

But now observe according to Romans 8:3 that "what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of the flesh of sin and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." Here was One who brought God back above the threshold of consciousness in human life. Here was One who taught this Himself and designed in men to re-enthrone God and bring into subjection to Him every thought, imagination and desire.

Years ago I knew a lad upon whose young heart and mind life began to lay its pressure. He heard, but did not at first heed the call of the King to the Kingdom. But there came a time when he had to give heed to that divine impression, and yielded his life to the Son of God. He graduated from college, took his law course at the University of Virginia and returned to Jacksonville, Florida, to practice law. He began to incorporate in his professional life the principles of the Kingdom of Heaven. He lived a life of white cleanness. His domestic life was that of a Christian gentleman. His social contact maintained the same Christian attitude and relation. In business and in politics he honored the name he bore, nor did dishonor to the name of Christ. His city was under the domination of a gang of greedy politicians who by bribery and graft lay heavy toll in taxes upon a reluctant, but helpless, citizenship. Will Bryan announced his candidacy for City Attorney. He was elected. He applied the principles of the Kingdom of Heaven to his office. He convicted criminals in high position. He thrust wealthy beneficiaries of criminal practices into prison cells and sent them to the roads to work out their penance with the ignorant

and vicious element controlled by them and from whose crimes they had profited. In a little while Duval county realized that it had need of the administration of such an officer and Will Bryan was elected County Attorney. He did for his county what he had done for his city, and became at once a state-wide figure. At that time Governor Broward was announcing his candidacy for the governorship of Florida. He made Will Bryan his campaign manager, and was elected a little later. Senator Taliaferro of the United States died in office. The whole state demanded it, and Governor Broward appointed Will Bryan to fill the unexpired time. Three months he labored in Washington, bringing to bear upon the Senate as he touched it, though the most youthful of all Senators, the impress of the Kingdom of Heaven. He wrought in righteousness. He made an impression for Christ. And then because the climate was too rigorous and his frame too frail, he lay down and died. Testimonials from the national capital and the distinguished men with whom he had been associated bore comment as to his character, and his achievements. The morning after his death his young wife, the mother of his small children, wrote to his pastor in Jacksonville making funeral arrangements. In her letter she said: "When you speak at his funeral, please sing 'Lead, Kindly Light' for me, but sing a song of triumph for my hero." The morning of his burial the aged father, unable to attend the service, went out into the orange grove surrounding his house, cut off great armfuls of the fragrant orange blossoms and returning into the house gave them into the keeping of his daughter, saying: "When they open the casket I want you to fill it with these orange blossoms, for they are no whiter, nor more fragrant, than the life of my boy." So here the testimony of father, of wife, of city, of county, of state and nation to the fact that one life lived in consonance with that faith in Christ which exalts God to the supreme place in human thought, and his determination of human conduct had re-established the Kingdom of Heaven in the earth so far as the contacts of that life were established.

A Man of Divine Relationships.

Men of the Kingdom find their inspiration and their spiritual dynamics in their relation to God. To illustrate this let us select two of the Beatitudes:

"They shall be called sons of God," and
"They shall see God."

That is, they shall see God by virtue of being pure in heart and so sons of God.

The highest inspiration to righteousness lies in a vision of God. There are remarkable illustrations of this scattered throughout the scriptures.

In 2 Chronicles 26:5 there is a record of the underlying motive of the life and labors of one who made long and conspicuous success in the service of God in his revealed Kingdom. Uzziah "set himself to seek God in the days of Zechariah, who gave instruction in the seeing of God: and as long as he sought Jehovah, God made him to prosper."

And in Isaiah 6:1: "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory * * * Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, Jehovah of hosts. * * * And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me."

So Saul of Tarsus, meeting the Lord Jesus outside the Gate of Damascus, is transformed into a new man who becomes Paul the Apostle. Always thereafter he explains his transforming experience and his transformed life by his heavenly vision. Before critics he makes defense of his method of living, of his creed, his philosophy of life, his authority, his labors, by the one simple statement: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

To have the highest inspiration to righteousness is to have a vision of God. The most constant source of spiritual strength is the inner consciousness of a divine sonship. Thus John writes: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God; and we are. For this cause the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every one that hath this hope set on him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

The Despair of Men.

But here is the two-fold despair of men—holiness and a divine sonship. How can this be?

It is often said that the Sermon on the Mount is a moral plateau with no steps ascending. Let me rather change the figure because I do not believe the fact. Let us say rather the whole Gospel flower is in this Sermon on the Mount, not flowered yet but in bud. Here is the bud of gospel truth encalyxed waiting to be uncalyxed. Someone objects that there is no cross in this sermon. No, there is not, but Jesus is there; and Jesus is the incarnation of the cross, and all it contains; and Jesus is the dispensational agent of the Kingdom's accomplishment; and Jesus is the Man of the supernatural birth, of the sinless life, of the vicarious death and the triumphant resurrection; of the glorious ascension and the bearing forth of the Holy Spirit, and of the promised coming again in kingdom, glory and power. Jesus is the divine Mediator who closes the gap between God and man, who effects and perfects that atonement of a human life which restores man to perfect and unbroken fellowship with God.

Years ago one of the marvels of modern engineering in its completion provided a wonderful illustration of the thing I am trying to say. In its day the Kentucky High Bridge was one of the wonders of America. It is said that on the day it was completed a great public ceremony had been arranged. Thousands of people came to see the last rails laid and the first train pass over the wonderful structure one hundred and eighty-seven feet above the Kentucky River. They watched the proceedings from either bank. The last rails were laid about ten o'clock in the morning, but when they were laid they failed to meet according to specification, by about six inches. The young assistant engineer in charge almost lost his reason in the shock of that failure. The men who had exerted their utmost strength in the herculean labors demanded for its completion on time were in an agony of disappointment. Some wept! Some swore! Some in silent rage flung themselves upon the ground. But the young engineer in charge went and wired to his chief in Cincinnati: "The rails fail to meet by six inches. What shall I do?" The answer came back speedily: "Wait till one o'clock." There was nothing to do but to wait. But as they waited the sun climbed its glorious way up the steps of heaven; sent down not only its beneficent light, but its radiant heat,

and these entered into the earth as the flowers unfolded their beauty and released their fragrance. So under it those steel rails expanded. As the sun entered them they lengthened each toward the other and at one o'clock they were joined together. In the center of the river the great spikes were driven so that they might be held in place, and then the traffic of the nation began to move forth in safety.

So this divine Son of God, son of man, reaches out His two hands on the transverse bars of a cross, spanning the chasm between God and man—the hand of His humanity reaching up to God, High Priest on our behalf; the hand of His deity reaching down toward man. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. Thus in Him the Sun of Righteousness rises upon the horizon of human life, and from him all those irradiating glories proceed which restore and reinforce men to live in the Kingdom of Heaven in harmony with the eternal King.

The Man of Human Relationships.

But not alone is He the Man of divine relationship; He is also the Man of human relationships, and his relationships are to be of the most vital sort. The Gospel message is not only antiseptic; it is also aseptic. The sons of the Kingdom are both salt and light. Their effect is to be that of preserving and illuminating. Thus the regeneration of human society and of all human institutions is to be accomplished by the coming of the Kingdom of God. God is to rule in man, and man is to rule once again for God in the earth. He will replenish and have dominion for Him and exercise control in Him and re-enthrone God in all his affairs, domestic, social, commercial, political. Through man's redemption the curse upon the earth will be lifted. All rules and standards will yet be measured by the divine yardstick and all its measurements and weights will conform to the standard of weights and measures of the standard of the Kingdom of Heaven. All rules and problems will find their solvent in the divine Presence. All earth's discords will vanish and flee away in the harmony of the divine fellowship.

Some years ago it is related that a United States Senator in Washington said to his friends: "My mother was buried yesterday from a poor cottage on a barren farm in New England. I think of her with the tenderest emotion and the profoundest respect. She was a wonderful woman. It is true she never went on a railroad train, was

never out of the county in which she was born, lived and died. Only a few times was she ever out of her native village. She never had a silk dress. I know perfectly well the comment of the neighbors as they gathered in the parlor of the little home: 'Poor old Aunt Polly, she's gone at last.' But I know the deep emotion of the white-haired minister who for more than half a century has been her pastor, and I know her worth. There were seven of us children who had to be taught and trained and educated, and equipped for life. My mother did it all; She bore us. She slaved for us. She lived for us. There were numberless labors on our behalf. My mother did them all! We were gotten ready for school; breakfast was served on time every morning; we were cleaned and sent away happy, and welcomed when we returned, and school tasks were made delightful. Mother did it all! Years passed. The farm was poor. My father was hard. Tasks had to be done after dark at night and before light in the morning—scrubbing, mending, cooking, serving. Mother did them all! Later we had to go to college, one after the other. How it was accomplished I do not know. I only know that for each of us—mother did it all! We were taught the righteousness of God and established in that faith in Christ without which life is barren indeed. Mother did it all! She is sleeping now and will not waken again till the coming of the King, but of her four sons one is a United States Senator, one Governor of his state, one a Supreme Court Justice, and one a banker of great wealth devoted to the cause of Christ in the earth. Of her three daughters one is the wife of a missionary on a foreign field, one the very efficient wife of a pastor of an American church, and one the wife of a wealthy Christian layman whose home and talents are devoted to the service of Christ in her state. I survey with amazement the success and accomplishments of seven children from one home and survey their labors and review their lives, and say once again with profound conviction—mother did it all!"

What a testimony! Here was one life circumscribed, limited almost to the last degree. Somehow she had succeeded in bringing the Kingdom of Heaven into a home and into the lives of those in her circle and brought the pressure of that Kingdom to bear upon the life of a world.

May I quote once again that beautiful poem by an anonymous writer so applicable here:

"One ship drives east and another west
While the self-same breezes blow:
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That tell us where they go.
As are the ways of ships, so are the ways of men
As we voyage along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the struggle or the strife."

I catch a new vision for you as I call you young men and women to the Kingdom of God. There is a new heaven open to men made fit for residence there. And a new earth open and made fit for residence here. The transforming miracle of Christ's presence and power has been completed. Man has recovered from his state of sin and restored to unbroken fellowship with God. And in that miracle a new heaven and a new earth have been discovered, for in the face of Jesus Christ God has caused a transforming light to shine, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The Master and Doubting Thomas

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

John 20:19-25.

In the most marked and intimate way Jesus identifies the disciples with Himself. In a rather staggering burst of confidence He gives them his commission: "As the Father sent me, even so send I you." Though I have used the phrase 'burst of confidence' let it not be understood for a moment that this confidence is a sudden, impulsive and therefore variable one. He here voices a deliberate purpose based upon and supported by the most perfectly authenticated claim, lordship over the disciple and sovereign authority in the universe. This commission like that recorded in Matthew 28:18-20: "All authority in heaven and in earth is given unto me. Go ye therefore", etc., is predicated upon nothing less than the claim that He holds by gift of the Father a universal, all-inclusive power of attorney for the eternal God. All authority in heaven and in earth is His. That involves the authority of the Creator, indeed it involves the authority of all that is embraced in the prophecy of Isaiah 9:6: "And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."

The Church Body

Here is promise and prophecy of the Church, the composite body of believers, the new Body of Christ. The group is sent forth by the Master as He had been sent by the Father. Yet His promise to this composite body leaves the individual Christian a free and responsible agent. Each disciple is to be a witness for the Master even as the whole body of disciples in their organic composition are to be an institutional witness for Christ.

Our union as a church, or the churches, is that of the branches of one vine. They are all bound together in the vine. The life of each branch is the life of all the branches. The same sap flows through all

and produces in all their legitimate fruitage, so that the vine, or the trunk with the branches becomes one body.

But each branch has and maintains direct and independent union with Christ the Vine. Each receives from Him life and the commission involved in the word: "As my Father sent me, even so send I you." Even as the Holy Spirit, who is the life within, receives the things of Christ and declares them, so the individual Christian, receiving from Christ the unfolding and communicated life of the eternal, must bear testimony of his experience of Christ to the ends of the earth. It requires the Vine and all the branches to complete the Body of Christ. The Church is composed of its Head, plus its members. Only thus is the Body complete.

In Italy I saw trees, living trunks but trimmed annually of all their branches, so that only the trunk and a tuft of foliage at the top appeared. These trees were living but at what a poor dying rate. Annually they furnished just a little fire wood for the peasants who trimmed them away. There is no fruitage on such trees. Even in this country where the grape vines are trimmed back annually after the fruit season there is no fruit until the stalk has produced new branches. It is the stalk that supports the branches, while the branches bear the fruit. But also I have seen the tree upon which every branch was loaded with fruit—a far more perfect and satisfying display of life than the tree denuded of its branches and so bearing no fruit.

Stanley Jones in "Christ of the Round Table", discussing the place of authority in the Christian message discovers the necessity for a union of the infallible church, the infallible Bible, the infallible Christian experience. Each contributes. That place of final certainty and authority is at the junction where the Jesus of history becomes the Christ of experience and where the resultant individual experience is corroborated by the collective experience of all Christians. For all these the appearances of Christ furnish the proof and the illustration. Here is first of all the fact that Christ, the historic Jesus, is risen from the dead. There is then an individual and group experience of the sequence of His rising. Because He died and lives again, they also live in Him. And there is the cumulative result of all the ten appearances. So that only when the last appearance has been recorded and the last instructions concerning the Kingdom of God given by the risen

Master to the group, whose knowledge is expanding with their experience, is the full proof and meaning of the life on the hither side of the grave revealed. But when the final appearance has been made and the final exposition of the Master concerning the things of the Kingdom of God has been given, then the Church is fully equipped by evidence, and enlightenment plus experience. He came to the world with the message of life in its soul-quickening, life-reconstructing power. It is well, therefore, that the Church should give good heed to the significant lessons embodied in, and revealed through these various appearances even though some of them are of necessity reached only as inferences or intimations. I am convinced that the Master puts very definite and insistent emphasis upon certain features of the proof of His resurrection.

Handle Me and See

Here is an illustration of these facts. Two incidents belong together. Jesus appears to the apostles. Thomas was absent. He later appears to the same group, Thomas being present. The one appearance is not complete without the other. Evidently in these two appearances there is one fact that Jesus is settling for all time. The disciples are slow to believe and when they believe they are slow to retain the convictional power and value of their faith. This spiritual lethargy or stupidity on the part of the disciples wounded the Christ in the house of His friends. He reveals the hurt of it in Mark 16:14. Here He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat and reproached them with their unbelief and hardness of heart because they believed not though they had seen Him after He had risen.

And Luke tells us how he said to two of them: "Oh fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." So the Master must repeat not alone His appearance, but His instructions concerning the Kingdom of God. He must prove over and over again that it is He, really He who has broken the bands of death asunder and robbed the grave of its victory. He must demonstrate and ever demonstrate anew that He could not be holden of death. Well, this is not a final development of stupidity on the part of God's people. The drunken sneer directed toward Isaiah long before, concerning his method of trying to reach people with the great truth of God, said: "Line upon line; line upon line; precept upon precept; precept upon precept; here a little, there a little." Sometimes it seems almost useless for the Master to bother with us. Oh, the infinite patience of the

Eternal! The infinite compassion of all-embracing love! May I be understood in saying the infinite necessity of the Master somehow to get the truth, the essential truth through all the crust of circumstances and conditions into the heart of some men, to weave it into the fiber and fabric of their very being. Even when we receive the thrill and passion of a new truth or experience we soon lose it and sink back to our old dull indifference. There seems to be nothing in the realm of grace that can permanently enthuse, inspire and compel the people of God, the disciples of Christ.

Most of us fit the description of the old woman quoted by Charles Alexander at Northfield. Charlie said that down in his country there was a meeting of intense power on and one of the variety of disciples who blew hot and blew cold, who was revived at each annual revival and backslided in the interim between, in a great burst of emotion was praying in the assembly. There was present an old woman who knew him well, who read correctly his character, and had witnessed his many revivals and backslidings. So when he suddenly burst into prayer for the fullness of the Holy Spirit to be given him, the old woman emphatically cried: "Don't you do it, Lord. He leaks." Oh, how sad a commentary. In the same sense the most of us leak.

So the Master must repeat and repeat. He will say to that group of eleven, Thomas being absent: "Handle me and see." Thus the offer will seem to be enough. It is to be doubted whether they took advantage of the offer, but with Thomas a week later He insists that Thomas shall thrust out his hands, try the wounds in His hands and His side, till the proof is established beyond controversy, that the body broken on Calvary has come forth from the tomb of Joseph.

The Resurrection Is of the Body.

Here is where Thomas remains permanently among the disciples. He is the immortal, the perennial doubter. The fact of the bodily resurrection of Jesus is the most difficult of all facts, asking for universal acceptance at the minds of the disciples. Men ardent in love and service still stumble here. Today leaders in the Church of Christ can find no higher faith than to say with a plain and plausible superiority of spiritual wisdom: "I cannot explain the empty tomb, something happened. I do not know what, nor how." But that is just the thing which Jesus was getting at and insisting upon. We are to know what happened at the empty tomb. They must know that a body

broken in fulfillment of that tragic sentence: "Sin entered the world, and death through sin" had in the grave, on the very battle ground chosen by the devil who has all our life long had the power of death, robbed death of its sting, defeated the grave of its power, and had come forth conquering and to conquer.

So Jesus having said to the disciples, Thomas being absent, "Handle me and see; I am not a spirit", and having permitted them to consent without physical contact to His presence and His offer of demonstrated proof, will now require of Thomas that he touch Him, that he thrust his finger into the print of the nails in His hands, and his hand into the wound made by the spear in His side. One might have thought that the Master had given sufficient proof in his first appearance to the group, Thomas being absent. He had not only offered them the privilege of handling Him, but He had taken a fish and eaten in their presence. Now He will permit no remaining doubt. Now He thrusts upon them the necessary proof. He requires the proof to be taken. Thomas must touch Him, must handle Him. Let us remember that there were no appearances of Christ nor any communications from Him to the disciples until the body came out of the grave. Here was then no hallucination. Here was the demonstrable proof of the risen body which will henceforth be sustained, not by the assimilation of food, not by the blood which is the life of the body, but by the spirit. They must handle Him and see that a spirit is not flesh and bones in distinction from flesh and blood, for the flesh and bones of the new body, a glorified body, will be sustained by the spirit, while the flesh and blood of the natural body are sustained by the blood.

The Resurrection Body

The important question is not the identity of the natural with the resurrection bodies. Paul in a later revelation of the Holy Spirit states that the body had been raised. "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." To each God gives a body as it pleases Him.

He Is Given a Body.

This body is not limited by material considerations, such as doors and locks, and time and space, yet it is a body capable of materialization. These facts once established utterly put to rout all spiritist

claims. The risen Christ was not a discarnate spirit. He required proof that His body lived also. He was not at any time subject to the call of mediums. He was not being gradually freed from earth conciousness and limitations. He had no difficulty in communicating with His disciples in His own proper person. He needed no meduim of communication. There was no need of stage setting. He came into the open on the highway, by the seashore, through closed and locked doors. There is nothing of trickery here. Here is the eternal God dealing with the eternal fact that His personality through the atoning death of Jesus of Nazareth has at the resurrection of His body from the grave been released and made available to men.

In His appearances Christ insists with cumulative emphasis upon the identity of personality and individuality. Death does not accomplish for Him, or for us absorption into Nirvana. There is no slightest hint here of the pantheism of personality, nor is there any suggestion of reincarnation and transmigration. But here is proof of revival in an appropriate body for the carrying on of a God-appointed task. That body will lend form and substance to personality. It is a glorified body. Perhaps it were better to say it is a rarified body, rid of all limitations, of all time and space. Something more than a quarter of a century ago there was advanced the theory that each star and planet had been prepared as a home for some one family of earth's denizens. Perhaps it was only a fancy. Perhaps there is more to the suggestion than a mere fancy. "In my Father's house are many abiding places." How challenging a thought that perhaps each family will have its own home, that each family in right relation to God through Christ will have its own world for a home. There will be no limitations, and so quick as the flash of thought, instant as the rising of need, these glorified, rarified bodies, bearing immortal personalities may flash from star to star bearing a message, or visiting the neighbors for the sake of that highest and holiest fellowship by which the praises of God increase through the increasing numbers of the redeemed.

My Lord and My God.

Thomas is first to catch the meaning of all this and seeing cries: "My Lord and my God." One could hardly doubt his instinctive sinking to his knees, bowing his head, yielding the will. Here are the horns of his dilemma. If resurrection be a fact no less is Deity a fact.

If Christ be risen from the dead that fact proclaims Him the Son of God with power. This then determines two facts:

First, the forgiveness of sins. The full penalty of sin is paid, and second, a divine authority to send heralds everywhere to proclaim to all men the offer of eternal life with the forgiveness of sins and the restoration to fellowship with the Father through Him who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and rose again the third day for our salvation, according to the Scriptures.

Whosoever Sins Ye Forgive.

There is no more difficult saying of Jesus. Before the mystery of its meaning men have ever paused with questioning, questing minds. Over it a whole great church has stumbled. Out of a misapprehension as to the meaning of the Master here, the whole monstrous system embodied in the confessional has arisen. It is no idle question that the critics voiced of Jesus in the story recorded in Mark 2. "Who hath power to forgive sins?" Nor is it any vain proof that Jesus presents when he healed the man sick of palsy for He declares that the Son of Man has power to forgive sins on earth. That far we must go together. From that fact there can be no intelligent dissent. The question arises: Is the Master here delegating that power? Is he creating an order of priesthood whose priests shall henceforth absolve men from their sins? Is He here delegating or consigning the confession to earthly priests? We answer simply, but emphatically and dogmatically—No. Let us put together the words of very kindred significance from these two stories of His appearance: "As my Father sent me, even so send I you." "Whosoever sins ye forgive, they shall be forgiven unto them." "Then opened he their minds that they might understand the scriptures, and he said unto them, Thus it is written that the Christ should suffer and rise again from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations beginning from Jerusalem. Ye are witnesses of these things." Here is the proper interpretation. The disciples assured of the resurrection of the Master are equally assured that in Him full forgiveness of sins is provided for. Commissioned by Him they go to proclaim the fact. Their message being accepted, sins are forgiven. Their message being refused, sins are bound. There is no other name given under heaven whereby they may be saved. There is no other

remedy than the atonement wrought through Christ. Suffer an illustration or two.

When Queen Victoria reached the Jubilee anniversary of her reign she declared an amnesty for certain mutineers in her navy. This amnesty was posted by heralds and messengers of the empire in all parts of the kingdom. Pardon was offered on condition that the guilty should appear by a certain date and accept the offered amnesty. Those who came were loosed of their sins. Those who refused had their sins bound by the very messengers who proclaimed the offer of amnesty.

There is a charming story that has in it an infinite pathos the more intense because of its historic character. When the Earl of Essex, languishing in prison, approached the payment of the final penalty of his supposed treason, he took from his hand a ring given to him by Queen Elizabeth with the promise that should he ever be in need and present the ring, relief would be given. He handed the ring to a boy outside his prison window instructing him to give it to Lady Sciope, one of his sincere friends at court. She gave it in turn to the Countess of Nottingham, one of the queen's ladies, with the request that she give it to Queen Elizabeth. Under the influence of her husband, the Earl, an enemy of Essex, the countess never delivered the ring, and Essex died. The intermediary bound his death upon him by failing to deliver the signet. She might have loosed him from the pangs and bonds of death by simple delivery of the message with the ring.

We stand as disciples of Christ in this relation to the world. He has committed to us the signet ring of His love and had given us authority. As authority was given by Ahazeurus to Mordecai to sign in the king's name and with the king's signature the message of pardon and of life to all guilty sinners. They who received the message lived. They who refused, died in their sins.

Blessed Are They Who Believe.

It is no wonder then that the Master concludes the proof submitted with a word of blessing to Thomas who believed upon the submission of proof, but with a promise of larger blessing to those who should believe without seeing. What did He mean? Well, the same thing He meant when He said: "Believe me, but if not, believe me for the very works sake." It is well enough to believe in Christ upon the evidences of His deity but it is a higher faith to believe in Him upon a spiritual response to His personality—deep responding to deep, spirit to spirit.

In His great intercessory prayer recorded in John 17, He prays for the sanctification of believers in the truth in order that the world may know that He was sent of the Father, and He specifically includes not alone those who were there with Him, but all who through their word should believe on Him. To this proof of His resurrection, and as a part of His instruction concerning the things of the Kingdom, He adds many signs and wonders. But the purpose of all is that men should believe, and that believing they should receive life eternal. That is for you to do today. Receive Him and live. He will not cast you out if you come now in the simplicity of the spirit-quickening, life-giving faith.

Jesus Shows Himself Alive to the Women

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

In seeking the lessons to be found in the appearances of Jesus Christ after His resurrection, and before His ascension, the purpose of these appearances should be remembered. That purpose is explicitly stated to have been to show Himself alive after His passion and to speak the things concerning the Kingdom of God.

Now, any adequate consideration of the appearances reveal a cumulative proof effect, and a progressive unfolding of His purpose and program in the Kingdom.

There were five appearances on the first day, two of these to women. They were both made to the women who had accompanied Him in His itinerate ministry. Neither seems to have been made to Mary or to Martha, His friends of Bethlehem. The first appearance was to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary. These had been first at the tomb. Finding it empty and seeing a vision of angels they ran away to tell His disciples. Mary Magdalene at least seems to have returned with Peter and John to the sepulchre. Then after Peter and John had departed from the tomb being convinced of the resurrection, Mary is accosted by the question: "Woman, why weepest thou?" from One whom at first she mistakes and supposes to have been the gardener. Then in the familiar tones of the familiar name, the Lord is recognized. She runs to report this interview to all the disciples.

In the meantime the other women are coming to the sepulchre with the spices to embalm His body. He appears to them in the way, and they take hold of Him in incredulous joy.

Let it be noted that Mary was not allowed to touch Him while the group did take hold of Him. Here is a suggested anticipation of Paul's statement: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh: even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him so no more." Mary's regard was too personal, too individual, not yet

delivered from its human limitations, and so her touch was forbidden, while the group in a less personal and intimate way, and perhaps on a higher spiritual, less human plane, are permitted to do what Mary was forbidden to do.

The One Nearest at Hand.

High privilege belongs to holy preparation. When God has need of a messenger, or a servant, He takes the one nearest at hand. It would seem at times almost as if He simply stretched out His hand and took hold upon the one nearest by. Of course this is no intimation that His elective grace is haphazard or accidental in its issue. But He has recorded of Himself this invitation to His people: "Draw nigh to me, and I will draw nigh to you." Every time we take a step toward God, He takes a step toward us.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that the women had been last at the cross, as they were first at the tomb. These facts indicate an attitude of the heart toward the Lord Jesus on the part of the women. Their love did not cool, their interest wane, nor their desire fail because of His tragic death. The disciples may linger in amazed and confused speculation. They may be utterly dazed as to their own possible course in the face of their present disaster. The women will be no less smitten with grief, but they will be less lost in perplexity. They will neither sulk nor hide. They will not take their disappointment in vain wailings, but will be seeking at once some practical way in which to express their affection for the Master, whose death had been the disappointment of their highest hopes.

It will be recalled that there was a signal difference between Orpha and Ruth. Of them it is written: "Orpha kissed Naomi, but Ruth clave unto her." And while Orpha kissed her mother-in-law, she went back to her people and her land and her religion. But Ruth, with a finer quality of affection, clave to her mother-in-law and reached the memorable choice: "Intreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

There will be no suggestion from the women that they can ever lose their faith in Christ. Peter and the rest directly will go a-fishing. The women will first come to the tomb with their spices. This indicates that there was a heart attitude toward Christ in the life of the

women somehow higher and holier in its aspects for those women than for those men. It was this attitude of heart that prepared the women to be the first recipients of the revelation of the Master's resurrection. It is always so. The holiest preparation commands the highest privilege.

Think you Abraham was suddenly called out of Ur of the Chaldees to go into Canaan? Had there been no watchful nights with gaze uplifted to the star-studded heavens above? Had there been no quest of the soul for the great, but invisible, Companion? Had there been no inner revolt against the idolatry of his age and his race? Had there been no spiritual perceptions of the nature of God and His worship? I cannot believe it.

Was Moses thrust suddenly upon the burning bush? Had there been no burnings of heart first, no communions with the eternal? Had there been no long hours of meditation upon the tragic condition of Israel and his own peculiar advantages obtained at the court of Pharaoh? Had there been no meditations upon his burden of responsibility and his gift of opportunity? I cannot believe it.

Can we ever forget that Paul's heavenly vision follows the persistent prickings of conscience; that there must have been hopeless nights attendant upon the memories of Stephen's death in martyrdom and his prayer for his enemies? Let it ever be remembered that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him even as it is written in Malachi 3:16: "Then they that feared Jehovah spake one with another: And Jehovah hearkened, and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared Jehovah, and that thought upon his name."

I am wondering in the most intimate and personal way if the Lord would not come more frequently to reveal Himself to us if our hearts were ready to receive Him, or if we waited in expectation of His appearing. What think you?

Anointed Eyes.

More than once it is written in fact concerning those early disciples and the appearances of the Lord: "Their eyes were holden." That they did not know Him. There were the two on the way to Emmaus who, in spite of their burning of heart only recognized in Him a stranger, a chance and casual acquaintance by the way, till the familiar break-

ing of bread at the meal which they had constrained a stranger to share with them.

So here with this first appearance to Mary of Magdala: "She supposed him to be the gardener." That is a mistake, tragic, and all too frequent. How frequently even we, with our background of the Christian centuries, and our record of all the Christian miracles and revelation, miss the Master's presence when none but He could speak or appear. We suppose Him to be the doctor, or the teacher, or the friend, or the minister, or the servant in the house, when if we had eyes to see we should surely know that it is none of these, but it is the Master Himself who so strangely moves our hearts, quickens our spirits and sets us in the place of judgment, because He is there.

There is another tragedy even greater—the tragedy of some who suppose the gardener to be Christ. They cry: "Lord here; Lord there." For every reformer or teacher, or popular leader, and easily put the crown upon the head of these false Christs who either willingly or unwillingly are made to usurp the place of authority in the lives of mistaken enthusiasts. It is equally a folly to suppose Christ to be the gardener, or the gardener to be the Christ. Let Him be Himself. Let His disciples maintain their open heart and responsive spirit that will clearly and easily recognize Him under whatever guise, or in whatever garb He appears. Let us stoutly maintain that there are no circumstances or conditions under which He may not appear, certainly none in which we should not look for Him.

How blind they were, those early disciples. And we, are we less blind? They could not conceive of the possibility of the resurrection though He had told them many times that He would rise again. Their previous thoughts of death, their experience of death, all the traditions of the race concerning death, forbade the possibility of the resurrection of the crucified one. They had hoped, but hope had died. Despair, like a croaking raven, sits perched now upon the door of their hearts. There is no hope since the stone has been sealed to the door of the tomb. These are the usual limitations put upon God by our prejudices and our finite limitations. Our whole world lies within our own small horizon. We neither receive anything beyond our experience nor hope for anything beyond our traditions.

Naaman will still be going away from the prophet in indignant rejection of healing, because: "I thought He would at least have come

down to me and have waved his hand over the place and have cured me." "I thought" stands like an impassable wall between needy men and all the omnipotent kindnesses and omnipresent grace of the eternal God. Like Mary, who supposed Jesus to be in the company, and went two days' journey without Him, we are forever precluding His presence by our easy assumptions that our opinions concerning Him are right and need no readjustment.

But God disregards all human discounts, discredits and discards all human prejudices. He sets at naught the puerile and foolish counsel of men and makes the foolishness of God greater than the wisdom of men. Here is the definite and distinct revelation that sex is no barrier to God's revelation. The risen Christ appears first to a woman and second to a group of women.

Nor is residence any barrier to God's working. Out of Nazareth some good thing had come in spite of all traditions and prejudices of the years.

And ignorance is no barrier to God. He takes a handful of peasants and makes them the recipients of the most glorious of all revelations. Indeed it may be wisely and truly written:

"For behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that he might bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should glory before God." 1 Cor. 1:26-29.

The Master's Liberation of Women.

There is no small significance in the fact that Jesus appeared to Mary. Here is first of all recognition of the fact that something supernatural has happened within her. It was to Mary Magdalene He appeared first. She it was from whom seven demons had been cast out. There is, of course, no hint that Mary had been, or was, an unchaste woman. Her name has suffered enough through the centuries through that implication. Let it be vindicated now of any such unjust charge. Her condition had indeed been pitiable enough when her body had been the abode of seven demons. These the Lord Jesus had cast out. The poise and balance and sanity of her life had been restored. She

is made to be a new creature, a suitable messenger of the Master, for the miraculous event which after His death proclaimed His deity. The woman who goes first to the door of the tomb and looks first into the face of her risen Lord is the first who is commissioned to tell the story.

Woman's place in the life of the Man of Galilee is worthy of note. A woman bore Him, first under her heart, then in her arms and in her heart, and at what a cost! Truly the sword pierced her through. The mark of the Scarlet Woman was upon her, this woman highly favored of heaven, the recipient of heavenly revelations.

Anna, a woman, a prophetess, joins Simeon in acclaiming Him upon His first appearance in the temple. Hers is the voice of confession and adoration.

It was a woman who was a sinner who bathed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed them with her penitent lips.

It was a woman who sat at His feet to learn, having chosen that better part, never to be taken away from her.

It was a woman to whom He gave His first lesson of faith:—one thing is needful.

A woman broke her alabaster box of precious ointment upon His head and feet prior to His burial.

At the crucifixion women stood last and nearest the cross and they came first to the tomb.

Are there not, then, blessed implications in the fact that to woman was given the first appearance of the Lord and the first commission to bear a message for Him?

The Obligation of Privilege.

But privilege is obligation. One of the hardest lessons Christians have to learn is the stewardship of privilege. To those who have that privilege shall be given responsibility. The continuation of privilege requires its investment in service. She who has must give. She who knows must tell. She who receives a revelation must pass on a communication.

These women received a new flavor and fragrance of life from the Master. They must, therefore, translate Him with a new significance into the lives and homes of their fellows. Now Jesus is ever offering

to women the high privilege of living in this world as *Christian women.* Let the name bear all its deepest, highest, holiest significance—Christian women. A name which breathes gentleness and firmness, faithfulness, steadfastness and purpose, the constraint of a holy fellowship. When a woman comes to Christ, lets down the tendrils of her faith and conviction into His life, there flows in not only a new note, but a new quality.

I saw the stem of a carnation let down into a bottle of ink. I noticed that directly the pure white petals of that carnation blossom were being shot through with the red or blue or green as it absorbed the ink from the bottle. It is said, though I have not seen it, that if the same stem should be thrust again into clear water, all the color would drain out. Have we not here a parable of woman's relation to her Lord? As long as she abides with Him, there is thrust into her life those heavenly qualities which belong peculiarly and distinctly to Him, and that when she separates her life from Him by worldliness or pleasure, or indifference, automatically the finer qualities of His life are drained out and her life is left a bare, shallow, unworthy husk of what it has been while He gave quality and flavor to it. Ah, to put the imprimatur of Christ upon womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, to have His sanctifying touch upon all these holiest and tenderest, most intimate relations of life. It could mean nothing less than to have the marks of Jesus upon the social, domestic and religious life of the world, for His touch brings to the surface the beauties of holiness. That is, spiritual growths within.

I have recently read the thrilling experience of one who after the death of his little child brought an imperfect photograph of the child to a photographer and asked if it could be improved. Some days later when he returned he was amazed and delighted to find that all the markings had been removed and the perfect features of the child stood out in bold relief. The perfection had been there all the time, hidden under an imperfect touch, under some obstructing blot. The master touch had removed the obstruction and brought the perfect features to light. So the life of women obeying the law of motherhood, the law of surrender, in the hands of the divine Master will find His perfections, His beauty of holiness, revealed in her life. What more could one desire?

Tell It!

Let our final word for today be the first word of the Master to the women—go tell!

There is a very charming story of a Catholic lad who was converted but who in his timidity pledged his friend not to tell it till given permission. The next day in the factory where they worked a great deal of profanity fell from the lips of the men who worked there. Suddenly the lad who had come under the spell of that holy name leaped to his feet and called to his companion: "Tell it, James! Tell it!"

Even so the Master writes into the hearts of these first women an experience so momentous in wonder, glory and power, that they moved out from the open door of the tomb into the midst of the world cursed by its ignorance, blighted by its indulgence, by its desire for life, in the presence of death, to tell it—"Christ is risen!"

You who make the world's social standards, and have the world's social contacts, start a new crusade for Christ. Let women everywhere proclaim this wondrous story, for women do the most of the world's weeping, women and children bear the most of its burdens and are crushed most often by its sorrows. Let the women, therefore, tell it everywhere—Christ is risen! and of His resurrection, He has said "Because I live you shall live also." The telling of that story with persistence and passion and purpose would mean to give heart and hope to a despairing world as nothing else could.

Do you remember the story of the answer made by Sojourner Truth to Fred Douglas? Speaking one night in Rochester he was in a black mood of pessimism. Despair of any amelioration of the condition of the slaves or any liberation from their manacles was upon him. Sojourner, sitting on a step at the foot of the platform in the crowded hall, suddenly cried out: "Is God dead, Frederick?" You can imagine the electric thrill that shot through that vast audience, and Douglas himself felt a sudden new electrifying consciousness of the impossibility of failure in his dream of freedom. *God is not dead! The grave no longer holds our Christ. The Living One walks in the midst of men. We have seen Him.* Let us go and tell everywhere the message of that first experience of the women to whom He appeared alive after His passion.

Cui Bono.

Does someone ask why women should interest themselves? It is that same living Christ who has unbound the feet of the women of China and set their minds at liberty. It is He who will open the Zenanas of India. It is He who put a Red Cross into the hands of Clara Barton, and a bow of white ribbon on the bosom of Frances Willard. It is He who has liberated woman from her thralldom and made her to be no longer the slave but the companion of men. It is woman whom Christ has made a queen in the home, in the school, in society. Is it not, therefore, her royal prerogative to make known her Lord that He may reign in righteousness everywhere her liberation is known? Tell it! Tell it! yet again. Christ lives!

From Easter to Pentecost

By REV. J. C. MASSEE, D.D., LL.D.

Before Columbus came to Spain and undertook his history-making voyage across the unknown Atlantic, the Spanish coat of arms bore the motto: "Ne Plus Ultra"—there is nothing beyond. It is easy to understand the origin of such a conception. Spain was the determining world empire of that day. Her military genius and power mastered all foes. She had scaled the mountain and peopled the shoreline of her territory with great cities. Her culture marked the acme of civilization and progress. Her territory ended with the uncharted sea. Beyond the three-mile limit of her shoreline, therefore, there lay nothing to be desired, nor to be discovered. Only mystery was there. Only barren barriers to further progress. Hitherto the tides of her empire flowed. There her proud waves of progress were stayed.

But Columbus came—a bold determining spirit. He consented to no limitations based upon ignorance, fixed by fear. Experience had tabulated nothing beyond the shoreline of the great empire. But experience might be enlarged. Mystery might be made to yield its secrets. At last he had become convinced of a philosophy of life that refused those limits and would undertake to discover the pathway through the darkness and dangers of the illimitable sea which lay beyond the present confines of knowledge and experience. And so he sailed out with his three small ships and his courageous heart into the regions beyond. And persevering against all the discouragements and oppositions he came at last to a new world and having set up an ensign upon its shores he returned to relate the wonders of his conquest and the prospects of its possession to the king and queen whose faith had launched him upon its voyage. Then Spain dropped from its coat of arms the "Ne" of its former motto leaving only "Plus Ultra"—"more beyond."

How illuminating an illustration this is of life as it was lived before Christ came and as it is lived since He came. Before Christ the grave was the limit of the human horizon. There was nothing beyond. In the Old Testament the Psalmist will cry out of his despair: "In death there is no remembrance of thee. In the grave who shall give thee

thanks?" Before Christ came death whipped men with the sting of the scorpion's tail and smote them with the poison of the serpent's tooth. Before Christ came men shrank back from the grave with all the incredible horror of the hopeless doom that belongs to the charnel house. To them the Psalm of Life was "Dust thou art, to dust returnest." And every grave had its unrelieved committal, "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

But Christ came. He ventured through the shadows of the grave. There He met Apollyon and overcame him. There He wrested the sceptre of empire from the hand of the god of this world. There He robbed Satan of the power of death, and emerging out of the shadows on the hither side of the cross, erased forever from humanity's coat of arms the "ne" of its "ne plus ultra" and left instead blazing and high lighted with the glory of a certitude forever beyond question its "plus ultra." Since Christ came there is more to life than the grave. Since Christ came, died and rose again, there is a life beyond the grave. Heaven is our home, death is not the goal and end for any of us. We contemplate a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens and dream of the many mansions in the Father's house being prepared for all.

The coming of Christ into the world, and His experience of life and death and life again, have expanded the horizon of the soul as much as did Columbus expand the horizon of Spain.

Let it be remembered that Columbus took possession of the new world in the name of Spain's sovereigns. His first act was to claim the newly discovered territory for those who a little while before, and even now, had no horizon beyond their own borders. So Jesus in passing through the pangs and bonds of death, and coming out to a triumphant resurrection, discovered a new world for humanity and took possession of it for His disciples. Hear Him breathe immortal hope into their fear-filled hearts: "Let not your hearts be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:1.

Before Columbus reached the new land he found berries floating on the sea. These berries indicated somewhere in the distance, but not too far away, the mainland, for they were land berries. So Christ on

His voyage of discovery found for men evidence of the life beyond for us on the sea of experience, borne by its tides and its winds and its waves, are the promises of God. This mortal shall put on immortality. This corruptible shall put on incorruption.

The resurrection of Jesus therefore becomes the act of fulfillment for these promises. One flight across the sea becomes the assurance of other flights. One who denies the finality of death and breaks down the barriers of the grave has opened the way for others to follow in the lighted path of his deliverance. The resurrection of Jesus therefore becomes the central fact of the gospel story. No mightier word was ever uttered by heavenly lips, or fell upon human ears, than that uttered on that first Easter morn: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth. He is not here. He is risen." Ah! He is risen indeed. Our ancient foe is conquered. And immediately there is in the heart of humanity a sobbing song of relief from the struggle and stress and strain of the age-long conflict with mortal terror.

Christ's Resurrection Is the Half-Way House.

Again we proclaim the resurrection of Jesus as a heaven-attested fact. It is the central fact in a divine progression of events. Here there is His birth, His life, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, His present indwelling in the Church by His Holy Spirit, and His promised return. His life is explained by His birth, and His death. His birth reveals His nature. Born of the virgin but conceived by the Holy Spirit, that holy thing which was born of the virgin was called of necessity the Son of God. His death reveals the significance of His life, for though sinless He yet died. And the sinless do not die under any penalty or power of death to be visited upon them. Perforce, therefore, His death can only be a laying down with a vicarious significance.

So His death is explained by His life and His resurrection. His death as a substitute has value because His life was sinless. Tempted in all respects as we are, yet without sin, He made his soul an offering for our sin and submitted His body to be broken for our sins. His sinless life thus reveals and gives tone to His vicarious death. But His resurrection gives power and meaning to His death. Had death been able to conquer Him He would have been but one of the many millions who have ended in disappointment in the sealed tomb. Had there been no resurrection He might have been as Mahommet in the tomb

at Mecca. Had there been no resurrection He might have been as one of those Egyptian mummies preserved of body through the centuries, but helpless as Saviour for the sinners of any time or any land.

Now also His resurrection is explained by His death, and by Pentecost. He rose again because He died a sinless death. His resurrection brings forward into actual experience His glorious and atoning death. His death thus unfolds the significance of His resurrection.

Pentecost will complete the purpose of His resurrection in the release of the divine personality made available for men by His resurrection. In this connection we have three vital concerns:

The fact of the resurrection.

The proof of the resurrection.

The promise of the resurrection.

The Fact of the Resurrection of Christ.

The gospels and the gospel proclaim the fact that Christ rose from the dead on the third day. Note Peter's sermon on Pentecost. "Whom God raised up, having loosed the pangs of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it . . . This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses", Acts 2:24-32. Paul on Mar's Hill (Acts 17:31-32) reaches the climax of his message and of its evidence, in the proclamation that God has "appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he raised him from the dead." In passing it might be remarked that the Mar's Hill audience gave exactly the same reaction to Paul's testimony of the resurrection as is given by other audiences in this day and generation: "Now when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked . . . but certain men clave unto him, and believed."

Festus, in presenting his case to Agrippa and asking counsel how he could save his face and yet send Paul as a prisoner to Nero voices this dilemma (Acts 25:19 and 25) "But I found that he had committed nothing worthy of death." "But the Jews had certain questions against him of their own religion, and of one Jesus, who was dead, and *whom Paul affirmed to be alive.*"

And Paul before Agrippa makes defense of himself (Acts 26:22-23): "Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day testifying both to small and great . . . that Christ must suffer, and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim light both to the people and to the Gentiles."

The signal and significant differences of the gospel from all other religions lies in the fact of the empty tomb. Of course, one is not unmindful that there are various explanations given by others for the emptiness of this tomb. The hostile Jews who had crucified Him by their clamor before Pilate's judgment seat, bribed the soldiers to say that the disciples stole away His body. A recent apostle of a new heresy, head of a widely advertised cult of Bible students, has declared that His body was dissolved into gases. Mrs. Eddy in one of her books asserts that his disciples met Jesus after His crucifixion and learned that He had not died as they supposed. Agnostic science simply mocks as those early critics did at the possibility of such a physical resurrection. But the gospel habit is as it ever has been to affirm and reaffirm the blessed fact that Christ "rose again from the dead the third day according to the Scriptures." We rest our case there. We bear our testimony to the fact and rest our appeal and our message upon it.

The Proof of the Resurrection.

From the resurrection of Jesus to His ascension from Olivet in the presence of His assembled disciples was forty days. Here is the significant spiritual statement that these forty days were spent in proof of His resurrection and in teaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God. That is proof and the interpretation thereof. He showed Himself alive. That is the central blessed fact of all the gospel story established by necessity upon infallible, incontrovertible proof. The gospel message would have no meaning to men apart from that resurrection fact. One doubts if the gospel story, or any aspect of it, or interpretation of it, could have ever gained circulation or credence among men but for the resurrection. What I am trying to say is illustrated in an experience related by Dr. M. S. Rice in his book "To Know Him." The contrast in this story between the man who does not know the living Christ and the man who does is very marked.

The two of them, Dr. Rice and another, visited a dying man. The other preacher prayed, addressing the Lord Jesus as "O Brother Jesus," offering to a dead man a prayer, even as he preached a dead man as Saviour. Naturally the dying man was not satisfied. He turned to Dr. Rice with a request that he should pray. Then that great and faithful minister opened his heart to God in faith in Jesus Christ. He prayed: "O Christ, here is a dying man. But thou hast been here and art now beside us to show us how to die into everlasting life. We

do believe in Jesus Christ. We call upon thee now only because we believe thou art the Saviour of the trusting soul, and now as we go stumbling down into the valley of the shadow of death here, we can see gleaming beside us the light thou has put there, and which can never, never be put out." And the dying man believed it and found peace.

"By many infallible proofs." Let us recount the fact that there were ten appearances of the risen Jesus to incredulous men. They were:

Five on the first day—to Mary Magdalene, to the group of women, to Simon Peter, to the two on the way to Emmaus, and to a group of disciples.

Subsequent to the first day of the week He appeared

To the eleven, Thomas being absent.

To the eleven, Thomas being present.

To James.

To the disciples by the sea.

To all the apostles.

And on the Mount in Galilee to the five hundred. During this time and upon the occasions of these appearances He talked with them, ate with them, caused them to handle His risen body. He made an appointment to meet them at a distinct place and kept that appointment on the mountain in Galilee. In all these appearances the major purpose was to confirm faith in Himself as Son of God in the earth. These essential facts are involved in the gospel message of the kingdom. Christ Jesus is alive after an atoning death. Therefore, all authority in heaven and in earth is His.

Hence the great commission, for the death and resurrection of Jesus held in themselves the fulfillment of all God's redemptive purpose and of man's redemptive needs, namely the forgiveness of sins, the renewal of a spiritual nature, and the restoration of a fellowship which involves the Father, the Son and the saints. (I. John 1:4).

The fellowship with the Father being the fellowship in light, the fellowship with the Son being the fellowship of life, and the fellowship with the saints being the fellowship of love, wherever the gospel of eternal life is proclaimed in the name of Him who both died and rose again, this three-fold fellowship with the Father, with the Son and

with the saints is created, and becomes the basis of that union which makes of the Christian group a distinct kingdom in the earth "a colony of heaven."

The Resurrection Promise.

The resurrection fact once established by the infallible proofs of His appearances, Jesus now leaves the disciples and ascends into heaven. But the fact and the proof thereof are not enough. There is a sequence to the fact. There is a significance to the proof. When Jesus had showed Himself alive to the disciples after His passion, He commanded them to tarry in Jerusalem till they should receive the promise of the Father, and He declared: 'Ye shall receive power, the Holy Spirit coming upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." The resurrection fact with its proof, therefore, carries promise that there shall be a realization of the divine personality by man, released to him by the death and resurrection of Jesus. It is difficult to say in language simple enough to be easily grasped, but the regenerative power of the gospel of Christ resides in the communication of the Holy Spirit. The vital essential personality of God is made possible through the resurrection of Christ after His atoning death. When this experience is realized within, there is power instead of weakness; wisdom in place of ignorance and folly; love instead of hate; peace in the place of turmoil; holiness instead of sin; righteousness rather than wickedness. The simple announcement, therefore, is not without deepest significance that Easter climaxes in Pentecost.

Conclusion.

It was on Pentecost that the Church came into being. Pentecost was the natal day of the Holy Spirit in the Church and of the Christian Church in the earth. That day when the Holy Spirit had fallen upon them, the Church bore its witness to the resurrection and bore witness with soul-compelling, soul comforting power. Thousands fall under the conviction of their sin and the necessity for a faith in, and yielding to the Christ of God. They see themselves as guilty of His blood. They see Him compassionate, forgiving, divine. They lay hold upon Him with their hands of faith and realize with an electric thrill the communication of a divine dynamic regenerating, transforming their very beings. Can we doubt that it may be so again? If the Christian Church should once again give itself to a re-examination of the proof of His

resurrection, a re-yielding of itself to the inferences, implications and sequences of the fact of His resurrection and recommit itself to a passionate, persistent, perennial proclamation of the fact, can we doubt that those steps in the progress of a developing faith would bring to us a new experience of Pentecost? Let the Church come once again to the realization that Easter is but the halfway house of the mountain climber on the highway to heaven, that below him from this point of vantage the base of the mountain is circled in gloom; that is, before the resurrection disarmed the power of death. The world outside the circle of blessed belief in and experience of the fact of the resurrection, lies still in the lap of the evil one and there is darkness everywhere. But when Easter came, light dawned. The darkness began at once to fade before the advancing light of a larger life and a clearer revelation. At Easter we are as men who halfway on the mountain side stand at the dawn of a day whose night is shot through with the light. While the full sunlight of the noonday glory has not yet fallen, the darkness is shot through and the grey has taken the place of the black. Turning our eyes at Easter from the lowlands of doubt and despair incident to the hopelessness of death without Christ, upward and onward toward the summit of that hill of hope, we find Pentecost to be the day of which Easter with its promise and prophecy is realized, in the outpouring and communication of the Holy Spirit. The world is shaken. A revolutionary revelation of God is made and men begin to reconstruct their lives in the light and in the power of the endless life and the deathless hope of immortal being. From worshipping a God afar off, or fearing a God intangible in the misty shadows of unrelieved disbelief, we come into the fellowship with the Father who, taking residence in the life of the believer, makes his very body a new temple of the Holy Spirit from which by the use of man's redeemed faculties he breaks forth into glory in a world whose very darkness accentuates the light that shines from God to man in the face of Jesus Christ.

The Cooperative Idea in Religion

Address by Rev. Ralph C. McAfee, D.D., Executive Secretary of the Detroit Council of Churches.

Fathers and Brethren:

I come before you this morning to argue the case of the Cooperative Idea in Religion. There are three claims I desire to make in its behalf. First, it is based in scripture. Second, it has a solid philosophical background. Third, its results during the twenty years now ending commend it to serious minded Christians everywhere. In view of these facts I am reaching the conclusions that a moral obligation rests upon the pastors and upon the officers of the churches in every city and hamlet where two or more churches live side by side and exert their utmost endeavor to achieve both spiritual unity and practical cooperation.

Introduction.

Cooperation is the order of the day in which we live. On every hand are evidences that this fundamental principle of life is being recognized. Great business and industrial enterprises are not only in the age of cooperation, they are actually in a surprisingly large number of cases in a stage of consolidation. Witness, for example, the great automobile industry with its ever-increasing consolidated program. Cooperation in the field of business is further manifest through the Chambers of Commerce, in the field of labor through the organized labor movements, in professional and business fields through the noonday service clubs. On all sides men are showing evidences of a genuine desire to cooperate.

I. Jesus Prayed for Spiritual Oneness.

The chapter in the Four Gospels which is read the least is probably the seventeenth chapter of John, the great intercessory prayer of our Lord. I do not need to remind you that the Master uttered the words of this prayer during that last night before He was betrayed. He was standing within the very shadow of the Cross upon which He was to hang on Friday morning. Surely we cannot escape the evidence that on this night Jesus prayed for the things which He supremely

desired from His Father. You will remember that the first part of His prayer gives an account of His own stewardship on the earth. The middle portion of this prayer includes His plea for God's blessing on the Twelve whom He had trained and the final portion of the intercessory prayer containing the climax of His desires asks God for spiritual oneness on the part of His people. In the 21st, 22nd and 23rd verses of this chapter we find the Master repeating over and over again the hope that you and I and all Christian people of our day who believe on Jesus through the revelation of the apostles may be one as He and the Father are one. In additional verses He voices indirectly this same desire. The thing Jesus supremely wanted on that last night before He was betrayed seems to me to stand out clearly before us in the form of His desire that spiritual oneness might prevail today not only in America but throughout the world.

You will not overlook the fact that the Master had a very definite reason for desiring this spiritual oneness. Lest we should misunderstand or fail rightly to evaluate this reason He states it twice. First in the 21st verse where He prays, "that the world may believe that Thou didst send me"; and in the 23rd verse where He prays, "that the world may know that Thou didst send me." Evidently Jesus did not expect the world to be won for God, nor the kingdoms of unrighteousness in our cities and villages to become the Kingdom of Heaven, while the outstanding characteristic of Christian people everywhere is the fact that they are divided. Jesus prayed for spiritual oneness. He desired that Christian people should get together in order that we might win the world to the Jesus Way of Life. No more solemn duty rests upon the minister and upon the church officiary in the American life than that of making an honest effort to realize Jesus' prayer that we might be one. All that I have to say to you this morning and all that this cooperative movement in religion stands for is based upon the words of Jesus and upon His burning desire for the union of Christendom.

The Philosophical Background of Cooperation.

Cooperation on the part of Christian churches is demanded by sound philosophical reasoning. Business has pointed out the way with the organization first of local Chambers of Commerce, then State Chambers of Commerce and finally the United States Chamber of Commerce with national headquarters in a magnificent building in our

national capital. Labor has pointed out the way first through local labor unions, then through State Federations of Labor and finally through the powerful organization of the American Federation of Labor. As Dr. Charles A. Ellwood, professor of sociology of the University of Missouri, so strikingly puts it, "The church must recognize the fundamental sociological principle that ten men working together can accomplish what one hundred men working separately can never accomplish." "New tasks are rising before us, tasks that can be met only by a generation of men fully consecrated to the purpose of God as revealed in Christ and working together in love for the redemption of the world. The tasks of the war brought us together as Christians in most intimate relations in our common work. May not the paths of peace bind us together more closely, remembering the word of our Lord, 'One is your Master and ye are brethren'?"

It was none other than John R. Mott who stated during the war that one and a half million men lay beneath the sod of France and Flanders who need not have died if the Allied Nations had earlier learned the secret of a united military control. Where is the man wise enough to estimate the number of those who have gone down to their last long sleep without the full measure of the blessings of the Kingdom of God because the churches were so content to live and to work in their separate and unrelated ways? The brilliant president of the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Glenn Frank, has voiced the sentiment of countless church members when he said, "The Church must either achieve increasing unity or be content with decreasing influence."

Wonderful Achievements from 1908 to 1928.

The last twenty years have marked a remarkable growth in the cooperative movement not only in America but throughout the world. In 1908 in Philadelphia the Protestant Evangelical denominations organized the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Today nearly thirty such communions, with a constituency of nearly twenty million members, cooperate through the Federal Council. The last three years have been especially noteworthy: 1926 because of the Conference on Life and Work at Stockholm; 1927, because of the Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne; 1928, because of the World Missionary Council at Jerusalem. December, 1928, in Rochester, New York, at the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the

Federal Council of Churches will witness the climax of the efforts of the American churches to discover whether there is a more intimate and a more far-reaching form of spiritual oneness, which should now supersede the present form of cooperation.

The World Level.

A hasty glance over the world indicates that the cause of cooperation in religion has made tremendous strides. China, India and Japan in more or less advanced stages are throwing overboard our western divisions and are organizing their own national churches of Christ. Even the age-long divisions of Christendom in Europe are finding a way to cooperate in the restoration of churches and in the promotion of the social teachings of our Lord.

Cooperation in America.

Merely to call the roll of the national religious cooperative enterprises in America is to startle oneself at the hold cooperation has gained in our land. There are, to mention only a few, The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, The Foreign Missions Conference, The Home Missions Council, The Council of Women for Home Missions, The International Council of Religious Education, and, youngest of all,—born last June at Buffalo,—The National Council of Church Women, which is preparing to coordinate the efforts and influence of the sixteen hundred and more interdenominational organizations of American church women.

Cooperation on State-wide Lines.

In only a half dozen major states in America have the Protestant churches learned how to cooperate successfully. But wherever denominational officials, dealing with rural problems, express their candid opinions they are overwhelmingly in favor of the establishing of comity which can only come about under the leadership of organized cooperation.

Cooperation in the Cities.

The most widely known type of cooperation in American church life today is that form called City Councils or Federations of Churches. I can detect in the present policy of the church no change from the policy in respect to the city which prevailed in 1920. In that year the Home Missions survey of the Interchurch World Movement reports, "The outstanding fact from the cities with their highly organized and complex social life is that the churches have failed not only to main-

tain their own standing but have been unable to make an appreciable impression upon the unchurched groups or upon the non-Christian social conditions of city life. This has been largely because of the lack of organized, coordinated and cooperative effort among the churches either as local congregations or as denominational units. Thus divided in their approaches in the city they cannot cope with the forces that are breaking down the moral and spiritual ideals of American life which as a rule are highly organized and always well coordinated."

The City Council of Churches came into being to provide the church a federated channel through which to meet the organized forces of unrighteousness. Leaders of the church began to realize the truth of the claim made by the famous James, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, who used to say, "The Catholic Church is the only church in America that knows her own mind." As one rode the boulevards of our great cities and the avenues of our smaller ones he was invariably impressed with the prominent location and the worshipful architecture of the Roman Catholic houses of worship, while he could always find on the side streets, often in the middle of a block and on unsightly locations, houses of worship of the Protestant families. When the Council of Churches came into being it set aside official representatives of all the cooperating communions with instructions that they should develop a statesman-like plan for the location of Protestant churches to avoid overlapping and to prevent under-churching. The result has been that in a number of cities where the vision has been clear you can no longer find among the newer enterprises any evidence of competition or overlapping and you will find that the Council of Churches knows in which section of the city new churches are needed and what type of church each community needs.

This work of church extension or church location or comity, as it is variously called, is known as the brains of the cooperative movement. The heart of its activity is found in the field of evangelism. There is no question that the old form of evangelistic tabernacle campaign is passing. Witness merely the number of able men in the evangelistic field having difficulty to locate fields of labor. But the cooperative movement is providing a substitute for these old forms through Lenten campaigns, through summer street campaigns and through the newer forms of visitation evangelism. It is certainly not too much to claim that when the churches acting in council set aside

their best evangelistic leaders to determine upon and execute the wisest plan for evangelism for that city, you there find the Master's prayer being actually answered.

A Council of Churches makes a real difference in a city's life. It organizes the forces interested in the training of children and youth, it sets apart men and women who are trained both in heart and head in this field with instructions that they shall devise the best methods to improve the teaching in our church schools, the best methods in conducting week-day schools, the best methods of promoting summer vacation Bible schools. The best wisdom of the best leaders in this field then receives the support of the whole church, thereby making a significant contribution to bringing up children in the way they should go.

The Council of Churches in a city makes a difference to those who are sick and in prison. When the churches really cooperate, when they set aside specially interested men and women to work in the field of social service you awake one morning to discover the hospital minister of the Council of Churches carrying cheer and consolation and offers of personal service to the sick and suffering in the hospitals. You will find the council's jail worker in the city and county jail, not only conducting religious worship and distributing religious literature but also carrying offers of personal service. When you drop into the juvenile court you will discover the representative of the Council of Churches on hand to render any and every possible service to those who appear before the judge. When you walk into the adult courts you find another representative of the Council of Churches on hand to care for Protestants who are in trouble.

The Council of Churches makes a difference in the attention given by the daily press to fundamental matters of Christian living. If you had gone, as I have gone, with committees representing the Council of Churches and had sat down at the desk of the managing editors of our great metropolitan papers you would have discovered that united Protestantism is not only heard in those editorial sanctums but is almost invariably accorded genuine support.

The Council of Churches makes a difference in the field of public welfare in any city. The chief of police, the prosecuting attorney, the sheriff, the superintendent of schools, the mayor and the city council —these are all ready to listen and almost always they can be depended upon to cooperate with a united Protestant consciousness.

Time does not permit enumeration of the many other opportunities for Christian service which are open to the churches when they cooperate and closed to them when they do not cooperate. "But there is evidence throughout America of a new zeal in this matter of church cooperation. It is winning its way among the leaders of church life and thought. There is a resistless momentum toward the movement of interchurch life. To present to divided Protestantism the vision of a united Christianity facing a common world task is in itself so vital a part of Christ's own message that as an end it alone justifies every wise enterprise of cooperation."

Conclusion.

Jesus supremely desired the churches to work together. In our day and generation the only practical pathway toward Christian unity appears to lie through the field of church cooperation. The cooperation of the churches is based upon the great intercessory prayer of Jesus. It has a solid philosophical background. It is working today in a more effective manner than the church has heretofore discovered to make the principles of Jesus the active principles of every-day life. Wherever two or more churches work in a given community, a moral obligation rests upon the ministers and upon the officers of those churches to establish actual and effective means of cooperation between themselves in the interest of the Kingdom of God.

The Separated Life

By REV. EDWARD C. McCOWN, D.D.
Mt. Lebanon United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." II Corinthians 6:17, 18.

Real life is lived toward a definite objective. God called Abraham from the land of Ur and set his feet in a special path. God called the slaves from the land of Egypt and turned their faces toward the homeland of Canaan. Jesus called the fishermen from their boats by the seashore and said, "As the Father hath sent me into the world so send I you." Some men think it is easy to live the Christian life, but this is because they do not understand the objective that faith in God sets before the soul, nor do they know the urgent claims the world makes upon the hearts of men. Our text clearly intimates that there is a great power which would hold the souls of men in its grip and prevent them from rising to the highest spiritual level. Our text also teaches that there is a greater power that is freely given to every believer and by that power he may defeat the enemies of the soul and march forth to a new life of fellowship with God and service to his fellow men. I trust that we may keep our eyes fixed upon this text this morning that we may learn its message about

The Separated Life.

I. The separated life begins at a line of division between right and wrong.

Paul here is quoting the thought at least from the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah. This was originally spoken of the departure of the people of Israel from Babylon where they had been captives. If we begin to feel comfortable when we know that this is merely a quotation from the story of God's dealing with his people in the ages of the past, we should remember that it is quoted by the New Testament writer and applied to the New Testament Church. Just as Israel was to come out from among the people of Babylon where they were surrounded by the evils of idolatry, and draw near to Jehovah, so Paul's friends

were to come out from among the sins that surrounded them and give themselves to the worship of Jehovah. The line of division was very clear to Israel when she turned her face away from Babylon and she knew that the surroundings and practices that were common there should not attach themselves to their lives as they set forth on their journey to their beloved land. When Nehemiah led back the people to rebuild the walls about Jerusalem there were many who continued to live in Babylon. They had become accustomed to their surroundings and they were not distressed overmuch by the disregard which they saw in the hearts of people toward the commands of Jehovah. There was not need in their judgment for a definite line of division. The facts were they had become so imbued with the spirit of Babylon, with all of its wickedness and sin, that they were content to abide there.

A few days ago I stood on the shores of Lake Erie and watched a glorious sunset. There were a few clouds about the horizon and the gorgeous colorings as the light of the setting sun played upon these clouds were constantly changing. As these colors blended one into another I noticed the heavier lines here and there and the shadows growing deeper. Finally the silver and gold became grey and bronze and all the brilliant colors faded away as the afterglow was swallowed up in the blackness of night. When Lot was given his choice by Abraham he "pitched his tent toward Sodom." He had no intention of blending his life with that of Sodom but before many years he was seated at the gate of Sodom and was perhaps a member of the governing body of the city. The line that separated his life from that of these wicked people was at first very distinct, but only a short time was required to so deface that line that Lot himself began to feel that they were one and the same. As strange as it may seem it was necessary to send the angel to almost compel Lot to separate himself from these sinful surroundings that his very life might be saved. It was necessary for the prophet to urge Israel to separate herself from Babylon. It was necessary for Paul to urge the early church to separate herself from her sinful surroundings, and it is necessary for us today to urge men everywhere to separate themselves from the sins of the world that they might have fellowship with Christ. Wherever men try to blend the life of holiness and sin the lines grow dark at once and soon all is swallowed up in the blackness of ignorance and sin.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin of England was speaking to a group of Christians representing the Church of Christ in 1925 and he

said, "I have watched your work with the deepest and most heartfelt sympathy and admiration, and I only wish that I personally was competent to do it. You look in the most unlikely places for that spark of divine which exists in every human soul. You search until you find it, and then you blow on it with the spirit of love till you have blown it into a flame, however feeble; and so you have one more to testify to the eternal truth that love alone in this world is the conqueror and that by love alone can the nations be brought into the paths of peace, and that to pursue and attain love is the one thing needed." That great leader recognized the church people as busily engaged in bringing men and women from one side of this dividing line over to the other. While they are in the atmosphere of sin and evil there is no glow to the spark of divinity which he says is in every human soul. But when they surround that life with those interests that begin to warm the heart to higher and better thoughts he becomes uncomfortable in those foul surroundings and begins to look for higher ground that he might turn away from the things that degrade and debauch his life and find things that will elevate and strengthen.

We can easily understand how the man who has disregarded the laws of God and has had no respect for his fellow man must find a line of division when he decides to follow Christ. The thought and activity of his life must all be changed. But there are multitudes of people who live respectable lives and are honored by their neighbors who feel that although they have made no effort to honor the Lord, yet they are by no means among His enemies. In my school days copy books were used to teach penmanship. A beautiful sentence was to be found in perfect lettering at the top of the page. Often the first line under the copy was fairly good, the second line showed more defects, and the line at the foot of the page was almost a total stranger to the copy at the top. The student made the mistake of taking his own writing each time for his standard. Men who never go to church, or read the Word of God, or call upon the Lord in prayer are always comparing "themselves among themselves" rather than standing in the light of the presence of Jesus and measuring themselves by that perfect standard. Such men think that when God says, "Come out from among them" he is calling to someone else.

In a recent visitation campaign in the community where I serve as pastor two of our workers called at the home of a man who stood well in the community. When they talked with him about his relationship

to Christ and the church he pointed out the lives of a few church members and said he felt that he compared well with them. These workers pointed out the fact that his standard was Jesus Christ and not his neighbor. The conversation did not last long and the men came away feeling that they had been defeated. They came to me quite discouraged, but I told them that they had accomplished more than they knew. On Saturday evening of that week this man called me to ask the requirements of one who would confess his Lord. He said, "Two men were here early in the week and while our conversation was short, the substance of what they said has lingered with me day and night and I am sure my Lord wants me to acknowledge him before men." This man was about fifty-five years of age. He came the next morning, acknowledged his Lord, was baptized and received into church membership. Another home was visited in which was found a father and mother and a little girl of seven years. These men received a cordial reception and the conversation about Jesus was not unpleasant. When the father was given a card by the signature of which he would register his conviction he made no move to sign it. One of the workers had offered a pencil but it had not been accepted. That father had suggested that his life would perhaps be benefitted little if any by such a decision. As he sat there in a meditative mood the little girl came softly to his knee and holding up the pencil with which she had been doing her school work, she said, "Daddy, you may have my pencil to sign for Jesus." The father gathered up the child in his arms and taking the pencil from the hand of his precious baby he registered his decision and has been a happy Christian since that time. If Christian people everywhere would go to their friends and neighbors in the same spirit of love and concern they would be mightily used of God to show men that when the Holy Spirit says, "Come out from among them", He names every one that has not hitherto named Jesus his personal Saviour.

This line of separation grows more distinct as we journey along with Him. Thoughts and practices that were common in our lives have gradually dropped out and we count it a privilege to leave them out for His sake.

II. The Separated Life Is Safeguarded by Eternal Vigilance.

"Touch not the unclean thing." The revised version is, "Touch not an unclean thing." By the first expression we might understand that there is one unclean thing and if we avoid its contaminating touch

we are clean. The second expression includes everything that might stain our garments or soil our hands. It seems rather difficult for the average man to realize that every kind of sin is unclean. The writer would help us by suggestions here in the context. We are not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. We are to enter into no relationship that would lower the spiritual vitality of the soul. "What fellowship have righteousness and iniquity?" If you would see a man thoroughly miserable put one interested in the vile things of life into a group of God's people who are telling the story of His love. Or if a good man is thrown into the midst of evil surroundings he will be miserable. There can be no fellowship between righteousness and iniquity. "What communion hath light with darkness?" Darkness is driven out of the room in proportion to the light that is brought in. No pillar of darkness can resist the light and remain there unchanged when the sunbeams pour in. There is no communion. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" Christ leads the forces of holiness and Belial, or Satan, leads the forces of evil and there can be no concord there.

"What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" The church in which you worship has been set apart to the sacred service of Jehovah. If someone should bring an image to which men bow down in worship and propose to place that image in your place of worship you would tell him that it has absolutely no place there. There is not the least agreement between the two. All these statements are perfectly clear. We can see that each of these couplets are made up of personalities or practices that are directly opposed to each other. We are not deceived by getting these things confused.

If we could be keen to discern the same separation between things holy and things sinful our progress would be rapid. Our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit and there is no place for any idol therein. I talked with a little girl a few days ago about two fields of corn which we had observed. The corn in one field was large and beautiful while that in the other was small and unattractive. She wanted to know what had caused the difference. I asked her to describe the corn in each field. She said in one it was tall and rich in color and the blades waved gracefully as if they were giving thanks. In the other field the corn was small and yellow in color and there is no grace in its leaves. In that field she saw in addition to the corn the weeds and grass that had taken the life-giving properties which should have been used by

the corn. There had not been sufficient cultivation to give health and beauty to that field. Carelessness and lack of cultivation will rob the soul of its life and beauty and also of its happiness. I called in a home some months ago and received a very cordial welcome by those who dwelt there. They said they had lived there for more than a year and had attended church three or four times. They were almost within a stone's throw of the house of worship. They told me of how they had come to a new community and wishing to rest a little while from church work, as they had been active workers, they stayed at home a few Sabbaths and soon the careless habit was fairly well fixed. They were not happy in their neglect of duty and they selected a church in that new community and have been happy worshipers since. They have spoken oftentimes of how much their souls had lost during those careless months. Not only does the soul need to be alert to shun those things that stain but also to cultivate those graces that adorn the life.

Many of our churches are shorn of power because some of our people are not exercising that vigilance that should characterize the servants of God. When Achan took the wedge of gold and the beautiful garments he paralyzed the hand of Israel's power and the army went down in defeat. They never knew the thrill of victory again until these forbidden things were destroyed and the penalty for such sin had been paid. I was talking with a man recently about the Lord's Day and its use. He said, "The right or wrong in the use of the day is just as a man looks at it. If a certain practice is wrong to you then it is wrong, but if that practice is not wrong to me then it is not wrong." That is a kind of life philosophy that is quite common today. Men are not depending upon God to point out the things that are unclean, but they are consulting their own minds. As a result there are few things that are unclean and the paralyzing influence of the forbidden things are all too often laying their leprous hands upon the body of the church and every such church loses life and power. The only way for the individual Christian to be happy is that he shall, "Touch not an unclean thing." The only way the church will reach and hold the place of power and influence for which she was intended is that she "Touch not an unclean thing."

III. The Separated Life Is Sustained by Divine Hospitality.

For those who are willing to separate themselves from degrading surroundings, and touch not an unclean thing God says, "I will receive you." If we think of the surroundings from which this thought

comes we can easily understand its meaning. Members of the race of Israel were in Babylon. They were there because they had refused the leadership of Jehovah. Their own choice had brought them to servitude. Jehovah could not go into Babylon and set up his kingdom there. He invited his people to come out from those surroundings and he would receive them in Palestine and give them the blessings of his hospitality. His temple was there in his own land and it could not be transported to the land of Babylon. It was not always easy to convince them that they needed something different from that which they experienced in that heathen land. The hospitality of God is too low in our scale of value. There are associations which oftentimes draw the soul down to a lower level. It is for us to keep that faithful watchfulness that will discover these degrading influences and turn from them. I read just recently of a book which has been published by Arthur Mee which gives the story of the life of Robert Burns. The author declares that Robert Burns was a pure-minded boy and was oftentimes distressed by the evil conduct of certain men whom he saw about him. He became acquainted with a sailor lad whose life at sea had made him quite reckless and sinful. Robert Burns was drawn to him because of his fine spirit of chivalry and independence. These two spent much time together and this sailor lad fairly captivated the heart of his friend Burns. Poor Burns discovered when it was entirely too late that the manner of life of that sailor boy was not the life for him. He paid dearly for the fellowship of this brilliant minded companion and there is a letter from which the author of this book quotes that Burns had written showing the influence of that life. Of him Robert Burns said, "His friendship did me a great mischief." And then the poet goes on to recall that one of the first steps of his downward career was becoming accustomed to the loose talk of his companion about matters which Burns had hitherto regarded with horror. He found himself less and less resentful and in the end found pleasure in that which once gave him pain. If the great poet had been positive in his attitude toward wrong and had drawn his line of division very definitely, and had maintained his watchfulness against the intrusion of evil he would no doubt have lived many years longer, rather than finish his work at a little more than thirty-three years. He would have produced additional volumes of verse which would have enriched the literature of the world. Burns was content to enjoy the hospitality of evil as it was represented in the life of this unfortunate sailor lad. If he had en-

joyed the hospitality of Jehovah and had separated himself from the things that Jehovah would disapprove he would never have written with such deep regret, "His friendship did me a great mischief." The friendship of Jehovah does only good and never evil. "It is good for me to draw near to God."

IV. The Separated Life Is Rewarded by the Richest Relationship.

We have in this text that marvelous completeness which we often find in the Word of God. Here is a call that is like a bugle note, "Come out from among them." Here is a command that rings with the authority of heaven, "Touch not an unclean thing." Here is an invitation as tender as the love of a mother to her child, "I will receive you", and now we discover the reward which is the blessing of every soul that lives the separated life. "I will be a father unto you and ye shall be my sons and daughters." What relationships mean more than these? What does it mean to be a father? When we were young we often thought of father as a kind of policeman. We did not know the great passion of love that fairly consumed his soul. How we live in the lives of our children. Their successes fill us with pride and joy, while their failures flush our cheeks with humility and sorrow. If shadows come into their lives, all the shades of the windows of our souls are drawn down and we sit in darkness with them. Their disappointments are like weights of lead upon our hearts. A father about sixty-five years of age made a profession of his faith and became a member of our church. A few weeks later he came to my study one evening to enlist a deeper interest in his two boys who were giving the church and Jesus Christ no place in their thoughts. That father gave utterance to one of the saddest sentences I have ever heard. He said, "My boys learned to walk in my footsteps before I learned to walk in the footsteps of my Lord and now I seem powerless to draw them out of the path which I myself have made." His father heart was yearning for his boys and his own record was the greatest barrier he had to surmount in leading his boys to Jesus. If we see our children noble and useful and happy our hearts are filled with a joy that parents alone can know. There is no sacrifice too great for us to make. There is no language that can describe our love. Words break down under the load when they try to carry the story of a father's love. When God said, "I will be a father unto you," he meant all this and infinitely more. What a glorious and inspiring thing to realize in even a limited sense

that there is great joy in the heart of God himself to be a father to all who trust in him.

The story is told of a boy who was the only son in a humble home where the tenderest affection of father and mother were measured out to him. He fell into bad company and defrauded a man. He was apprehended by the law and frankly confessed his guilt and was sent to prison for a little more than a year. Of course his parents were disappointed and broken-hearted because of his conduct and they spent much time trying to plan how they might best serve him. They decided to sell their little farm and locate in a community many miles away that their new friends might not know the story of shame that had come to their son. They found another community and purchased a little home that was quite comfortable. They soon made friends and being honorable themselves they made friends among the best people of the community. As the time drew near for the release of the son from prison they took the family carriage and drove many miles to the place where this boy had been kept. It is the day for his release. Outside the prison gate the father and mother await the opening of the door and the coming of their boy. How anxiously they watched when the latch was turned, and the door opened, and there stood their boy humiliated because of his transgression but with the same love toward his parents that he had experienced in youth. They had brought a change of clothing for him and a basket well filled with things which the mother knew the boy liked to eat. They had a place for him in the little carriage and when he had climbed in they drove away to their new home ready to forget all the past and to pour out their affection upon their boy. He became an honorable man. He had learned his lesson and never again did he allow himself to become companion to those who walked in the ways of evil. The home was his just as before, the parental love was just as if he had never brought sorrow and shame. By all this the parents said, "I will be a father unto you." So God has received us when we have come out from the prison of sin and has given to us the privileges of his children. Our sins are cast behind his back and he finds a heavenly joy in that most tender relationship. "I will be a father unto you."

But it is our part to be sons and daughters unto him. Our estimate of privileges change as we grow older and are more able to detect values. In childhood we sometimes thought that worship was a burden. We have learned in later years that certain restraints were

only safeguards about our lives. The requirements which were made of us and which we thought were hard to meet, are the same requirements that we are today making of our sons, because we know now that these are things necessary for character building. What would we give today for the privilege of going back for a little time to live in the sunshine of father's confidence and mother's love. You may have been an obedient son. Your parents may have had great joy in you as a son. But today you can look back to times when you were not the son that down in your heart you wanted to be. You feel now that if you had the opportunity to turn back the hands upon the dial that you would show greater loyalty and consideration and love. For the sake of those who loved us so tenderly we are in accord with the poet when he said, "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight! Make me a child again, just for tonight!" If we could go again over some places in childhood's path I am sure we would value that relationship higher and would be more worthy sons.

The Heavenly Father invites us to be his sons and daughters. His teachings for our lives are the expressions of his love to us. His deep concern for every need we have assures us of his continued interest. Every path over which he leads us is for our development. What a privilege to be sons and daughters of such a Father. It is the pleasure of a worthy son, not only to obey the commands of his father, but also to anticipate his every wish and serve him with a willing heart. The desire of our Heavenly Father is that "all men shall be saved." Every loyal son will help him to realize the desire of his heart. In the state of Ohio a few years ago a home circle was broken by the death of a mother. The father who was a business man was left with the care of a boy four years of age. The child was well and strong and his mind seemed to be very keen, but he had never spoken a word. Soon after the mother's death the business firm to which the father was attached wanted him to go to Europe. He requested that someone else go because the child was so much in need of his companionship for father and son had become inseparable since the mother had gone. The matter was postponed a few weeks but the trip became imperative and the father planned to go. He took the little son to a certain institution where the physician was a personal friend and gave this doctor full charge to care for the child as if he were his own. Shortly after the father had gone the doctor decided that a slight operation would release the tongue and perhaps give the boy the power of speech. His

effort was a great success and the boy learned to talk rapidly. The father was delayed in Europe a little longer than he had expected but after nearly five months he returned. When his ship docked in New York he hurried for the train that would take him back to his native state and to his child. The doctor had told him nothing of what had been done for that boy. When the father reached the institution he was ushered into a room and in a moment a door swung open and through it came the happy lad to greet his father. As the father pressed the child to his heart his lips were near his father's ear and he said in clear distinct tones, "Father, I love you." The father pushed him back and looked to make sure this was his boy, and then drew him close and said, "Say it again." The child again said, "Father, I love you." The father went through the same process again for he could scarcely believe what he was seeing and hearing. When he was sure this was his boy and that he could talk as good as any boy he pressed him to his heart and wept for joy and he said, "I have heard the best artists of Europe, but these simple words in the voice of my own child make the sweetest music that ever fell upon my ears." As His sons and daughters, by word and deed it is your privilege and mine to say, "Father, I love you."

Ideal Worship

By REV. EDWARD C. McCOWN, D.D.,
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"Assemble the people, the men and the women and the little ones, and thy sojourner that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear Jehovah your God, and observe to do all the words of this law."—Deut. 31:12.

There is no substitute for worship. However much we may progress, man is still the handiwork of God and he continues to step up higher when in worship he bows down. Hours of worship are the hills and mountain peaks which fringe the highway of life. I passed around the base of Mt. Shasta a few years ago and as I saw the torrents of water pouring down the rugged side of this lofty summit I thought of the great stretches of lowland that were refreshed by these ever-living streams that found their source in the eternal snows which were almost constantly falling upon the crown of that great sentinel among mountains and hills which lay slumbering at her feet. Down there in the plain the flowers bloom, the fields yield their harvest, and the trees are ladened with fruit because the great reservoir of the cloudland sends its refreshing waters sweeping in to make the gardens and the pastures and the orchards. In the heights of our fellowship with God, our times of worship, we find the great fountain of love from which flow the streams that irrigate the lowlands of the soul, giving us life and flower and fruit in the valleys of daily experience. I was interested by the heading of an article which appeared some weeks ago in the Literary Digest. It was this: "Exit the Ideals." Under that caption was given the account of a visit made to a certain high school by a committee of university men. They wanted to learn if that school should be placed on their accredited list. They attended the various classes and they made this statement: "The visitors did not hear a word spoken in that school during the entire day which suggested in the slightest degree anything idealistic. It would not have been fashionable to have talked about ideals in any class. One visitor ventured to say to the teacher of psychology, 'Since along

life's way man has acquired some ideals even though his animal impulses have trailed along with him, would it not be true to fact to have the students understand that man is as much human as animal and that he is trying to live on a plane that will keep his animal inheritance under control?' The teacher replied, 'That would be mushy." Young people who are controlled by such teaching will spend their lives on a desert plane over whose flat and mountainless surface no life-giving stream will flow. There are no lofty heights from which these streams can come and the acreage of their souls will be barren of flowers and destitute of harvest and without fruit. Just recently a group of men in New York offered a prize for the best answer to this question: "What has the church to offer men?" The answer that won the prize began in this way: "Without ideals life is mean. Without a purpose it is flat. Without inspiring power it will fail. The church can give to men ideals and purpose and power." The object we worship determines our ideals. We become like the gods to whom we bow in prayer. The manner in which we worship gives direction to our dreams, our thoughts and our hopes. As we climb the lofty heights of devotion to a loving, merciful God we release the flow of those life-giving streams of His Grace which refresh all the planes of life, transforming the desert waste into fields of faith, and gardens of love, and landscapes of hope. Because the church is the place of worship, it gives "Ideals and purpose and power." In order that we may more fully appreciate the value of worship let us think more closely of the suggestions of our text for

IDEAL WORSHIP

I. There Is Unity in Ideal Worship.

The authorized version reads, "Gather the people together"; the revised, "Assemble the people." There is magnetic power in the crowd. Our feet are inclined to go in the direction the throngs are traveling. The lesson which leaders of all periods of the world's history have been compelled to repeat to every succeeding generation is the caution against leadership of the crowd. The majority is not always right and the people must learn to judge a question on its merits rather than by the mere numbers that support it. The feet of inexperienced youth are often found in the path that leads away from life, not because they prefer that way, but because they have been swept along by the mighty stream of popular tendencies. I passed along the street

a few days ago and seeing a number of people grouped about a window I waited to get a chance to come close enough to see the object of such attraction. I saw a man boring a hole through a very ordinary board with a bit which had some special feature about which I did not wait to learn. I was not especially interested in a window filled with tools of different kinds, for I never could use any of them with skill any way, but the moving object in the window attracted a few and then the crowd became its own magnet and nearly every passerby was influenced by the crowd to stop long enough to learn what was there. Fashion is a master to be reckoned with. People will do things under the whip-lash of fashion that would have humiliated them beyond measure had it not been the thing they were expected to do at that particular time. The direction the crowd is moving is the flow of a stream that is not easy to stem. Not only does it gain momentum as it goes, but it also gains volume and its very volume is its secret of enlargement.

We are not to conclude that because a thing is popular it is, therefore, wrong. The crowds are not always on the downward path. The writer of our text has discovered a certain fact about human tendencies and is advising us here to lay hold of that tendency and make it into a power for good. "Assemble the people," for in the very assembly there is attraction. All believers should take their places with the throngs of God's people, not only for the personal benefit they receive but also because of the drawing power of the crowd. When David had been driven away from Jerusalem by his rebellious son, Absalom, and was among the mountains of Moab, he was struggling under the disgrace of it all and especially the disloyalty of his son, and his soul was deeply grieved. He evidently saw a deer bound down the mountain side and stop to drink with relish from the mountain stream, and David said, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." In that wilderness he felt most keenly his loneliness and separation when he recalled his richest experience with the people of God. "I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday." The thrill of that wonderful day was like a sweet perfume in his memory. In contrast with his enforced loneliness among the mountains he thought of that wonderful day when the streets which led to the place of worship were

crowded from side to side, those who were lukewarm in their interest were drawn in to become a part of that stream, and even those who were indifferent were made to feel as they observed the deep interest which so many people were showing, that there was a reality in that faith and that there was a joy in that worship, and the interest of their hearts became so stirred that they too joined the throng.

There are many influences today that turn the feet of people away from the house of worship rather than toward it. With progress on every hand, and with development that fascinates the minds of men of every walk of life, the church must use every power that she possesses that we might counteract these adverse influences that are making such a bid for the souls of men. Dr. W. R. Patterson of the General Council of the Presbyterian Church recently stated that last year thirty-two percent of Presbyterian, Northern Baptist and Methodist churches received no new members. He makes a calculation, according to the report in the Literary Digest a few weeks ago, showing that if the same condition exists among all the Protestant churches we are face to face with the astounding fact that of 200,000 churches, 60,000 of them have failed to bring a single convert into the Christian faith during the past year. I think this estimate is overdrawn. But even though it be one-half that number we are certainly not satisfied to have 30,000 congregations of God's people toiling a whole year without bringing a single soul to the place where he will accept Jesus Christ as Saviour. Such a record should give concern to every believer and cause him to ask himself the question whether or not he is putting his own influence in the place where it will count for the most in claiming the interest of others for his Lord.

In contrast with this, according to an article by Dr. H. K. Carroll, which appeared in the January number of the Missionary Review of the World, the Protestant Churches in America in a little less than fifty years have grown from a little more than ten million to more than twenty-nine million, the growth last year being over 500,000. Certain leaders had predicted that the Protestant church would be extinct by 1930, where, as a matter of fact, it has grown more than 191 percent in the division of time that was to write the story of its death and burial. Not only has it kept pace with the growth of population but has far exceeded that growth. This growth is also manifested by the large contributions that have been made to the work of the Kingdom during the past few years. It is true that we have

dropped down a little from the abnormally high standard of giving of two years ago, but we are still far in advance of the position which we held before these special efforts were made. If in the secluded community where the church is small, and where there are few people in attendance upon her services, if those who worship there could visualize even in part this endless throng of more than twenty-nine millions, many of whom are taking their places in their own churches and sharing in their own worship, they would realize that they belonged to a group of people which is the largest throng definitely interested in any one great enterprise. With the faithfulness of God's people everywhere to gather themselves together to worship they thus wield a mighty power to claim the interest and cooperation of others. It is the business of the church to offer such attractions as to claim the interest of people, and it is the duty of every believer to take his own place in the assembly of God's people that there might be "The voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that keeps (kept) holyday."

II. There Is Inclusiveness in Ideal Worship.

So universal is the soul's need for God that all are called upon to worship. The men are to come, and the women, and the children, and if there be a sojourner there he is to come also. There is much concern today for the safety of our nation. There is scarcely a publication of any kind that does not discuss the spirit of lawlessness that is so common among us. At the International Council of Religious Education held in Chicago, February 15, 1928, the secretary of the council, Dr. Hugh S. Magill, declared that this materialistic age must be made to realize the importance of moral and spiritual value and give religion its rightful place in education. He said: "The reason for religious education is the fact that religion is an essential element in life; that it is a vital human experience, a dynamic influence in the motivating of conduct and the determining of character that cannot be disregarded." Provision must be made for the religious instruction of youth or results disastrous to state and society will follow. Deep in the hearts of men and women there must be the conviction that worship is vital in the life of the individual and also in the life of society and the nation. Along with our demand for rapid transportation, and short hours of toil, and comfort of body, there is the greatest danger that we shall demand that our religion be made easy and our worship a mere pastime. You will recall that when

Israel's king was invited to make a certain offering to his God of materials which were to have been given by one of his friends he made reply in these words: "Shall I offer to my God a sacrifice of that which doth cost me nothing?" David was a man of power and in his worship there was a sincere heart because he was willing to make any adjustment necessary that he might worship his God.

In the days of my youth I lived with my parents in Tennessee. We drove seven miles to worship in a country church and we were rarely if ever late to a service. About a mile from the church there was a river over which there was no bridge. Through the most of the year we were able to ford this stream. Nearly every springtime by reason of the excessive rains this stream would overflow its banks and become very dangerous. Because many of the hills that were farther up the stream were being cleared for cultivation these waters would nearly always bring down numberless rails and logs, and tree tops and they were carried very rapidly. In many places the river was as much as a mile wide. At such times my father would take the family, including mother and several children, and drive to the bank of the stream, hitch the horses and go across in a canoe that was made from a large poplar log that had been dug out into a boat. This canoe would carry about fourteen people. Those who managed the little boat would make several trips that we might be landed on the other side and walk a mile through muddy roads to the house of worship. When the service was over we walked again to the river, where we were taken into the boat and taken up the river some distance so that as we crossed the prow of the boat might be up stream and almost parallel with the direction in which the stream was running in order that we might avoid the dangerous debris that filled the river. Being landed on the other side we again drove back over the country roads to our home. It was an exceedingly tiresome experience as well as a very dangerous one but in all those years no one was ever drowned or injured. The point I want to make in this story is the fact that although there were exceedingly dangerous conditions through which we had to pass to reach the church, and although it was a day of toil that was very wearisome, yet father and mother had set such a high value upon the duty of worship that even a tiresome journey, and the crossing of a very dangerous river were not allowed to turn us back from the privilege of worship. So vital was the calling upon God in that little country church that father and mother would

take their children and brave the dangers that they might not forsake the gathering of themselves together in the house of prayer. It is true that conditions have changed since then and it is not necessary for people to face such difficulties in order that they might worship. But I am wondering that since the conditions are easier if the value of worship has not also been reduced in our estimation. If in the hearts of fathers and mothers throughout this entire land there were such convictions about the value of fellowship with God, and the determination to give worship its rightful place in the family circle there would be but little anxiety about the spiritual welfare of our young people and the pews of our churches would be more than full.

In those days it was also a common thing to bring into the family circle the men who had been hired for special work at certain seasons of the year, that they might share with that family in the morning and evening prayer. The injunction of our text was literally carried out. Every member of the family was expected to be in his place in the family circle, men, women and children. If then there was a sojourner, or a special workman of any kind, he too must share with the others in the hour of worship. Why should it not be so! He was to share in the work of the day. If guidance were asked for the toils of that day, that things might be accomplished that would be worth while, and if that special workman were filling a place in that group of toilers, he too had a right to share with the others in asking for divine guidance. Where there is fellowship in prayer there is also fellowship in work. The man who gathers about him those who are to share with him in the toil of the day and their hearts are lifted to God in prayer, that man will go out to accomplish more and certainly be happier in the doing of that work than if he offered his prayer as if the only desire he had was for the blessings of heaven upon his own effort. The position of life does not determine the need of a man's soul. Whether you direct or whether you are guided by someone else the need of your soul in the sight of God is the same. Worship is essential in every life and God calls for reverence from men, women and the little ones, and also the sojourner. Ideal worship is inclusive.

III. There Is Effort in Ideal Worship.

There are three things our text enjoins upon the worshiper. The first of these is that he shall "Hear." The express purpose for which

these men, women and children and the sojourner are gathered together is that they might hear. This involves, of course, instruction to be given. Suitable truths are to be impressed upon the heart of each one, and such things as he may be able to receive are to be measured out to him. When the Lord set apart one day in seven and commanded us to worship on the Sabbath day he knew the need for reviving the spiritual interest of the soul. The influences of the world are constantly chilling the atmosphere of our hearts and we need to come and stand in the closest fellowship with our Lord that we might carry with us the sense of God. It matters not how keen may be our intellect or how many years of experience we may have to our credit, there are yet many things in the realm of God's truth that will interest an inquiring heart. The most saintly people in the church of Christ today are the most eager for the hour of worship. Their souls have been fed upon spiritual food and they know its value. They come again to the great treasure of God's love that they might find that which is to them as vital as breath itself. It is not always an easy thing to prepare a message for a group of listeners, nor is it always an easy thing to hear what has been prepared. There is need to train leaders to prepare and to give a message, and sometimes I think there is almost as much need to train men and women how to hear. A proper hearing will stimulate the teachings and oftentimes the richest thoughts are those that are drawn out by the vital interest on the part of those who hear.

Our text wisely included the children among those who hear. No one hears more than a child. Many things that the older people hear pass immediately out of the mind, but these little people in our midst are not only hearing but they are retaining that which is heard and these things are destined to do much in the shaping of their lives. I think sometimes parents are over concerned for the physical welfare of their children. I am aware of the fact that children have their limitations in endurance. They are called upon for many things these days which cost energy and effort. But the parent who decides that because his child has so many demands in school and in the social life that he has no strength left for religious instruction is making the most fatal mistake in the building of the character of his child. Far better would it be if the curtailment were somewhere other than in the development of his spiritual life. Children are in school five days of the week and several hours each day, and I see no reason

for our becoming so very sympathetic toward their expenditure of effort on the Sabbath when they are asked to be in a service for perhaps a little more than two hours. I am sure there are exceptions and every parent should safeguard the bodily interests of his child. But in doing so he should not forget that if that child who is entrusted to him shall become a man or woman with character of strength and usefulness, he must have built into his life the great truths of God's word. I know a mother whose child is only a few months old and she reads the Bible to him every day. She declares that her son will never remember the day that he did not hear the word of God. We may judge her a little over zealous, but I would to God that every mother in our church, and every mother in this great land of ours, had the same holy ambition for her child.

The second thing enjoined is he must "learn." Our worship is a progressive thing. We must apply our minds as well as open our hearts that we may be intelligent worshipers and that we may enlarge our store of knowledge in the things of God. That which is properly learned becomes a part of the life and will have much to do in controlling the impulses and determining the direction that our lives take. When parents are faithful in teaching their children that they may learn those things by which they become strong of character they are making a far deeper impression than they realize. Sometimes those things that are learned are submerged in the interests and pleasures of the world but may later assert themselves to the great advantage of the one who has learned. I became acquainted with a man some time ago who had been left an orphan when he was just a small child. He was taken to the home of his uncle, who was a very devout Christian man. This lad was taught the message of God's word in a way that was thought to be the best that was known to that home. In early youth he rebelled against this instruction, left the home of his uncle, and went out to seek his own fortune in life. He was not very successful for a number of years but was too proud to acknowledge his defeat and determined to fight his battle without returning to his home. He grew to manhood and for a number of years had not even been inside the church. One day in the community where he lived he and his wife received an invitation to a prayer meeting to be held in the home of a neighbor. His wife was a good woman and had often asked him to go to church, but had never had the joy of having him worship with her. She was much surprised when he de-

clared that he expected to accept this invitation to prayer meeting. He told her that it was the first time he had been invited to prayer meeting for more than twenty years and he expected to go. When the hour came the wife went with him, of course, and they took their place in a small circle of friends who gathered from the immediate community to join in that hour of prayer. When the service had ended this man told his wife that he would be at home a little later in the evening. He came back in about forty minutes and when asked where he had been he told her that he had gone over to see the pastor of a certain church that he might arrange with him for making a profession of his faith in his Lord. He said that as he knelt in that small group of praying Christians he was carried back in thought to the experience in the home of his uncle and there was awakened in his heart the desire which had long been crushed out that he might be a close follower of his Lord. The lesson he had learned when perhaps the uncle thought that he had no interest was now the great factor in leading him into closer fellowship with Jesus. When I knew this man he was a faithful member of the church whose pastor he interviewed that night, and so far as I know he continues faithful unto this day. In childhood he had learned a great lesson.

The third enjoinder is that he must "fear." That word fear, of course, means reverence or love. Isaiah's experience in coming into the presence of God is exceedingly suggestive. He saw the seraphim with covered face and covered feet and ready obedience bowing humbly before God. When these holy creatures were bowing so low in the presence of the eternal God, Isaiah said, "Woe is me: for I am undone: because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." After the process of touching his lips with the live coal that they might be purified, and the Lord had said, "Who will go for us?" Isaiah replied, "Here am I, send me." He first became reverent before God and then he offered his life in service. Man has discovered so many of the secrets of the universe and the progress of the past three decades has been so marked that to multitudes of people the mind of man is supreme. The demands of life are so insistent that we have little time to wait quietly before God. Our feeling of the need of reverence is shown in the architecture of our church buildings in recent years for it is more worshipful. God is anxious to speak to His people, and there is no place more acceptable than the church, but we must wait in humility of spirit if we catch the

sound of His voice. Only as we come saying, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" can we realize that "Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor." And so we hear and we learn and we fear.

IV. There Is Practice in Ideal Worship.

"Observe to do all the words of this law." How logical this text is. A lesson cannot be taught until people are gathered together. If there is a lesson for each one there is a common interest, for men, women, and children. They must hear before they can learn, and they must know the greatness of God before they are impressed with the need for reverence in his presence. After all these steps have been taken it is perfectly logical then to require the doing of that which has been learned. There must be inward conviction before there can be outward expression. The shaping of the thought life determines the deeds of life. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Two weeks before the death of President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt was spending a few days in Chicago. He attended service in a church where the pastor was a personal friend. The distinguished statesman was invited to speak. Mr. Roosevelt fairly leaped to the platform and said in his characteristic way, "It is the little things well done that go to make up a successful and truly good life. I have no patience with men who are always talking about their goodness and virtue, yet who never show any exterior signs of possessing either. I always want to see a plant bear fruit." Ideal worship always results in fruit bearing.

Nothing is so vital to character building and home happiness and national strength as the worship of Almighty God. It is the business of the church to lead men to know and appreciate the great privilege of worship. "Assemble the people" for there is a mighty drawing power in the gathering multitudes. Include the men, the women, and the children, and also the sojourner, for the feast at God's table will not be complete if there is a single vacant chair. Effort in worship is worth infinitely more than it costs for in it eternal souls will *hear* and *learn* and *fear* Almighty God. Make the daily practice consistent with the profession for in this we commend our Lord to others. This is Ideal Worship.

Breaking Home Ties

By REV. JOHN L. MEREDITH, D.D.
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As Thomas Hovenden sat before the new canvas stretched with care on his easel, his mind was filled by a picture of a home, perhaps his own boyhood home, and the picture painted by memory in the artist's brain took shape on the canvas as he wrought with brush and color the now world-famed "Breaking Home Ties."

Thomas Hovenden little knew of the thousands whose eyes would fill with tears as they stood reverently before that painting, but he gave to us in the living canvas a wonderful picture of the old-fashioned American home, and depicted a drama that is taking place in thousands of homes today, a drama of pathos, of dreams, love, heartache.

During the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 this picture was on display, and the room in which it was shown was filled every day by the throngs of people who found that this picture was opening up a fountain of tears for them, as in memory they too went back, as Thomas Hovenden did, to the old home.

There is no word in any language so potent as the word "home." It has a depth of meaning, and only the English language has given us this word. Other languages have incorporated it into their vocabulary; it is a great word.

Thomas Hovenden shows an old-fashioned home, with old-fashioned furniture, a rag carpet, an old mantel piece and a family grouped about the dining-room. The table has evidently been the scene of the last meal for the son of the family. He is going away from home, the man with the carriage has just arrived, breaking into this last friendly visit about the table. Father to hide his deep emotions is carrying the old-fashioned carpet bag to the door; grandmother sits dreaming of bygone days; little sister looks on with eyes that show her love for the brother; even the collie dog looks on all a-quiver with excitement, realizing that something out of the ordinary is happening. But the central theme is the parting of mother and son.

Mother stands with both hands on the boy's shoulders, looking into his eyes with a mother's love; her loving heart just cannot let him go—yet he is going. The boy stands erect, hat in hand, and seems not to see the old-fashioned mantel, towards which his face is turned, but is looking out into his world of dreams, that world he hopes to conquer.

Mother has had him for many years, ever since the day his tiny body was laid in her arms, and she cuddled him close to her bosom; she has tended him through his babyhood, nursed the hurts and sicknesses of boyhood, gone to his bed several times every night to see that he was covered and all right, and now her boy is grown up and is leaving home. Oh, what a pain is in this mother's heart, what hopes for her boy; how she would like to go with him to look after him, but this cannot be and he is going out with the equipment she has given him. What is his equipment?

She has had her opportunity through the years and if she has builded well she need have no fear for her boy.

From such old-fashioned homes have come the best manhood of our land, trained in a school of character that has produced strong men, strong in morals, in courage and in faith. We would not want to keep the old-fashioned house with all its inconveniences, the pump and water bucket, the mud-chinked log walls and the other things that made life a continuous round of hard work for mother, but perhaps those very conditions were factors in the sturdy character our forefathers had.

Today we have wonderful houses but not so many homes. Eddie Guest says that "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home," and he is right.

With a meagre equipment the old-fashioned mother helped her boy get a firm hold on life's great principles, and the mother of today has infinite variety of material to help her in doing the same for her boy.

The mother of Abraham Lincoln had little, living in a one-room log cabin with dirt floor, and spending at least one long Illinois winter in a cabin which had only three sides and a roof, she instilled into her boy some life principles which made him as a man stand out so far above other men that we do not stop to compare him with others, but put him in a class by himself.

With the Bible as his only book, and later having the use of a bor-

rowed copy of the life of George Washington, this backwoods boy learned life, and not only successfully lived his place in life but has been the inspiration for multitudes of others.

I think of the mothers of men, mothers whose faith in God, whose devotion to a life of prayer, and a daily reading of the Bible, gave their sons a heritage that was priceless. Are we to lose that from our life today? If so, I tremble for the future. Joshua said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord", and I would use another Scripture verse to ask you a question today, II Kings 20:15, "What have they seen in thy house?"

We are all familiar with the life of Henry O'Grady, the great southern orator, who told of quietly slipping away from the busy world of men and their sordid pursuits, to spend a few days in the old home down in Georgia. And he asked his mother to treat him as a little boy again so that he could regain something that had gone from his life; and how that little old mother read from her Bible to her boy, told him the stories she had poured into his eager ears in childhood's happy hours, tucked him into bed at night as she used to do and knelt by his bedside and with her hand on the gray locks of her boy prayed for him as she did when he was a little tousle-headed lad. In that home and in the company of that sainted mother, Henry O'Grady came back to mother's God and went back to his work a better man.

Time would fail to tell of all the mothers and fathers too whose Godly lives and habits brought their children close to the God who planned that the human baby should have a longer period of infancy than any other of the animal creation. God had a deep purpose in that for He intended that a child should have a mother's love and care for a long enough period to form right habits of life. What is the result in your home?

Jochebed, the mother of Moses, was a slave, with no opportunity for education, no standing in Egyptian society, a poor sort of house, but she made it a "home", the memory of which dominated the entire life of Moses.

She had no education, no books, no magazines, no library to consult, no Parent-Teacher or other club meeting to attend; no pastor nor Y. M. C. A. secretary nor Boy Scout leader to consult, no boarding school to which she could send her boy, and in fact she did not dare let anyone know she had a son, for the king had decreed death to

every male child at its birth. She did know Jehovah and knew the traditions of her people, and she prayed. Oh, the value of prayer; Jochebed prayed for her son, she loved him and she prayed that Jehovah would spare him to her. I am sure she prayed for him long before he was born.

God answered her prayers, you know the story: How she made a basket of willows and pitched it within and without to make it waterproof, then placing her precious child in it she carried it down to the river's brink and there among the rushes set it afloat; how Miriam was set to watch, and how the Princess of the House of Pharoah came with her girls to swim and there discovered the tiny baby only three months old. The princess caught the child to her and decided to adopt it whereupon the others reminded her that this was a Hebrew baby and under sentence of death.

She knew her father and knew he would grant her every wish so she had no fear of him, but the problem of care for such a tiny bit of humanity was suggested to her and she was advised by her friends to secure a nurse from among the Hebrew women. The bright-eyed little girl standing there so interested in all that went on said she could get a nurse for the child and ran as fast as her feet would carry her to the humble home where Jochebed was on her knees before God pleading that her boy would be spared from the king's wrath. "Mother—quick—the Princess—little Moses, want you—for a nurse," she panted, and mother and daughter hastened to the river, where the Princess held the baby in her arms.

A bargain was made and Jochebed was employed as nurse for her own child. The very baby the king was trying to kill was put under his protection. No one dared harm him now, scarcely a fly dared light on him for he was the son of the princess now. How wonderfully God answered the prayer of Jochebed. She asked God to spare Moses' life; God did that and more, far more than she dared ask. She got her son and the king's protection, and a salary for taking care of him. God does things in a big way when we have faith.

The life of Moses shows us that the training received from his mother during that stay in her home dominated his entire life. What did she do? She had no books, but she did know God and with a faith strengthened by the great experience just past she prayed and worked. She lived a consistent life before her son, she must have; she taught him all she knew of God, and her people, and above all she built into

his life such stalwart character that when he grew old enough to leave her home and take his place in the king's palace, he was able to make right decisions in times of crises.

That last night, just before she committed him to the river, I am sure she spent in prayer, and as dawn was creeping over the horizon she silently made her way to the river and left her baby, returning to her knees in prayer for she could not take up the tasks of the day. Also that last night, just before Moses was to leave her home forever, she probably tucked him in bed and prayed with him, then stealing away she spent the night in prayer, and at the break of this day which meant so much of heartache she awakened him and shortly after bade him farewell, for she was known as his nurse and not as his mother. Moses knew for she had told him.

Thomas Hovenden in his painting, "Breaking Home Ties", has pictured a home that is very nearly like your old home and mine, and I like to think of Jochebed standing in her home in the same attitude as this mother, hands upon her lad's shoulders and telling him that she loves him above life itself, and that she has done all she could for him, realizing that she had, through her zeal, made many mistakes, but that having done her best she had no fear for her boy. She told him that she trusted him, and that though he would be subjected to many temptations as a member of the royal family that she knew he would do the right thing always.

She no doubt told him that no matter what happened, or what report came to her ears, she was his mother and loved him and for him to remember that, and that she had the utmost confidence in him, and that even though he might be carried off his feet momentarily, she believed he would always triumph over wrong.

Moses went to the court of Egypt. As the son of the princess he was wealthy, he was sought after, he had power above all the young men, but his head was not turned. Thank God for a Godly mother. She had taught him to make decisions and this stood him in good stead for he was called upon to make many great decisions. The Bible says that after he reached maturity, he looked about him and saw on the one hand the court of Egypt, with its wealth and power; on the other hand his own people down-trodden and despised, and decided to take up the cause of his people.

The story of Moses' life is too well known for me to repeat, but in all his writings we see his mother's hand for she made him to know

Jehovah God "whom to know aright is life eternal." The educational processes of Egypt did not sweep him off his feet, his faith was strengthened day by day for the information received from his mother was proven to be sound.

The only sort of religion likely to prove serviceable to your boy or girl or any boy or girl is that based on sound information. If the religious life of your boy is based on sound information, he is not likely to be disturbed by the pseudo-religious sciences, nor by the shallow and flippant comments upon religion sometimes heard in classrooms and on lecture platforms, or by the new cults arising continually. If your Christian life is consistent, your children will respect it, and honor you; the passing years will increase their respect for you and will draw them closer to the God you worship. They may wander away for a time but the teaching you gave them and the memories of home will draw them with cords stronger than steel cables.

George Stuart, who has now gone on to glory, told how at the close of one of his sermons a Methodist preacher came and said, "Brother Stuart, your sermon carried me back to my home. My father was a local preacher and the best man I ever saw. He has gone to heaven now, but my old mother is still with me in the old homestead, and I would like to see all the children together once more and have you come and dedicate our home to God while we dedicate ourselves to Him once more before precious old mother goes away."

"If you will come I will gather all the family together next Friday for that purpose." And George Stuart said he would go. It was a country home not far from the city and the family was one of considerable size. One was a preacher, the one who talked to George Stuart, one a doctor, one a real estate man and so on, and as George Stuart drove up he saw them standing out in the yard in small groups whittling and talking over other days.

Mr. Stuart was introduced to these noble looking men, who as the preacher-brother told him were all members of the church and living consistent Christian lives, save the younger boy, who had wandered away somewhat, and the real object of the meeting was to bring him back to God. The old mother was indescribably happy. There was a smile lingering in the wrinkles of her dear old face. They all gathered in the large family room in an old-fashioned semi-circle with the mother in her natural place at the corner.

The preacher-brother laid a large family Bible in George Stuart's

lap and said, "Now, Brother Stuart, you are in the home of a Methodist preacher, do what you think is best." And Mr. Stuart said, "As I sit today in the family of a Methodist preacher, I think we will have an old-fashioned experience meeting. I want each child in the order of your ages to rise and tell us of your experience in the Christian life."

The oldest arose and pointed his finger at the portrait of his father hanging on the wall, and said, "Brother Stuart, there is the picture of the best father God ever gave a family. Many a time he has taken me into his secret place of prayer, put his hand on my head and prayed for his boy. And at every turn of my life since he has left us, I have felt the pressure of his hand on my head, and have seen the tears upon his face and have heard the prayers from his trembling lips. I have not been as good a man since his death as I ought to have been, but I stand up here today to tell you and my brothers and sisters, and my dear old mother that I am going to live a better life from this hour till I die."

Overcome with emotion he took his seat, and then the children one after another rose up and spoke on the same line. Each one referred to the secret place of prayer and the father's hand upon his head. At last they came to the youngest boy, who with his face buried in his hands was sobbing and refused to speak. The preacher-brother went over to where he was and said very kindly, "Buddy, say a word; there is no one here but the family and it will help you."

And the young man arose and holding to the back of the chair said, "Brother Stuart, they tell me that you have come to dedicate this home to God, but I want to tell you that my dear old mother there has never let this home get one inch from God. They tell me that this meeting is called that my brothers and sisters may dedicate their lives to God once more, but they don't need it, for they are good. I know them. I am the only black sheep in this flock. But every step I have wandered away from God and the life of my precious father I have felt his hand upon my head and seen the tears stand again in his eyes and heard the blessed words of prayer. Today I come back to God, back to my father's side, and so help me God, I will never wander away again."

Then there came a burst of sobbing and shouting, and George Stuart said, "I started that old hymn, 'Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me,' and after it was all over and I

walked away from that old homestead, I said, 'A boy never gets over the fact that he had a good and praying father'."

God help us to never let the altar fires die out in our homes, and if they have died out may they be rekindled and burn for the salvation of our children.

Movements Within Jewry Challenging the Church

By REV. JACOB PELTZ, D.D.
General Secretary of Hebrew Christian Alliance of America

There are no people in the world that have undergone such a tremendous change in their attitude toward their own religion and toward Christianity as the Jewish people within recent years. Modernity—the new political system, the new education, the new science, the new culture, the new and wider contacts—has served to uproot the religious customs, traditions and ideals of this race.

In considering the modern attitude of the Jewish people toward their own religion we will find that Judaism in America is disintegrating. At no time has the Jewish religion wielded so little influence upon this people as today. At no time has the synagogue been so impotent as today. Never has there been suck a large percentage of Jews who have freed themselves from their ancient moorings and become religiously adrift.

This change is the more striking when we realize what important a place Judaism held in the life of the Jews in the past. The Jewish religion molded Jewish life and character in the past. Judaism, the written law of Moses and the oral law prescribed every detail and mode of life for the Jew. Judaism and life were bound together as one.

I know what Judaism meant to me and to my people in my old Jewish orthodox home in Russia. I know that on rising early in the morning, even before breakfast, I began to fulfill my religious duties. There were the prescribed prayers and ceremonies I had to go through each day. These prayers were interminably long. But as a pious Jew there were six hundred and thirteen commandments for me to obey, and I obeyed. I never questioned. No Jew in my community questioned. The law of the rabbis was for us supreme. There were sabbath and holy days and feasts and fasts. All these were religiously prescribed. These religious ceremonies and observances may have become a bur-

den to many, but we did not complain. At least not openly. We were afraid—afraid of the ban of the synagogue, of excommunication.

As for our relation to the Christians—the Gentiles (Christians and Gentiles were synonymous to us)—we had very little dealings with them. We feared them. They persecuted us because, they said, we killed one named Jesus, their God. But we suffered on silently. We were meant to suffer while in exile. But our persecutions would be at an end when Messiah would come. And three times a day we prayed that Messiah would come. For He would redeem us from our enemies, gather us to our ancient land and give us and the world a government of justice and peace.

Christianity we regarded as an idolatrous religion. Worst of all, it was a persecuting religion. From Christianity we suffered more than from any other source. The Christian Holy Book taught its people to hate us. For this reason there were papaly laws and discrimination against us. We had no freedom in Christian countries. We were compelled to live in ghettos, narrow, filthy sections of the cities. Educational schools were closed to us. Decent occupations and professions were only for Christians. Jews were treated by the Christians as the pariah of the earth.

Consequently we Jews became intensely prejudiced toward Christianity. (It was Roman and Greek Catholic Christianity, but the only forms we were familiar with.) Jesus we hated with a bitter hatred. For He was responsible for our sufferings. We would not mention the name of Jesus; to do so was a sin. When we had occasion to refer to Him we did so anonymously by calling Him the "Nazarene" or the "Crucified One" or the "Apostle." And we shuddered every time we thought of Him. For each program, each persecution and massacre was visited upon us by the Church and the priests—the name of Christ. So until comparatively recent the divorce between Judaism and Christianity was complete and the chasm between Jews and Christians was like an abyss.

But a remarkable change has taken place within Jewish ranks. In America Judaism is in the process of being abandoned. In this country Jews throw off all the restraints of the laws and traditions of their rabbis. Orthodox Judaism, which fettered and bound them as the Apostle Paul, is cast off. Reformed Judaism, an adaptation of orthodoxy without the traditions and restraints of the ceremonial law, is

not satisfying the Jews, who are leaving the synagogues. A prominent rabbi, Joel Blau, said not long ago, "I believe that the synagogue is bankrupt. Can the synagogue be redeemed? In view of the wretched leadership it is under, I think not."

The drift of the Jews from their ancient religion and from the synagogue is to be deplored. Yet it is inevitable. For the synagogue as any other religious institution, without Christ is an empty shell. The religion of the synagogue has become empty and sterile because Jesus, who ought to be the chief cornerstone, has been rejected.

The encouraging movement now to be considered is the new attitude of the Jews toward Christianity. Whereas up until recently Jews treated Christianity with either indifference or contempt, today rabbis are competing with each other in saying the most complimentary things about Christ. For the first time scholarly Jews are beginning to study and write for their own people about the life and times of Jesus. Not so long ago Dr. Joseph Klausner, professor at the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, an orthodox Jew, the foremost living Hebrew scholar, wrote a book on "Jesus of Nazareth." This book is a scholarly life of Christ and proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus was an historic figure. It was first published in Hebrew and created a sensation among the Jews all over the world. It has now been translated into English and is widely read by American Jews. To show the phenomenal change of attitude and point of view of this Jewish scholar I quote briefly from the English edition of this monumental work.

Dr. Klausner says: "Jesus is for the Jewish nation a great teacher of morality and an artist in parable. He is the moralist for whom, in religious life, morality counts as everything."

"In His code there is a sublimity and originality in form unparalleled in any other Hebrew ethical code; neither is there any parallel to the remarkable art of His parables."

Dr. Claude G. Montifiore, the leader of liberal Judaism in England, pays a remarkable tribute to Jesus when he says: "I cannot perceive that a time will come when the figure of Jesus will no longer be a star of the first magnitude in the spiritual heavens, when He will no longer be regarded as one of the greatest religious heroes and teachers the world has seen."

Dr. Chaim Zhitlowsky, the leading Jewish philosopher of today, said that the Jewish leaders made a blunder in rejecting Christ and

demands that his people give Jesus a new trial. Reform Jews like Rabbi H. G. Enelow, in his book, "A Jewish View of Jesus," and Joseph Jacobs, in "Jesus as Others Saw Him," proclaim the excellency of Christ's character and teachings and predict the time will come when Jews will accept and incorporate these teachings in Jewish life.

This new attitude of Jews toward Christ is a tremendous step in advance. But of far more significance is the movement on the part of Jews who see in Jesus not only the moral teacher and prophet par excellence but find Him to be the Messiah of Israel, the Saviour of mankind and the only hope out of the present distressing condition of the Jews. The Christian Jews, numbering now into the tens of thousands, realize that it was because of the rejection of Christ that Israel has been in exile, hounded and persecuted for the last nineteen hundred years. As with Jacob of old, God wrestled at the brook Jabbok (Gen. 32:22-32) during that awful night when he was about to meet his brother Esau, so God has been wrestling with the Jewish people through these centuries of estrangement from their glorious Messiah.

To take advantage of this new movement on the part of Jews Christward there has been organized an association known as "The Hebrew Christian Alliance of America," which consists of Jewish men and women who, having confessed Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour, have united to be a witness to their people and to the church concerning the Messiahship of Jesus Christ. This organization is operating all over America persuading the Church to give the Gospel to the Jews and holding mass meetings and conferences in various cities to inform the Jewish people concerning the true nature of Christianity. We are also publishing adequate Christian literature as well as preparing through our School of Jewish Missions young Hebrew Christians to give the Gospel to their people.

Through the American Hebrew Christian Alliance there was organized a few years ago the International Hebrew Christian Alliance with headquarters in London for a world Hebrew Christian Testimony to the Jews.

Only a month ago I attended the International Conference of Hebrew Christians meeting in Hamburg, Germany. Not since the days of the Apostles was there such a gathering of Hebrew Christians. There were gathered together Christian Jews from twenty different countries of the world at this historic conference. Though we were gathered

together from these numerous countries of our dispersion we understood each other. We had one common language (though many could speak a dozen languages) and aspiration and that was to lift up the Christ before the Jews of the world that they might recognize Him as the true Messiah and only Hope of Israel.

Bess Keats in the House of Truth

By REV. CHARLES HENRY PRATHER, D.D.

Text: Romans 7:21, "I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me."

A friend of mine who has traveled a good deal tells me that in front of the Museum in Stockholm there is a strange group of statuary called, "The Belt Wrestlers." They cannot get separate from each other, for they are bound together with a heavy belt. They have long knives in their hands, and must fight until one of them is killed. There can be no peace, no draw battle, it is a fight to death. It is like the two lives that we have in our bodies, a good life and a bad one. There are two persons in each one of us, a good self and a bad self. They are bound together, and one has to get the victory over the other. Do you find that you are a good boy or girl today and a bad boy or girl tomorrow? Paul says: "I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me."

Robert Louis Stevenson tells a creepy story about a Dr. Jekyll who wanted to be bad, but was ashamed to be wicked in his better self. So one day, as he was thinking on this subject, he discovered a drug that would change him from his good self into a bad self. He took a dose of it, and was changed into a little old man called Mr. Hyde. He was so completely changed that no one would have recognized him as Dr. Jekyll. So he went out on the streets of London and did all kinds of evil and wicked things, and when he was tired of doing evil things he came back to the office and took another dose of the drug which changed him back into Dr. Jekyll, the good, kind man. He did this so often, one night he changed in his sleep without taking the drug. And one day as he was walking along the street as Dr. Jekyll, the good and respected man, he suddenly changed into Mr. Hyde, the evil, bad man. At last the drug failed him, for he found that he had changed from good to bad, and from bad to good, so many times he could not change any more, and forever remained Mr. Hyde, the bad self.

So that is the reason why I wanted to tell you the story of "Bess Keats in the House of Truth."

It was plain to be seen that Bess Keats was very much put out about something. In fact she was angry with her mother. She sat in the couch hammock on the front porch, talking to herself, and now and then giving the soft pillow a punch with her fist.

"O, mother is so old-fashioned," she said to herself, "and she gets worse every year. Last year she wouldn't let me wear the kind of dresses I wanted to wear and I looked different from the rest of the girls all the year. Then she wouldn't let me go camping because only one mother was going to take care of us. Surely one woman could take care of twenty boys and girls." Then Bess gave the sofa pillow another blow with her fist, and kicked at the cat that was sitting in front of her.

"Girls these days don't do as they did when she was young," she muttered to herself.

"I just can't see any reason in the world why I shouldn't invite Henry Mann to take me to the leap-year party at the beach. Every girl in the crowd is asking a fellow to take her. Of course if George were here mother might let me go with him; but he isn't and all the girls want Henry to go because he spends his money in such a dandy way; so I said I would invite him to take me, never thinking for a minute that mother would object. And now she says, not only that I can't ask him, but that I can't go. Well, I will, anyway. So there! I just will go."

Then Bess caught up the soft pillow and slammed it down in the corner of the couch, kicked her feet up in the hammock, and buried her face in her hands to think up some way to go to the leap-year party at the beach. The last thing she remembered was wishing that grandmother were here to help her out. Granny had always helped Bess out of her troubles but Granny was dead, and of course could not help in this case. Presently she heard a voice saying,

"Why, Bessie dear, whatever is the matter? You look so unhappy. Tell me all about it."

And there was grandmother with her neat, black silk dress and dainty white collar, and even the pretty white apron she used to wear. Oh! Oh! How glad Bess was to see her!

Hand in hand, they went away from the house to where the trees in the orchard were bending with fruit, and, sitting on a stone, Bess told her all about her troubles. Whatever would the girls think of her when she had promised to invite a boy they all wanted? And after she

had told it every bit, she squeezed Granny's hand very hard and said:

"And now, Granny dear, you will help me, won't you? It is perfectly all right to ask him, for all the girls do it. I want him to take me."

"Well, well, dear," said grandmother, "if we find that it is all right, I shall be glad to find a way to help you. But we must see. We must see."

"See what, grandmother?" asked Bess. "There is nothing to see."

"Indeed there is, child," said Granny. "In times of trouble one must see the truth. Then the way is easy. After I see the truth, I shall be able to tell you what to do. Come and we shall soon find out. You see you belong to my family and my family is proud of the fact that its girls have all been ladies. So we must go to the keeper of the book and see what a lady can do in this case."

On and on they went across the fields till they came to a queer little old man standing before a big, big book. Granny went daintily up to him and said:

"Will you tell me if it is ever right for a young lady to ask a strange young man to take her to a dance, and pay out his money for her, when he has not even been to her home or met her mother? My grandchild says all the girls do it, so I suppose it must be a new thing that has been written in the book since I was a girl. I want her to be sure to be a lady, so before I help her to ask the boy to take her, I want you to look in the book."

The little old man began slowly to shake his head but he never said a word. He just looked and looked and looked. His finger went up one page and down another. Finally he looked straight at Bess and said to Granny:

"Your granddaughter is mistaken. That is not done by ladies. It is not in the book. It is not here."

"Oh, you are old-fashioned just like my mother," began Bess. "It may not be in the book but it is true just the same, for all ladies do it nowadays."

"Hush, child," said Granny. "What is written there is true, but it is only half of the truth even then. Let us go see the rest. If it is right for you to ask him, then let us see the truth about the boy. Is he one that our family would like to have specially chosen for your friend? We must know about him."

"Oh, Granny, he is all right. He doesn't study much and he doesn't do what mother thinks is right on the Sabbath day. But he has a car, and a motor boat, and he is all right. Let me ask him," begged Bess.

"Tut, tut, child," said Granny. "Perhaps you do not know. This is the House of Truth and we can tell."

Then they entered a very large house and Granny walked to a man who stood near the door.

"May I go to M room?" she asked, with a smile.

"I will show you the way, lady," said the man, and Bess noted how the man had spoken the word "lady". Somehow every one knew as soon as they looked at granny that she was a lady. 'Twas very strange.

Down a long hall they went and then they stood before a large wall of mirrors. What a strange place this was! Before them in the mirror were many, many men and boys, all struggling to get up a steep hill. Some had a few strings ahead of them to help them up and many, many strings behind them that were pulling them back to the foot of the hill. Others had only a few in the back and many in front. Some were hopelessly entangled and seemed not able to move. Who were they and what were they doing?

Curiosity led Bess to study the scene in front of her. On the very top of the hill there was a bright sign, "Christian Manhood." This, then, was the thing for which they were struggling. But what were the strings? She pushed and reached but she just couldn't read the words.

"Did you want to know the truth about a friend?" said a voice. "I will gladly help you for you are young and need to know. I am old and to know the truth may only make me more unhappy. Take my place." And she was given a near stand.

Now she could read the words on the strings that held them back. One said, "Drink", and another, "Bad Companions", and another "Bad Temper". Bess was very much interested, so she began to study the faces of the men who were pushing to the top.

Why! Away up there with the first was George Meyer, her good friend from childhood. He had many, many strings to help and only a few to hinder. And there was Edward Mead. He was such a goody-goody at school that she didn't care much for him. Why, he wouldn't even whisper in class!

Near the middle of the hill she saw Philip Marks. She knew him

well and he had many things to help and many to hinder but he was surely trying. But Granny had brought her to see the truth about Henry Mann. Was he here? She hadn't seen him.

First she searched among those near the top. He was such a bright boy when out with the crowd and he had so many good things in his life that surely he must be near the top. But he wasn't there. Neither was he near the middle. Surely he must be there somewhere for his name began with M. Finally she asked the man who had given her his place if he could see a boy named Henry Mann on the hill.

"I should say I could," was his answer. "There he is near the foot of the hill, hopelessly entangled in his draw backs. It isn't hard to find that young man here."

Sure enough there he was and Bess' face grew very red as she saw all the strings behind him. She was glad that Granny had gone to sit down so that she wouldn't see him. Perhaps she could read what some of the drawbacks were, for he was quite near. There was "Too much money", "Lazy", "Unkind to his mother", "Drinks and swears", "A friend of careless girls".

Oh dear! Bess didn't want to read any more. What a list he had. There were one or two good strings but they could not do much against so many others to pull him back.

Up there very near the top, George, her old friend, was moving on and his face was so earnest. How different it looked as she compared him with Henry at the foot! She had never known before that he was so handsome. What were the strings that were pulling him forward? She leaned forward to see. Just then she heard Granny's voice close at her elbow.

"Were you trying to look at George, Bess? He is a long way toward manhood, isn't he? Suppose you take my little glasses to help you."

"Oh, now I can see," answered Bess. There is "A good mother", "A keen mind", "A strong body", "Love of right and truth", "A good girl friend".

"But, Granny dear," said Bess, "one of his helps is 'A good girl friend', has George a girl? I thought he didn't care for girls."

"This is the House of Truth, dear," said Granny. "I think perhaps that good girl friend is you, for you have been a good friend to him. You know our family has always been proud of their education and

their habits of life. I am sure that it must have been a good thing for George to grow up all these years with a good chum like you. He must be a gentleman if he would be fit to play with the daughter of a lady like your mother. When I was here before, George had several other pull-backs, but I see he has conquered them. But come, dear, it is time we were going if I am to help you out of your difficulty.

"Let me see, you wanted to ask Henry Mann to take you to a party at the beach. Did you find him there? Do you think your mother will change her mind when we tell her the truth about the new friend whom you wish to ask? If so, I am ready to help you to try, even though I am not at all sure that a lady does those things. But things change, things change very much and perhaps you are right. What said the House of Truth. Shall we invite him?"

"Oh, Granny, never, never!" cried Bess, "I could never ask any one who was known as a friend of careless girls. He has so many drawbacks, oh, no, never."

Just then a voice said, "Good evening, Miss Keats. I hope I haven't disturbed your nap. One of the girls told me you wanted to see me, so I came up."

Bess sprang up out of the hammock, so confused she did not know what to do, for there stood Henry Mann before her on the steps. The face that had looked so handsome when it was pointed out to her on the streets yesterday now looked careless and insolent. She wanted to run away and not even answer.

But just at that moment the door opened, and her mother came out. She was dressed so prettily, and her voice was so soft and sweet as she said, "I think I haven't met you, but you must be one of my daughter's friends. Will you be seated?"

Then Bess remembered one thing that Granny had said, "A man must be a gentleman if he would be fit to play with the daughter of a lady like your mother."

Then she straightened up her shoulders, and smilingly said, "Mother, this is Henry Mann, of whom I spoke to you."

Turning to the boy she said, "Thank you so much for calling, Mr. Mann. There has been a mistake. Mother prefers that I should not go to the party at the beach, and of course, I want to do as she thinks best. I am sorry to have caused you this trouble. Perhaps one of the

other girls will be asked to fill my place so that you can still be one of the party."

Then Henry Mann tipped his hat and went down the steps thinking how beautiful the mother and daughter were. But Bess and her mother stood there with their arms about each other, waiting for father to come home for dinner. Bess hugged mother real tight and said, "Mother dear, do you know what the Golden Text is for Sunday?" "No, Bessie dear, I do not. What is it?" "It says, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise."

The Pre-Incarnate Christ

By REV. MAX I. REICH, D.D.
Editor, Bible Teacher and Lecturer

The story of Jesus the Messiah does not begin with the birth at Bethlehem. According to the prologue to the fourth evangelist the Incarnation of the Divine Logos was the climax and not the commencement of the revelation of the invisible God in Him. He was in the beginning with God, the only begotten in His bosom, the object of His ineffable delight.

By Him were all things created, and without Him was not anything made that was made.

His delights being with the sons of men, His life was the light of men. All illumination of intellect, conscience and spirit proceeded from Him as from their central sun.

When in fulness of time the Word became flesh and pitched His tent among men, it was in the tents of Shem that His glory shone. He came "unto His own," to the vineyard of His own planting in the world His hands had made and which knew Him not. And alas! His own also refused Him—they "received Him not." He was a homeless stranger here.

Let us dwell upon that expression "His own." Israel was that in a very special sense. Israel was the nation which had redeemed and trained for many centuries. He had been their Leader and Commander from Egypt down the avenues of time. It is true that His earthly descent was from the stock of Abraham, that Israel was the mother that had brought Him forth. We must say more than that if we would grasp the truth concerning Israel's Messiah. Israel was as much His product as He was the product of Israel. As He is both the Root and the Offspring of David, so He is the Origin and the Child of His nation. But for Him there would have been no Israel, as He declared through the prophet: "I am the Lord, your Holy One, the Creator of Israel, your King." Is. xliii:15.

Before His advent there had existed a three-fold relationship between Israel and the Messiah. In Israel His coming had been heralded.

In Israel the Coming One was already the Present One. He was the unseen Presence in the Midst. Israel was the sphere of His activities and manifestations. These three facts are the great theme of the Scriptures of the Old Testament.

(1) His Proclamation in Israel.

The Scriptures held as sacred by the Jews show how carefully the coming of the Messiah was prepared for. The Messianic idea is the central topic of the various parts of the Old Testament. It was more than a dead formula handed down by tradition. It was no magical secret imparted to the initiated. There was a distinct growth in the unfolding of the Messianic Hope. The glories and perfections of His Person were unfolded from age to age.

The opening chapters of Genesis describe the frustration through sin of the divine ideal concerning man, so that he was thrust out of the garden of innocence into a thorny wilderness to enter upon a life of terrific conflict with the powers of evil, symbolized by the serpent. But before starting on this age-long conflict he was assured of final victory through the mysterious seed of woman who should, though suffering the piercing of His heel, bruise the Serpent's head.

The People of the Messianic Hope

After the emerging of rival nationalities with their confusion of tongues and their corruption through idolatry and Satanic wisdom, God called out a lonely pilgrim for a better country, that is a heavenly, in order that he might become the father of the people of the Messianic Hope. Abram the Hebrew was the rock out of which that people was hewn. To him was divulged the secret which was never quite lost by his descendants, that through His Seed something wonderful would one day come to all mankind, even through the One whom his grandson, Jacob, when on his deathbed, called the "Shiloh," to whom the Gentile nations would yield obedience; recovering their lost unity, and the unspeakable blessing of a just government and a warless world under His leadership. The later prophecies of Moses and of Balaam confirm the previous hints of this glorious Personality who was to arise in Israel.

And lest we should conclude that these hints were realized in David, we find that this very king looked to One whom he called "Lord," and whom He saw sitting at God's right hand invested with

both royal and priestly dignity, the greater than David, for whose sake David was chosen in his day.

After the break-up of the monarchy into the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and the rapid decline of their national greatness, a succession of prophets were raised up who added many new features to the conception of the Messiah and to the nature of His Kingdom. This Joel, by many scholars regarded as the oldest of the prophetic line after the division of the tribes into two kingdoms, foresaw the age of the Messiah, calling it "the Day of Jehovah," and that it would be characterized as the time of the outpouring of the Spirit. We know that afterward John the Baptist designated the bestowal of the baptism of the Holy Spirit as a Messianic function; Amos, as the time when the fallen tabernacle of David would be raised up again; Hoseah, as the time when the rival Kingdoms of Judah and Israel would be reunited, after their return to Jehovah and to David their king.

The nearer the Exile approached the clearer became the portrait of the Messiah. Micah announces His birthplace, Isaiah, the miracle of His virgin birth. In the later letter of comfort to the exiles of Judah, whose sufferings among the Gentiles were revealed to him at his inaugural vision, he portrays the character of the dead servant of Jehovah, His sufferings and travail, and the glories that should follow. The prophet Jeremiah, sitting among the ruins of the old covenant dispensation, foretold the coming of the new and better covenant, while Ezekiel describes the process of this spiritual renewing, for the Israel of the new birth alone can "see the Kingdom of God." Then to the prophet Daniel was revealed by the Angel Gabriel the very time when Messiah the Prince would be manifested to Israel, and making an end of sins, bring in everlasting righteousness.

Thus from Abraham till the coming of the Messiah, a period of some two thousand years, the image of the Coming One was progressively unveiled. His face shone out more and more clearly from the pages of the Holy Book of the Old Testament.

The very conception of God encouraged in Israel by her illuminated prophets must also be classed under the head of Messianic prophecy. For while on the one hand One was spoken of as to come, who, though human, would be possessed of Divine names and attributes, such as the royal Babe of Isaiah IX, on the other hand God was conceived of as under decidedly anthropomorphic imagery. The nation was not permitted to make an image of Jehovah, and yet how human is His mental

image as projected by the prophets! He possesses every human affection. He puts forth effort like a man. He feels pain. "He is a Warrior, sharing His people's battles," to quote from G. A. Smith: "He is a Mother travailing in pangs for Israel's new birth. In all their afflictions He was afflicted, in His love and in His pity He redeemed them. He is man's fellow-sufferer and acquainted with his woes." G. A. S. proceeds: "These are real Old Testament prophecies of the Incarnation; God manifest in the flesh, entering our moral warfare, in our weakness, at our side, tempted in all points as we are, making the shame of our sin and the misery of our estrangement from God His burden, and at the last, as St. Peter says: 'Bearing our sins in His own body on the tree'."

(2) His Foreshadowing in Israel.

It is an interesting and profitable study to trace out the way in which the first disciples, the apostles, and the church they founded, read the sacred writings of Israel. It is clear that they saw the Messiah not only in the ancient prophecies, but also in the history of the people of Israel and in the institutions which had been set up in the midst of the chosen people. The epistle to the Hebrews, the oldest apologia for the Christian faith, is full of this line of teaching, and it does not stand alone among the early documents of the new covenant faith.

The apostle Paul declares that the ancient ritual of the Jewish people was nothing but a shadow cast before-hand by Christ, the true Substance who was about to come. (See Col. ii:17.) He calls the first man Adam the figure of another Adam who was to come (Rom. v:17). He declares that the rock of which the pilgrim hosts in the wilderness drank was Christ, even as another apostle, the writer of the fourth Gospel, saw in the tabernacle and in the temple a prefiguring of the flesh which the Divine Logos had taken into union with himself. The pre-rabbinic religion of Israel was a shadow picture of the Messiah.

Again if Personality is the key to history, how significant is the divinely recorded history of the Old Testament, what a noble succession of personal types of the coming One presents itself before our eyes:

(1) Adam, head of a fallen race; Christ, Head of a redeemed race. Rom. v:12-21; 1 Cor. xv:21,22.

(2) Melchizedek, priest of Salem; Christ the Eternal Priest of a heavenly character. Heb. vii:1; Psalm cx:4.

(3) Isaac, the only-begotten son, born by an act of divine power, contrary to nature, offered as a burnt-offering, and typically raised from the dead; the Only Begotten of the Father, whose birth was a miraculous event, laid on the altar of absolute surrender, obedient unto death, but now highly exalted, far above all heavens.

(4) Joseph, rejected by and separated from his brethren, in the seat of power among Gentiles; Christ rejected by and for a season separated from His brethren according to the flesh, the Exalted One in the Gentile Church.

(5) Moses, mediator of the covenant of works; Christ, Mediator of the better covenant of Grace. Heb. iii:1-6.

(6) David, suffering and reigning; Christ, the Man of Sorrows, raised up a high Prince and a Saviour. Ezek. xxxiv:23,24.

(7) Solomon, the temple-builder; behold, a greater than Solomon is here who is building a greater and an indestructible temple. Psalm lxxxii; Matth. xii:42.

(8) Jonah, passing through a symbolic death and resurrection, preaching repentance to the Gentiles; Christ actually dead and risen, sending the message of repentance and forgiveness to all nations. Matth. xii:39,40.

And what shall we say of the outward institutions of Israel? What a rich study awaits us here! Does not the remarkable institution of the Sabbath after a week of toil prefigure the rest which only One can offer? Does not the Passover speak of redemption through the blood of the Lamb of God? (1 Cor. v:7, John xix:36.) How significant the lifting up of the brazen serpent in the light of the Saviour's own interpretation! (Num. xxi:4-9; John iii:14,15.) How can we contemplate the majestic ritual of the ancient sanctuary without seeing something of the greater offering of Him who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God? How think of the Jubilee without seeing in it a picture of what He has planned for the weary children of men?

The High-Priest in his official raiment of glory and beauty, points to Him who, as crowned with glory and honor in the heavenly sanctuary, exercises a higher priesthood. Bold indeed are the words of the apostle Paul when he declares emphatically that the entire history of Israel was typical, and written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the ages have come. (See 1 Cor. x:11.)

(3) His Manifestation in Israel.

When our Lord pointed to the ancient Scriptures of Israel, commending them to our careful study, He affirmed that they testified Him. These words imply far more than is usually deduced from them. It is generally conceded that the Old Testament contains Messianic prophecies and Messianic foreshadowings. But I hold that the words of our Lord teach that they also record the works and the manifestations of the Messiah in Israel before He came in the fullness of time in the flesh. Every now and again there appears in the history of the patriarchs and after, at some great crisis in the history of the chosen people, a mysterious Man who is yet more than man. Suddenly we meet with Him without introduction or subsequent explanation. And His disappearances are as mysterious as His appearings. He bears various names: The Angel of Jehovah, the Angel of His Presence; the Angel of the Covenant; the Angel in whom is Jehovah's Name. He not only acts in the name of Jehovah, He is frequently addressed as Jehovah as well as called Jehovah. Divine adoration and reverence are offered unto Him and He revives them. He appears to Abraham, the father of the chosen family. He shews Himself to Hagar, Abraham's fugitive hand-maid. He prevents the ultimate sacrifice of Isaac. He wrestles with Jacob through the night watches; and of Him Jacob declared: "I have seen God face to face." The dying Jacob invokes His benediction on his grandchildren. Moses hears His voice out of the burning bush, where He calls Himself the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob. His Presence was in the cloud that led Israel out of Egypt through the Red Sea and through the wilderness to the promised land. After they fall into image worship, in connection with the golden calf, Jehovah threatens to withdraw and instead send an inferior angel to be their leader. But in answer to the prayer of Moses: "If Thy Presence go not up with us carry us not up hence," He places Himself again at the head of the host. Joshua hands over the command to Him and falls in worship at His feet. He appears to the wife of Manoah and says His name is "Wonderful." He appears to Gideon and commissions him to deliver Israel. David saw Him at the threshing floor of Ormah the Jebusite, the place of the future temple site. Isaiah and Ezekiel saw Him in glory attire on the throne in the heavenly world. The latter declared His appearance was like unto a Son of Man. The prophet Zechariah has a vision

of Him as Jerusalem's Intercessor, while Daniel saw Him receiving an everlasting dominion from the Ancient of Days and calls his name Michael, declaring that He is the unseen champion of the chosen people, Malachi, the last of the prophets, before the silence of four hundred years of prophetic revelation fell upon Israel, says this mysterious Angel, Israel's unseen and ever-present Guardian, would suddenly appear in that very temple which the returned exiles had built on the site of the former house.

History in the Light of the Messianic Hope.

We have seen that the Messiah was prophetically proclaimed in Israel, typically foreshadowed, and spiritually manifested. One more point remains to be elucidated. The Messiah was called for by every great crisis in history, both of humanity and of that nation chosen out of humanity to be the light of humanity.

(1) Beginning at the very beginning, the first crisis was the loss of primeval innocence, the awakening to the grim tragedy of existence, the mystery of suffering, the sense of sin, the shadow of death. Then out of the depths of the divine compassion came the Protevangelium, the Hope of ultimate deliverance through the sufferings of the Seed of the Woman.

(2) After the flood came a second fall of man, into idolatry. When he knew God he would not retain Him in his knowledge. This made the call of Abram to be the father of a family of faith obligatory. This faith rested on the Promise concerning the Seed through whom the nations would be blessed, by their recovering the lost knowledge of God, and also in that divine knowledge their lost harmony.

(3) There was a third crisis when the new-born nation, created by a redemptive act of God, divinely taught and led, found itself on the borders of the promised land, about to be bereft of the great prophetic personality through whom its redemption and education had been mediated. Then was revealed the purpose of God to send a prophet like unto Moses, a new Mediator, a new Interpreter, a new Deliverer.

(4) When after many vicissitudes Israel had at last achieved national unity under a king, and was actually in possession of the territory promised to Abraham, the prophet Nathan announced the Messiah destiny of the Davidic dynasty. The history of his house would culminate in the Messiah, as the history of humanity in the Woman's

conquering Seed. Subsequent prophets, who lived in a very different time to that of David; who witnessed the break of all national hopes, the ruin of throne and temple, the dismemberment and exile of the nations; echo the covenant made with David. It was the anchor of their souls in a dark and stormy day. Thus Amos, Hoseah, Micah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel.

(5) The post exilic prophets rather cherished the image of the Suffering Servant, first spoken of by Isaiah. The post exilic Zechariah is full of references to this sublime concept, the noblest of all the noble utterances of inspired prophecy. The sufferings of the nation had brought the spirituality sensitive among the people into sympathy with the ideal of suffering and its redemptive consequences, as being nearer the heart of things than that of a political Messiah, setting up Israel in material prosperity.

(6) After the exile came the holy experiment to create a godly nation, righteous in the law and separated to Jehovah, with its inevitable disillusionment in view of the fact of the obstinate sinfulness of human nature. This, coupled with the bitter struggle with Hellenistic paganism, its philosophy, and its lower ethical standards, turned the eyes of the saints in Israel to the appearing of the Son of Man out of heaven; He alone could end the beast rule which had oppressed Israel. He alone could establish the kingdom of heaven in which their aspirations for righteousness could be satisfied.

(7) Finally, when matters had become acute, when the Roman power had succeeded that of Syria, and its hand lay heavy on the little nation, and the time had come for the temple with its sacrifices and priestly ritual to be destroyed, and for Jerusalem to cease to be the capital of a Jewish nation, and the land of Palestine to be its national home; He came Who is the Bruiser of the serpent; the harmonizer of the divided nations, the final and complete Interpreter of God; the true King of humanity; the Priest whose oblation consists of Himself; the Son of Man, who is the Lord from heaven; Very Light of Very Light, Very God of Very God; the outshining of His glory and the express image of His substance.

"God who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us"—and is still speaking unto us—"in His Son; to whom be glory and dominion forevermore!"

"The Man Nobody Missed"

By REV. ELWOOD ROWSEY, D.D.

"He died without being desired." 2 Chron. 21:20.

Here we have a post-funeral recital, and a dread, dark drama it is, to review.

Two old-timers met after months of separation, and one said to the other: "Have you heard of Jones' death?"

"No!" replied the astonished friend. "What was the complaint?"

"No complaint; everybody was perfectly satisfied."

This may be irreverent, but it is not irrelevant, for it is just what happened to this young king who died at the age of forty with no one to regret him. "He died without being desired."

As I read this text, I am thinking by way of contrast, of the men whom so many missed. I stood with the multitude at the grave of the unknown soldier in the shadow of the Parliament building in the great city of London.

After the crowd had paid their homage and receded into the twilight, I watched a little boy who clutched in his right hand a bouquet of faded artificial flowers and quietly walked by the side of his mother to the tomb. My soul was lonesome—I was homesick that night for my own boy in what seemed to be far away America. The lad interested me, as did his faded flowers. I walked over to the tomb, examined the bouquet, and on a card I saw this sentence, a sentence written by the hand of a child, a child's hand that had been directed by the more experienced hand of a mother—"To the memory of our dad."

A week later I followed a great crowd of Americans through the streets of Paris and up the Champs-Elysees to the grave of France's unknown soldier. With pomp and military dignity the American delegation placed its bronzed wreath upon the marble slab that protected the dust that had once contained the spirit of a fighting Frenchman.

After the delegation had circled the torch that burns perpetually at the head of the tomb, they walked back to their cars and three French mothers dressed in black came to kneel at the foot of the

grave. One of the women prayed aloud, and this was her prayer: "Gracious God, memories break our hearts. May our common suffering never become the soul-sinking possession of the wives and mothers of the future."

Just a year ago I dined with my friends in one of the palatial restaurants of Mexico, and after dinner I requested the guide to take me to a restaurant where the middle class dined. The veteran guide looked astounded, and informed me politely that there was no middle class in Mexico. Then I requested to be shown the eating place of the poor. Our trail wound through narrow, crooked streets, until we came shortly into a little market place.

There I saw an old lady, sitting in the dirt on the curb, eating an over-ripe banana. To my right there was a little stall filled with cheese made from goat's milk. The odor greeted you a half-block away. I saw these poor, unfortunate, uneducated, superstitious, God-forgotten creatures buried away in their filth. An army officer had fallen to sleep on the sidewalk with his face biting the dust. As we were about to leave, I heard the shrieking cries of a woman. Crossing to the corner, I saw an old hearse, drawn by a poor old nag, pull into the street, stopping at one of these miserable straw hovels, and in a few moments a father was borne away to be buried.

There were young men twenty feet away who slept through the entire performance. The only person who appeared disturbed was the wife of this pauper. As the husband was carried from his cot of rags, the wife cried out in a Spanish tongue, (and this is a literal translation of what she said): "My God! My God! Why should I suffer this?"

Why go further? You have the contrast, the unknown soldier of Great Britain, the unknown soldier of France, the unknown soldier of America, the unnumbered masses of Mexico. So keenly the loss is felt, and so symbolical these illustrations are of the mute millions, an illustration of the men so many missed, the men so many felt they could not live without.

Contrast that picture with Jehoram, the son of Jehosphat, who, upon becoming king, slew his brothers with the sword, and killed the Princes of Israel. At the age of thirty-two he began to reign, and at the age of forty he was dead. He died and was buried in the city of David, but not in the sepulcher of the kings. He died after eight years of mis-rule, with no one to regret his death. He was a murderer—his

mother was a murderer—and death was his most creditable contribution.

Jonathan remarked to David when he proposed to remain away from the king's table for a season: "Tomorrow thou wilt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." Not so with Jehoram. When his throne was vacated it was an occasion for vicarious joy. The present delight was the absence of his presence. "He died with no one to regret him. He died without being desired."

An appropriate funeral text would have been: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot." For eight years he was king of Judah. He had forced his subjects to notice him, honor him, and obey him, but search the record of the Old Testament as diligently as you wish and you will find that after his diseased body goes into a dishonored grave, his name flees from human lips and divine literature. "He died with no one to regret him. He died without being desired." He contributed most when he contributed least—his death and disappearance.

I think the background is sufficient now for us to raise the first major question:

I. WHY WAS JEHORAM FORGOTTEN?

The twenty-first chapter of II Chronicles reveals at least four major reasons. I mention them at this great Conference because there are four major questions that should engage the attention of the Christian Church today. They are problems that call for solution today, yesterday and tomorrow. They are problems with which your father and mine grappled, and in many ways succeeded, even beyond the success of their sons. They are problems that will still be unsolved when we have ceased to seek solution of earthly problems.

Jehoram was forgotten because of *bad blood, bad marriage, bad politics and bad religion.*

1. Bad Blood.

Jehoram was not only a murderer, he was the son of a murderer. When he became king of Judah, he slew all of his brothers with the sword, and when he died, his son Ahaziah became king of Judah because the older sons of Jehoram had been murdered. Ahaziah reigned one year, and his mother Athaliah, who was the daughter of Omri, was his counselor to do wickedly. He did evil in the sight of the Lord, like the house of Ahab, for they were his counselors after the

death of his father, to the day of his destruction. When Ahaziah was finally killed, his mother "arose and destroyed all the royal seed of the house of Judah." And so you have this battle of blood, which brought destruction to generation after generation.

We have come to know the cost of bad blood by the labor of such men as Richard Dougdale, who has given us the famous contrast between the Jukes-Edwards families.

In a case of study of some 1200 descendants of the Jukes family, this horrible revelation was made: (Before I recite the experience, let me say parenthetically, that the name of this family was not "Jukes". When a man dodges a blow you say he "jukes". This family was so named because they have "juked" or "ducked" their responsibility to society, for most of the 1200 were idle, ignorant and infected.)

Not one of the Jukes family had a good common school education. There were 310 professional paupers; 310 died in infancy. There were 50 debauched women; 400 men and women with venereal diseases; 130 convicted criminals; seven murderers, and the family cost the state of New York $1,200,000.

Professor Dougdale contrasts that record with about the same number of persons in the Edwards family—Jonathan Edwards and his descendants. Jonathan himself studied Latin at six; at twelve he was prepared in Greek and Hebrew, and entered Yale University. At Northampton, Massachusetts, he built the largest Protestant church in America at that time. He was called to the presidency of Princeton, but died before taking up this responsibility.

From his descendants we have 285 college graduates, from 45 colleges. Thirteen later became college presidents, while sixty-five became college professors. There were thirty judges; one hundred clergymen; one hundred twenty-six lawyers; eighty elected to public office other than judges, and three governors. This group has published one hundred thirty-five books of merit, and in the list of book writers, we find the name of Winston Churchill.

And, dear friends of the Conference, if I had time this afternoon, I could relate another fact, even more startling than the facts presented in the Jukes family, from your own state of Indiana, but time forbids me telling you the story of Indiana's famous Kallicack family.

2. Bad Marriage.

One of the foundation stones of all civilization is the home, and no home is stronger than its marriage relationships.

Jehoram married into the family of Ahab and did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord.

Experimenting with the home has become a modern fad. The father or rather, the step-father of the "companionate marriage" theory can learn much from the bitter experiences of Jehoram. I refer to Judge Ben Lindsey as the step-father of companionate marriage, because he himself says he did not originate the term. It is a term that is being incorporated into our vocabulary when we discuss family problems. It describes a modern variation from the historical type of family. It is a relationship, consciously based upon a program of pleasure and mutual advantage.

If you will examine the record, you will discover that that phrase describes accurately and adequately the motive for Jehoram marrying into the family of Ahab. It was for social and political advantage, and this step he took, even though it required that he turn his back upon the religion of his father.

Before leaving this phrase, "companionate marriage", I want to protest the name. It should be called "trial" marriage, "experimental" marriage, "temporary" marriage. It has well been called "legalized lovering." It is like a subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal. It doesn't cost much, and you can cancel it any time.

I debated this subject with the Honorable Judge Ben Lindsey, and he was forced to admit the weakness of the argument in his own book. Any theory that pledges itself to do that which cannot be done—any form of marriage that increases the number of mismated mates—any trend toward separation rather than union—any conception that places marriage on nothing higher than common interest—any view that would rob marriage of its important discipline—any marriage that would weaken that adjusting process that must come after middle age—is not worthy of the sacred name, "Christian marriage."

Please do not misunderstand. I am not attempting this afternoon to minimize the seriousness of the home problem in the life of America today. In the past fifty years the divorce rate has increased nearly three hundred fifty per cent. One out of every eight marriages is now dissolved by the courts. Society is ill, desperately ill. Many doctors have been summoned, and many have volunteered their service, and I think they have volunteered in all sincerity of purpose, but the causes of this evil are deep and complicated.

Our hope is not in legislation, our hope is in Christian education.

I say, my friends, the remedy does not lie in tinkering with the symptoms. It makes matrimony akin to trying on hats. One keeps on trying until a lid is found that is becoming and comfortable. Those that have been pressed down upon the head and then discarded, have not been injured in their market value. Others buy them with readiness and satisfaction. We must substitute Christian nurture for "codfish aristocracy."

My friends of the Conference, if my preaching and visiting homes has taught me anything, it is that divorce, separation and unsurmountable unhappiness is seldom found where regular church attendance is a habit, and where a simple and genuine religion is a bond.

In the oldest code in the world, the Hammurbi code from Babylon, this warning is to be found: "If the wife of a man who is living in the house of her husband has set her face to run about and has acted the fool, has wasted her house, has betrayed her husband, or if the husband has said, 'I will put her away', that home shall be divided."

Homer gives us a description of the primitive home as "a cave with two doors, one for men and one for the gods."

3. **Bad Politics.**

Jehoram had walked in the way of the kings of Israel,—had slain his own brothers who were better men than himself, and had married into a foreign family, that he might gain political prestige and power.

That story reads like a modern newspaper's description of the selection of a campaign manager in the twentieth century.

In a recent book, "The Criminal and His Allies", by Marcus Kavanaugh, of the Supreme Court of Cook county, Illinois, we have this statement: "During five years our legislatures and Congress passed 67,000 new laws, and still continue to grind them out. We have 350,000 men and women who make their living wholly or partly by crime. In olden times, criminals were hardened old-timers. Now, the average age of criminals runs between eighteen and twenty-five."

"So," says the judge, "the republic is menaced by an army of invisible enemies who are supported by a host of allies. The United States has most money, most power, most laws, most criminals."

What a tragic situation to confront any political party in any part of the world, but what an indictment to place against our young and supposedly democratic republic! How disturbing such a report would be to the founders of this republic, and to the framers of its faith. How startling it ought to be to every Christian man and woman of this Con-

ference. How alarming it ought to sound in the ears of every sane citizen of these United States of America.

It seems to me that that statement alone is sufficiently alarming and alluring to convert Judases who have attempted to prostitute public funds into private trusts.

But, my friends, if I can discern at all the signs of the times, the end is not yet. When my own Southland does what she did at Houston a few weeks ago, I wonder if we still have sanity in the land. While we boast of our broadmindedness and religious tolerance, our nation is falling into the hands of the most bigoted, intolerant, unreasonable and irreligious gang of political demagogues that has ever pillaged the so-called, "Land of the free, and home of the brave."

"Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled,
And the swords of the kings are rent with rust;
Forget it not till the hills lie humbled,
And the springs of the sea run dust."

Disloyalty to truth is loyalty to a lie.

4. **Bad Religion.**

Jehoram had forsaken the God of his fathers. He set up altars to unknown gods, and caused the inhabitants of Jerusalem to commit fornication. It was not the ignorance of Jehoram, but the disloyalty of Jehoram. He knew—he refused to do. He accepted the popular, easy way. He sought the rosy road to power and popularity.

A professor of theology in one of our leading universities has recently written a book in which he tells us what the future religion of thoughtful people is likely to be. In this religion one looks in vain for a personal God to whom to pray, or a sinless Jesus, to whom to give his loyalty. "Jesus was a prophet, indeed," we are told, "but it does not follow that all He taught was true. With prophets it is the energy of conviction that counts—not its truth." Sin is ignored, and with it, the necessity for atonement. Nothing is said of immortality. "Whether there is to be a church or not in the religion of the future, no one can tell."

So far Professor Lake has gone from the clear-cut religion of our fathers. Someone has wisely said, commenting on this so-called "religion of the future," that "activity, to be effective, must spring from conviction; otherwise, lacking motive and sanction, it becomes aimless and leads to nowhere. Only conviction can dispense conviction. To

conquer an existing belief, we must replace it with one more convincing.

If we were honest with ourselves this afternoon, as we most certainly ought to be, as we come to this final hour of consecration, we would admit that we had not been entirely fair with the God of our fathers. We would confess that Christianity had not been tried and found wanting; rather that it had been found hard, and not tried.

Last year we spent three-fourths per cent of our income on the church; we spent eleven and one-fourth per cent on crime; we wasted fourteen per cent; we spent twenty-two per cent on luxuries. The Church stands with bowed head and embarrassed countenance, at the foot of the list, and God is trying to say to our hearts this afternoon, and to our minds, and to our consciences: "What about it, my laborer? What about My co-partner? How shall you answer in that day? In 1927 you spent eleven times as much money on crime as you spent on the church—the Church that cost me the life-blood of My only Begotten and ever Beloved Son."

Let us go back, my friends, to the simple yet supreme faith—faith in the love of the Fatherhood of God—in the Brotherhood of Man.

You remember how Gladstone, one busy day when his faith was failing, closed his office desk, and with his destination unknown to friends, started back to the morning of his memory—back to his old mother—her faith and her God. Burying his intellectual brow into the folds of the dress that covered the figure of his mother, Gladstone sought the simple faith that had departed from him. In this memory mood, the great statesman prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

My friends, we have lived here during these days, on this mountain-top of vision and faith, courage and hope, and power and purpose. May I give you a revised edition of this simple little prayer, and let us pray it today in our hearts, and practice it in our lives.

"Now I get me up to work,
I pray Thee, Lord, I may not shirk;
And if I die before tonight,
I pray Thee, Lord, my work's all right."

II. HOW ARE WE TO FORESTALL SUCH FORGETFULNESS?

Can we prevent such a misfortune and mistake?

1. We can forestall such forgetfulness by enthroning or re-enthroning Him who has a supreme and superlative right and righteousness to rule. "The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

By what virtue has He such a right? By virtue of His birth, His life, His death, His resurrection.

A reunion program, two years ago, carried three paragraphs under the caption, 'A brief description of a short life":

"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never owned a home. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the naked power of His divine manhood. While still a young man the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying, and that was His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

"I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life."

Institutions grow old, philosophies lose their grip. He remains the most arresting fact in all our world of facts, the most interesting person in all our catalogue of persons.

2. We are to forestall such forgetfulness by seeking forgiveness

on the ground of a crucified Redeemer's merits, and by our eager willingness to be crucified with Him. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Christ lives in you, through you, beyond you and by you.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone, and there's a cross for me."

Christ gave, and I too, must give. Christ died, and I, too, must die. Christ lives, and I, too, shall live. Because He lived, I shall live also. Jesus Christ is at Winona Lake today. He is here in this great tabernacle this afternoon. He is knocking at the door of your heart. You must give your answer. To do nothing is to deny.

"When Jesus came to Golgotha, they hanged Him on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary;
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham, they simply passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die;
For men had grown more tender, and they would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street and left Him in the rain.
Still Jesus cried, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do,'

And still it rained the winter rain, and drenched Him through and through;
The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against the wall, and cried for Calvary."

—Studdert-Kennedy.

3. He who hopes to be missed must labor to be useful.

"Oh, what a world of beauty a loving heart might plan,
If man did but his duty, and helped his fellow man."

The Romans gave a crown to the citizens who had saved a man's life. Christ offers the crown of His kingdom to those who have saved a man's soul.

You will remember the story that tells how the students and friends of Elijah begged permission from Elisha to seek and search for his body with fifty strong men, for fear that he might have been lost in some lonely valley or some majestic mountain. For three whole days they continued their search. Elijah had departed, but not without being desired. He had given his service, he had given himself, and

as God took him to his reward, his friends took him to their hearts. He was loved because he had been lovely.

You cannot love God and hate your fellow man. You cannot serve God without serving your fellow man. You cannot pass to God from your fellow man without being desired.

4. He who would forestall forgetfulness must practice the vicarious gospel of love.

"He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel—a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle and took him in."

"Put away hate, O wasteful friend,
Put away hate, until the ages end."

* * * * *

For, "Love can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through."

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far, Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest."

"Nor voice can tell, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O, Savior of mankind."

The Religion of the Aviator, of the Athlete, and of the Ordinary Man

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"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary: and they shall walk and not faint." Isaiah 40:31.

The late Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, Scotland, used to say that the greatest chapters in the Old Testament were the fortieth and the fifty-third chapters of Isaiah. The text is the concluding and in some respects the crowning verse of the fortieth chapter. There is always the danger test in taking such a text. The sermon should be in the nature of an anti-climax. Yet there is this compensating advantage —no speaker can dim its lustre: it will still shine on. Its words will make music in the hearts of God's men and women for all time, and will linger like a haunting refrain when other voices have been silenced.

Sir George Adam Smith has given a wonderful exposition of the contest in a section which he has entitled "To the Despairers of the Lord": and the prophet follows words of stern rebuke by words of encouragement. "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by name: by the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking."

There was a special reason why God's chosen people should be directed to the stars. For the most part they lived on monotonous plains: and people who live on a dead level are apt to grow prosaic, discouraged and depressed. So the prophet exclaims in effect, "Lift up your eyes on high: see the vast variegated canopy above you: behold God's terraces sown with stars: remember that He calleth them all by name, and that of the unnumbered host not one is missing."

The God who counts the stars is the God who counts His children. He will not allow you to be lost. You have your place in the panorama of worlds, and nothing shall displace you. So he continues, "Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall render their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

What does this mean, but that the stores of divine strength and divine wisdom are pledged to us? The everlasting God, the Lord, the faithful Creator whose strength never fails, and whose understanding never falters is ours. His boundless resources belong to His children: His strength is the dynamic of their energy. In the days of youth our powers are supposed to be in the ascendant, yet youths sometimes faint, and young men fall, but "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength"—in the day of their decreasing powers, and when the shadows of the nightfall rest upon the waiter.

This chapter has been called the Gospel of the Exile: one has described it as "the Gospel before the Gospel." God's people were captives in Babylon, and they were wearily waiting for the long-deferred day of their deliverance. The discipline of captivity had borne upon them with unspeakable severity, but God was greater than their grief, and God was pledged to their deliverance. The Divine name is written large all over this chapter, as indeed upon the history of His people everywhere. Relate, then, the discipline of life to God. He is working out His purposes concerning you, in disappointments and losses, in rebuffs and in reverses. "All things"—your days of exile, your days of weeping and of woe—"all things work together for good to them that love God." The text contained (i) A Premise and (ii) A Promise.

I. **The Premise.** "They that wait upon the Lord." To wait upon God is a familiar expression in the Old Testament. In the Psalms it is of frequent occurrence—"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him." "Because of his strength I will wait upon him for God is my defence." I will not multiply quotations for that would be unprofitable to you: but will content myself with saying that the word "wait" has often

a special significance in these Hebrew writings. It sometimes signifies much more than would appear upon the surface. It is waiting with the face towards the rising sun. Hope is blended with anticipation. It may include prayer, but it is more than prayer. At times we hear of some who wait in weariness, who hope against hope, who look expecting nothing but calamity: but this state of mind has no affinity with that of which the text speaks.

There is no pessimism: optimism is in the ascendant here. It is not enough that we wait. We must wait believing: and if we wait believing we shall never tire. To wait upon God then is to live in constant communion with Him: it is to maintain an unfaltering faith in Him alike in storm and in shine: it is to offer every day and all the day to Him: it is to live in the attitude of joyous dependence on Him. To wait upon God is not to pray so often or so much: it is to live in the spirit of prayer. It is not a passing, it is a permanent, experience. It involves both patience and hope. "I wait for the Lord," says the Psalmist, "my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope more than they that watch for the morning." This waiting on God is an atmosphere rather than an act: or, to put it otherwise, every act will be the expression of the inner ruling spirit. It is thus that we renew our stores of strength. We must have daily strength for daily living. The strength given me yesterday will not meet my needs today. To renew my strength I must be switched on to the unseen dynamo. Your personality and your powers are constant quantities. You cannot change them if you would, but you can alter their efficiency: and it is the hidden power that works the miracle. A man of ordinary gifts becomes extraordinary if there is dynamic power behind them. When the gifts are two and the dynamic is four, the resultant is eight, which is just the same as when the gifts are four, and the dynamic is only two. I have little faith in genius which is not disciplined and consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ. In my time genius has made some tragic shipwrecks. It is the dynamic that determines. It is the multiple that matters. Now, what is the premise here? What is the dynamo that drives the whole machinery? It is "waiting upon the Lord." Efficiency and effectiveness are wrought by inspiration rather than instruction. The Premise is "they that wait upon the Lord."

II. **The Promise.** "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." There is provision made for exhaustion. It is not presumed

that the energies will never flag. The presumption is the other way. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." The marginal reading is "shall change their strength": they shall cast off the old strength like a disused garment, and shall put on a new strength sufficient for the exigencies of the hour. "They shall change their strength." Moffat renders the verse "They that wait for the Lord": the idea of patience is suggested. We may have to wait for God, to wait His time, before we renew our strength. And we must be prepared to wait, however long the waiting, with cheerful and confident hearts. Oftentimes the measure of our exhaustion will determine the length of the waiting.

A ministerial friend of mine was incapacitated through the overstraining of his vocal chords. At his best he had a magnificent voice, but in his illness it was reduced to a whisper. The specialist whom he consulted said, "You should always cease public speaking at once when you lose your voice. If you go on speaking after nature has uttered her warning, you may lose it altogether. Now go into the country for six months, and speak to nobody. Write on paper all your communications. Absolute silence is my prescription for you." The voiceless speaker did as he was told. It was a trying ordeal, for he loved to preach, and he was a master of his craft, but he had no alternative. After six months his voice returned and he was permitted to resume his much-loved work. Some sicknesses are difficult to cure, and only patient continuance will conquer them. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

This renewed strength will show itself in many ways. For instance, they will have **strength to resist.** "Waiting upon God" is the source of that strength which enables us to successfully resist the attacks of the evil one. Christians have at times broken down hopelessly, but in every case discontinuance of personal contact with God has been the explanation. There has been private apostasy before there has been public collapse. To wait upon God is the secret of resisting strength in the day of the enemy's onslaught.

They will also have **strength to persist.** We none of us know what we can do till we try. "Wait upon God," and nothing in the realm of faith shall be impossible to you. You are capable of greater things than you ever dreamt of. If you are Spirit-filled your gifts and graces will grow amazingly. "Wait upon the Lord" and He will work miracles

both in you and for you, and you will be an amazement to yourself.

How marvelously this renewal of strength was illustrated in the history of God's chosen people! It was but a remnant that returned to the home land, but that remnant accomplished wonders. It was the remnant that restored the national life of Israel, and gave it a permanent place in the annals of history. These were the men who first waited on God, and then waited for God: and they lived in the confident expectancy that He would honor the faith reposed in Him. Fear did not demoralize them, because they were panoplied with the armor of the Almighty: and they remind us that it is not great armies with their gorgeous accoutrements that win the day, that it is not processions or pageantries that prevail, but oftentimes the remnant who has waited upon God, and are invincible because they have had the vision splendid.

How does this renewed strength manifest itself? "They shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." Now this is the reverse of the plan which you and I would have evolved. We should have begun with the slowest process and have advanced these people stage by stage until they ended with the heights of the eagle. We like to finish well. That eminent British preacher, Dr. Liefchild, had a maxim for oratory which applies at times to ethics, as well as oratory: "Begin low, speak slow; take fire, rise higher." The text looks like an anti-climax, and yet the principle it enunciates is true in religion.

2. **The Religion of the Aviator, or Flying.** "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." What a king among birds the eagle is! The journals told us the other day of an eagle which collided with an airplane: the machine was smashed, and two of the fellows were killed, but the imperial bird flew away as if nothing had happened. There is a legend that when the eagle moults he takes a sea bath so that he may wash out the old feathers, and the new ones may have a better chance to grow. No doubt the Septuagint translators had this legend in their minds when they rendered the passage: "They shall put forth new feathers like eagles," a rendering which has been followed by Dr. Moffat, "they put out wings like eagles." The idea being that renewed strength means renewed feathers, and renewed feathers means renewed capacity for flight.

Now the order of the text is true to Christian experience. Consider

the three stages of the Christian. Surely flying is the first. The first impulse of the new convert is to join the air force. He will mount up with wings as eagles. His initiation into the Christian life is marked by enthusiasm and ecstasies. Youth is the stage of dreams. That so few of them become deeds matters little then. In youth we think all our dreams are realizable. The wings of our ambition have not then been riddled by the bullets of the enemy. Early enthusiasms have not then been quenched by later disillusionments. The Church must deal gently with the dreams of youth. We must be patient with young rhetoricians. Men are usually painters before they become artists. "They mount up with wings as eagles," before they run and then walk.

In the early days of our allegiance to Christ, piety was no mere profession—it was a passion. The disciple who has never felt the evangelic thrill has had no experience of the evangel. Are we not in danger of making religion an education, rather than an experience? It is the wrong order. Experience, first; then education. First, "By grace are ye saved through faith"; then, "Grow in, and into, grace." Redemption first, then rapture. It is easy for the young disciple to fly; the air is his native element. Don't pour scorn upon the rhapsodies of youth: they are amongst our most lasting blessings. In religion we never fully lose that which we once possessed. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles."

6. The Religion of the Athlete, or Running. "They shall run and not be weary." We cannot always be flying. The element of ecstasy in religion is transient. We have got to descend from the heights, and take our places on the plain. Moments of rapture are not without their uses: they are intended to inspire us for the work we have to do. Our extraordinary experiences will do much for us if we regard them as a means to an end, and not the end itself. In days of special visitation you will mount up with wings as eagles. But God does not intend that you should dwell in the air. Your true abode is not amid the stars, it is down here with frail and faulty men and women. You must not dwell continually even amid the hopes and ecstasies of heaven—you must run the race. It is well to appreciate the true bearing of transcendental experiences on daily life. Our days are not spent in watertight compartments; and flying, running, and walking are all related. Now we have to run the Christian race, and to do it well we need reserves of strength. How are we to get them? The

source is here. "They that wait upon the Lord * * * shall run and not be weary."

(c) **The Religion of the Ordinary Man, or Walking.** "They shall walk and not faint." This is the stage that tries us. It is the common, uneventful road—when there is no flying, no thrills, no airships, no handwriting on the sky: when there is no running, no romances, no huzzas from the onlookers. How true this is to life! The major portion of our experiences are walking. There is nothing—as the boys at school say—to write home about: no thrills, no regattas, no rapture, no excitement. All is dull and drab and uneventful. For religion has its trivial round, its common task. Perhaps the Church does not grip you as it did in the days of other years. Perhaps we preachers are not quite the men after your own hearts: and our preaching seems to you to be cold and colorless. Perhaps, slow though you be to say it, though you have not fallen away from grace, you have fallen off. Well, you must be a hero in unromantic days. You must play the game. When the Church is lacking in attractiveness, you must make up for it by getting very near to God. "They that wait upon the Lord * * * shall walk and not faint."

The Late John Henry Jowett—and His Message to the Ministry of Today

An Appreciation by Rev. J. T. Wardel Stafford, D.D.
Wesleyan Methodist, of London, England

John Henry Jowett was described by Dr. Charles Brown, the eminent British Baptist minister, as the greatest preacher of the century. I would place Jowett amongst them without giving him the superlative place. I do not forget Joseph Parker of the City Temple, London, who died in 1902, nor Alexander Maclaren, of Union Chapel, Manchester, who passed into the unseen world in 1910. They were both British preachers. Nor can I banish from my mind the name and fame of Henry Ward Beecher, great as a citizen, greater as a patriot, and greatest of all as a preacher, though I had not much sympathy with the theological vagaries of his later years. Nor can I ignore Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who, if facility is the test of genius, was easily ahead of his contemporaries. In my judgment Spurgeon, Parker, Maclaren, and Beecher were incomparably the greatest preachers of the Mid-Victorian period. I heard them all in their day: Parker and Maclaren a score of times each; and in their own spheres there was none to dispute their primacy. I never had the opportunity of hearing Phillips Brooks, but testimony is unanimous in assigning him a front rank place among the outstanding pulpit forces of the last century. His life was no doubt cut short by the Episcopal burdens he had to carry, but even today his sermons as literature rank with the very best, and as preached, we are told by those who heard them, they were overwhelming at times in their influence and effect.

This estimate does no injustice to Jowett, who remained a pulpit prince to the last. Still Jowett was a reservoir, and Brooks, Beecher, Spurgeon, Parker, and Maclaren were fountains. In some respects Spurgeon was the most remarkable of them all. I often turn to his sermons for spiritual refreshment, and I never turn in vain; this much in spite of the fact that in many ways Spurgeon did not attract me.

His Calvinism did not offend me because he preached Arminianism at the same time: and when asked to reconcile the inconsistency he said that he found them both in the Bible. Then I have no sympathy with Spurgeon's aversion to organs. You who, at any time during Spurgeon's ministry at the old Metropolitan Tabernacle, attended a service will remember that a precentor struck the tunes, and that the singing was very elementary. I love music. None of it comes amiss to me so long as it is not over my head. Musicians who make themselves intelligible to my average understanding at once conquer me. Spurgeon always had 5,000 people at both morning and evening services. He had neither organ nor choir, and to me that was the least attractive feature of a visit to the Metropolitan Tabernacle. But "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and although the service was often insufferably dull, Spurgeon drew by his preaching the largest congregation in the world, and maintained the interest with undiminished power till the day of his death. The late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who though sanely conservative was essentially scholarly, thought Spurgeon the greatest pulpit phenomenon of his day. Read carefully half a dozen of his sermons, and remember that not one was written before delivery. Remember too that they were specially reported, and that they were printed and published often without revision from stenographers' notes. Remember too that many of them were profound, theological, and that they were preached *ex tempore.* And yet as pulpit classics, judged in the light of Spurgeon's rigid views, they are even today almost without a rival. I pay this tribute, with the full and frank confession that Spurgeon's theology cannot be that of a full-blooded Arminian. The truth is Spurgeon's genius baffles all analysis. He was foreordained before his birth to be one of the greatest preachers which the world has ever known.

Now compare and contrast Spurgeon with Jowett. Jowett prepared everything with meticulous care. He used to rise at six in the morning, have the lightest breakfast, then remain in his study till the announcement of the midday meal. Everything was made to bend to his preparation. For years it was impossible to get him on the phone in the morning—that instrument of torture was detached—and during the hours set apart for pulpit work he would not talk even to an intimate friend. Parker, Maclaren, and Spurgeon often prepared their sermons on the highways and byways. Jowett ran no such risks: all

was got ready in the study; every part was made to minister to the whole, and all items centered in the sermon. And so he sat, pen in hand, for the afflatus to come upon him, and as God spoke to him, so he wrote, and so he spoke to the people.

My personal knowledge of Jowett was mostly gained at first hand. I used to meet him when I was a young minister in the city of Birmingham, England. We were near neighbors. I had charge of the premier Methodist Church, and Jowett was in the pride of his power at Carr's Lane Chapel. Before he went to Birmingham, he was minister of St. James Congregational Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he preached with great success. I labored for eleven years in that northern city, and there I had an intimate friend who was also a friend of Jowett's. Through this friend I learned much which has not found its way into any biography. When Jowett left Newcastle (which he did before my entrance upon the work there), there was a great gap in the religious life of the city, and whenever he returned crowds flocked to hear him. It was indeed in Newcastle rather than in Birmingham that he laid the foundations of his lasting fame. But it was in Birmingham that I got to know him, and on occasion I preached for him at Carr's Lane, when he was called elsewhere.

In his Birmingham days I had frequent opportunity of hearing him at the midweek service. He prepared for his weekday gatherings as carefully as for the Sunday. The ground floor of Carr's Lane was always well filled; some seven or eight hundred would be present, and a feast of fat things was spread before them. Jowett generally took a series, rarely preached more than fifteen minutes, and always finished within the hour. The Sundays of Carr's Lane were great occasions. In the morning the church was usually full, and in the evening crowded. Carr's Lane seats about 1,500, and for a century it has been the Cathedral of Birmingham Free Church life. It was first made famous by John Angell James, an eloquent Evangelical preacher, and a true exponent of the times in which he lived. Angell James was succeeded by Robert William Dale, undoubtedly the outstanding figure of the nonconformity of the mid-Victorian period. Dale was a great preacher and a mighty bulwark of Free Church life in England. For a generation before Jowett went Dale filled Carr's Lane and kept it full for such expositions as those on the Epistle of James, and the Epistle to the Ephesians, which he afterwards gave to the world as published volumes. I have always thought it a tremendous tribute to

the intelligence of Birmingham that such great assemblies gathered to hear such closely reasoned discourses. Dale's was a bigger brain than Jowett's, but Jowett had compensating qualities. A genial critic remarked, "Dale was made of granite, Jowett of alabaster. Dale's face always seemed as if he were wrestling with problems. Jowett went serenely on his way apparently problemless." It was a true witness. Perhaps it was unfair to compare the two men. They were incomparable. But they admirably supplemented each other, and Jowett never ceased to pay tribute to his "great predecessor," as he was wont to call him.

In 1911 Jowett crossed the Atlantic and spent six years in New York. He appreciated the opportunity which Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church gave him of preaching the gospel. But the conditions of service tried him. He never became acclimatized to the sale of pews to the highest bidder, and he spoke with open disapproval about visitors being made to wait in the aisles, while pews were kept vacant for uncertain tenants. I believe that he was shocked and surprised to find that the same practice obtained at Westminster Chapel, London, to which he returned after his six years' ministry in New York.

The last time I saw him was at the anniversary of the Manchester Mission in 1921. He preached the sermon on "O Lord, revive Thy work." It was a great achievement. He told me that he had not preached for two years outside his own pastorate. But physically he was an altered man. I had an uncomfortable presentiment that I should not hear him again—a presentiment which was fulfilled in fact.

It is always easy to be wise after the event. But personally I felt sorry that he ever left Carr's Lane, or indeed England. He exercised a great ministry in New York, and he influenced multitudes of every class. Still in England his name penetrated into every corner, and when we lost him there was no one quite to take his place. But once in New York, in my judgment he should have stayed there. In any case Westminster Chapel, London, tucked away amid flats and warehouses, and in bad weather almost inaccessible, was not the ideal place for his special ministry. Many of us think that it was the unequal fight at Westminster, with failing health in addition, that finally broke and overwhelmed him. Jowett, we are told, "lived to preach." So we must center on that thought. From the first he was fortunate in being the minister of churches that stressed the preaching gift. St. James's Church, Newcastle; Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham; Fifth

Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York; and Westminster Chapel, London—all these are preaching stations. The preaching gift comes first, and all others are subordinate. Nobody can over-estimate the value of true pastoral work. Yet pastoral work is in danger today of being pressed to the exclusion of the greater and more important gift. Pastoral diligence will help the preacher to keep those whom he has won by his preaching, but pastoral activity alone will never fill a Central Church. There are churches which are in danger of being debauched by third rate pastoral visitation. A minister may run in and out of houses so frequently on trifling errands that he degenerates into a gossip, and his presence in a crisis does not count. We must beware lest we cheapen this office so as to illustrate the adage that familiarity breeds contempt.

Jowett could always be counted on in the hour of real need, but I heard him say on more than one occasion that healthy people should help in the visitation of the church, and that they ought not to make unreasonable demands on the overdriven preacher.

Jowett prepared himself for the pulpit physically. I am not sure that he always adopted the best means. Rising at six in the morning is not necessarily a counsel of perfection. But this was done with his preaching in view. When he walked two or three miles in the afternoon it was to make him fit for study in the evening. If he golfed, he had the same purpose before him. Then he was always self-disciplined at the table. He subordinated his appetites to his needs. He remembered that his body was the temple of the Holy Ghost, and he sought to make himself fit physically.

He also prepared himself intellectually. He read that literature which would help him to a true understanding of the word of God. He was an expert in exposition because he knew the true meaning of the text. He would track down a Greek word until it had yielded all its secrets. He would examine an English word and turn it over in the sunlight until it flashed like the facets of a diamond. Of course it follows that if a preacher chooses his words with such fastidious care he cannot surrender to the extempore impulse. He must write laboriously and either read or repeat from memory what he has written. Jowett read, but he was such a consummate master of his manuscript that only the expert knew it. And yet such a laborious method is a killing process. The preacher may be inexact at times, but it were better so, if inexactitude should spell the prolonging of his life.

Jowett was the greatest pulpit artist of our time, but his efficiency was purchased at the price of his life's blood. He labored almost without a break; he left no stone unturned, and his message was wrought into a form as perfect as was possible to him. He left nothing to chance. Great congregations inspired him, but his sermon was ready for delivery before the inspiration came upon him. He placed his best upon the altar, and the crowning fire descended and consumed the sacrifice.

He also prepared himself—**spiritually.** Jowett had great natural qualities. He had a voice like the bells of heaven—a voice that could thunder, and die away in silvery cadence. It was a voice in a thousand, and he played upon it like a skilled musician. He had just that ascetic look which spells far-offness, and he must have spent much time alone with God. When he was not with the multitude, he lived for the most part on the mount, and it was in the spiritual world that he lived and moved and had his being.

He kept himself largely aloof from the controversies, ecclesiastical and theological, of his time. He held his ecclesiastical views in subordination to spiritual affinities. To him the Church was more than the churches. His sympathies included all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. As to his theological views, the matter and the method of his sermons reveal them. He took big texts, and he preached the essential doctrines of the Evangelical Gospel. He was the outstanding exponent of the doctrine of grace. It was an education to hear him pronounce that word. He moved easily amid the great themes of the Bible, which explains no doubt his absence from the fields of controversial criticism. He was so occupied in meditation on those truths which filled his life that he had nothing left for subjects which, even though they concerned, did not immediately affect them. He was a modern Evangelical, and he spoke in his own tongue of the wonders of redeeming mercy. He lifted his hearers into immediate contact with the verities of faith, and left them in the clear sunlight of the presence of God. Jowett's ministry was an influence rather than an activity. No preacher of our day so easily created his own atmosphere. He was an artist in the use of words, and yet his words were but the vehicle of that spiritual vitality inherent in one who lived in constant communion with Christ, and who learned at His feet the secret of telling forth his message.

The Biederwolf Leper Home—

By REV. J. KELLY UNGER, D.D.

Missionary in Korea for Seven and One-Half Years; Soon Chun, Second Largest Leper Mission in the World, a Colony of Eight Hundred.

The History of Leprosy Is a History of Hate. Beginning when the disease began and until recent years the leper has been made to seclude himself, feel that he was worse than a dog, cry out unclean, stump his way down the street of hate and live a miserable existence. Hated and dismissed and rejected of men, crucified with the hate of his own fellows, denied every right of mankind, he has during these long years of sorrow borne the hurt without hope.

Mark 8:1-4. Jesus was coming down from the mountain. Great multitudes came out to meet Him. There they came toiling up the incline, priests to condemn, Pharisees to argue, country folks to listen to His words, the sick to be healed, the indifferent to sneer, the apostles to learn, the poor to be comforted and loved. But there was one in all that crowd who demanded the whole attention of Jesus, one to whom He spoke and one whom He picked out of the multitude, and that one was a leper. "And behold there came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him saying, I will, be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." From the midst of the multitude Jesus picked out the leper. He knew that it took an especial attention on his part to induce even His disciples to show mercy toward the lepers. From a whole multitude He turned to one leper. None in that crowd needed Him more. The example He set teaches its own lesson. Let us learn it too. And again Jesus when giving instructions to His disciples before going out to preach admonished them to give especial attention to the lepers, saying, "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers," etc. We are struck here again with Christ's special interest in the lepers and His concern that they should have the attention of His followers. Jesus knew too of the history of hate, the severe persecution of this outcast class, their despair, and He took this oppor-

tunity of telling these Christian leaders to consider the lepers as a class by themselves, sick people but not just sick, for notice that he said heal the sick and that would have been enough if they had been merely sick people, but He added, "and cleanse the lepers", thus giving them distinct consideration, and well it was that He did it.

What a Leper Is.

What did Jesus see that day at the base of the mountain? He saw a weak body dressed in rags, drawn face, eye-brows and eye-lashes gone, open sores all over his body, hands without fingers and feet without toes, great open sores on the soles of his feet, parts of the poor fellow's body were rotting and decaying and coming off. The inner mucus membrane of his nasal passages, throat, and stomach was eaten out and a poor whining voice proceeded from his throat. And I would have you stand with me at the base of the mountains of Korea and hear the same cries that Jesus heard over nineteen hundred years ago and realize that the history of hate though still in existence is gradually taking another form and the great command of Jesus to cleanse the lepers is beginning to take form in actual practice. There in that benighted land, a land looking for the light but a long distance from the fullness of its glow, the leper lives. As of old they fall at our feet, look up into our eyes, and cry out with voices that can scarcely be heard, "give us life, give us life", "help a poor dog like me." Driven from home, sleeping in the ditches and under the houses, underclad and underfed, sick and weary and distressed, they suffer and die. The most helpless, hopeless, and benighted of all the sons of men, denied every privilege of man and treated as a dog, they today are looking across the waters to American Christians, and twenty thousand in number are crying out with those leprosy rawed-out throats, "give me life, give me life." There are two things and two only I can do about it today. One is to bring you their message. It's the message asking for life. They ask you because you are the ones who can and will give it and because you are Christians. Their message to me is my message to you. The second thing is to tell you that there are others over here who have heard that cry and answered it and I am happy today to be here from the Biederwolf Leper Home to say that a grand and great man heard their cries and Christ's command and with much prayer and great effort has given a large sum to make the home a real success. Again I am glad to tell that another man heard many

years ago of the need of the leper and today W. M. Danner, general secretary of the Mission to Lepers is called blessed by the lepers of Korea. And so today the history of hate which began thousands of years ago is seeing a gradual change, a change brought about by the life and words of Jesus. In our colony alone there are eight hundred lepers who can thank God for Christ's command and those who have heard it. A leper then is a sick man, a sick man physically, mentally and spiritually, and he needs your help. He is one whom the heathen thinks has an evil spirit in his body and one who becomes an outcast to live alone without the camp.

One is struck by the loathesomeness of the leper as soon as he sees him, but there is something about the leper that is worse than this loathesomeness, and that is the mental side of his sickness. Have you stopped to think that the leper sits and watches himself die, that many of them are constantly burying parts of their bodies? The horribleness of the disease is seen when we realize that they sit and watch themselves die by inches and die by years, and still do not die at all. Five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years they watch the disappearance of their bodies. Living yet dying, dying yet living. Think of the mental effect of that with the hate of society, the fear of their own family, and the actual hunger and cold of the weary winter months. One wonders how they stand it.

Nevertheless there is another sickness they have that is still worse. Those who are on the outside of the colonies of Korea are lepers of soul. It would not be true to God or to you not to say that with all the horrors of the lepers I would never go out there and give myself for them if I did not believe that they were human beings that Jesus loved and died to save, if I did not believe that they are lost and without hope. I positively am not a humanitarianist alone. Jesus fed the five thousand but He did not fail to preach to them too, and that is our type of work in Korea. No Christian has any right to give his life for just the bodies of others. Leprosy of soul and that is the disease these lepers have that causes us to work among them.

Danger in Catching the Disease.

That is a question often asked and one that I am poorly prepared to answer. I answer it as a layman, not as a doctor, and from the information I can get from those who know it is not positively known how leprosy is transmitted. There are some theories.

1. By direct contact. Lepers have sores all over their bodies. Fluid runs from them. If a person having a cut or sore on his body should by direct contact get this fluid from the leper's sores in his blood through this cut he might catch the disease. One living therefore in a country like Korea where there are so many lepers should by reasonable precaution be able to avoid this danger.

2. Eating or sleeping with lepers or where lepers have recently been. Dr. Wilson, of Korea, thinks this is one of the ways a great deal of leprosy is transmitted. The ignorance of the people and the lack of sanitary living must be a contributing factor to the large number of lepers over there.

3. Being close to one when he sneezes or coughs and inhales the germ-infested moisture from his breath. Whether there is a serious danger from this source is questioned by many. The germ can be found in the throat and nasal passages.

4. The intermediate host. A prominent medical missionary of China has found the germ in the bed bug. Then it may be possible for insects to carry the disease. That would seem to be one of the most dangerous things as well as one hard to avoid. Personally, I fear the intermediate host more than anything else.

The Cure for Leprosy.

The medical world is beginning to feel rather confident that it has found a real cure for leprosy, and chaulmoogra oil is being given a fine test all over the world. In our colony we have seen quite a number go out as probable cures and some of them seem really to be cured. It is hard to have to say that many are returning with the disease. With the new emphasis that Christians are putting on helping the lepers and the hope of a real cure for those who come before the disease has gotten very far along, the history of hate may, thank God, be turned into the history of hope.

The Children of Lepers.

A medical man who has been working among lepers for twenty years says leprosy can be said to be a nerve, skin, and blood disease, and yet so far as I am aware there has never been a baby born with the disease, even though one or both parents have it. By thus taking the children away from their parents in time they can be saved from this terrible curse. To me it seems as if a good God is both showing mercy to the infant in not permitting it to be born with leprosy, and

opening up opportunities to you and all who have Christian hearts to gladly care for these innocent little ones. The saddest sights we see in the Orient is that of leper mothers on cold winter days limping up to the gate of the colony carrying her innocent infant in her arms and with a love that is characteristic of every mother, and an ignorance that is heart-breaking in its pitifulness, take a hand filled with leprous sores and feed her own child food plus leprosy. We can save the children if we can get them in time. You could save them if you'd turn your heart of love their way.

The Biederwolf Home for Lepers.

The history of hate has turned into the history of hope. Christ's command and a Christian's answer. What a lovely thing that is. Today as the result of the labors of some of God's people over here we have on a peninsula, that juts out into the inland sea south of Korea and just south of Soonchun Korea thirteen miles, a home where eight hundred lepers are living. It is not a leper colony or hospital but a home for lepers. So long they have walked the weary way, suffering the leper's shame, endured the hate of mankind, we wanted them to have a home, and I am selfish enough to feel that we have one of the nicest homes in every way that is to be found in all the world. Nearly forty buildings are complete, including their little homes (carrying out the home idea we have not built a single dormitory) the administration building, barns, store houses, etc. The church and hospital are yet to be finished. Those in these homes are given their own tract of land to work, their tasks to perform. Practically all the work done for all of those eight hundred people is done by the lepers. Even minor operations are done by lepers and all the nursing and bandaging. Likewise play is stressed and never a year passes that they do not have a field day with all games hotly contested.

As interesting as is the material side of the life of our colony even more interesting is the religious. We have a church with an average attendance of around seven hundred, Sunday School of six hundred fifty, Sunday School teachers, sixty-four, and prayer meeting, six hundred fifty. Last year ninety-five learned to read and write, ninety-five memorized the Child's Catechism, seven memorized the Shorter Catechism, forty-two were baptized, and sixty-four came into the catechumin class. One would naturally ask about the quality of their faith. Of course anywhere in the world there are those who profess

the Lord but who have never known Him, but considering the places from which they came, the lack of education and experience, and their mental and physical condition I will put them beside any group in the world. To see them come into the colony ragged, and ruined, and as I have described them to you, and find them in a few years elders and deacons in the church, fine leaders in the Sunday School, men carrying large tasks (as for instance the old man who is the head of the colony of eight hundred lepers) and living honorable Christians is an inspiration and encouragement. Last year we talked a great deal together about calling a pastor but always the problem of how we would pay his salary came up. They wanted a native pastor and I wanted them to have one, but how could it be done? Several times they went through the colony trying to raise the $25.00 necessary, but from their meager pennies they found it impossible? When the thing seemed all over this thing happened—they got together and decided that they would do without their Sunday night suppers and with the money thus saved pay the pastor's salary. Can you believe it? Look back a few years ago and see them coming into the place called Heaven, never having heard of Christ, steeped in idolatry and sin, children of the devil, but now purified by His love, singing the glad songs of Zion, listening to the gospel with all seriousness and even doing without food in order that they might receive the bread of heaven. I tell you the day of miracles is not over, the Holy Spirit changes lives and we see it in the leper colony at Soonchun.

Some time ago a young man was walking along the streets of Fusan, Korea. His sweetheart was a leper. He had heard that if a leper should eat human flesh it would cure the disease. On the side of an alleyway there sat an old beggar sixty-five years of age. This young man in desperation and having the faint hope that this idea was true, knocked the old man in the head, killed him, cut off a piece of his flesh, gave it to his friend, and she ate it hoping for a cure for her malady. Recently a young boy twelve years old was upon the mountain side gathering sticks and brush for the home fires when suddenly two lepers killed him and ate a part of his body, hoping for a cure. Oh, Christian friends, we would condemn them but remember their disease, the way they are treated because of it, their ignorance, and love them. It is no worse for them in their ignorance to seek relief even in such a way as that than it is for us with all the light of the love of Christ to see them as trees walking, just trees.

Let us stand here together as Jesus stood at the base of the mountain in Palestine and see Korea with her 20,000 lepers, falling down at the feet of the missionaries and crying out for life, see them as they fall down in front of our cars as we go to the colony willing to get into the colony or die trying, pulling at our clothes and pouring forth appeals that break our hearts, and see if it is not our duty to listen and love, to answer their appeals in proportion as God has given us success. In the spirit of love and yet in a spirit that will not let us escape His command let us ask our selves, have we a right to spend in 1927 $1,850,000,000 for powder and paint to paint our ladies' faces while we gave for the salvation of lepers' souls, even after Christ said "cleanse," $200,000? There are over twelve hundred kinds of face powder and over five hundred kinds of rouge sold in the United States. How can we hear the appeals of the babies who will catch leprosy and live a life of selfishness, coupled with the love of a crucified Christ begging for their lives, and be satisfied?

"She stood outside the Settlement
Her eyes bedimmed with tears,
A little outcast leper girl
Of very tender years,
I sought the keeper of the gate
And paid a trifling fee,
It purchased Paradise for her
And even more for me.
For as she passed within the gate
She looked at me and smiled,
And taught me just what heaven meant,
That little leper child."

And Jesus, seeing the leper, stretched forth His hand and touched him and said, "I will, be thou clean." Now you too have seen the leper and with Christ stretch forth your hand of prayer, of love, of material aid and say, "I will". "Must Jesus bear the cross alone and all the world go free?" No, there's a cross for everyone and there's a cross for thee. For you, for me, for the leper, Christ left out is life left out. Give him life, give him life.

Palestine and Syria

A Stereopticon Lecture

By MRS. LUCY C. WILSON
Educator and Traveler, Toledo, Ohio

When we speak of the Holy Land, one central thought comes to mind; it is the land where our Saviour was born, where He lived, taught, and gave His life on the cross that we might have life eternal.

For several years before I visited the Holy Land I had a great desire to do so, and while I was waiting and planning, I was also studying and preparing, and part of this preparation was in Winona Lake Bible School. The training and help I received here helped to feed and nurture that desire until it became a reality, when it was my privilege to visit Palestine three times within a period of two years.

We cherish places because of the persons who made them famous, and by knowing well the place, we are helped in knowing those who lived and achieved greatness there.

When I hear of people traveling I always feel they must have some very definite plan in mind—some outstanding interest; and when I hear of people going to the Holy Land I feel sure they have one big outstanding interest—a great desire to better understand the Word of God, and be prepared in a bigger way to help carry out their part in the Great Commission.

In studying Palestine, we must not only study it geographically, but must know something of its people. To visit a country and not have some personal contact with the people, some knowledge of their home life and customs, is to omit one of the most important factors in travel education.

What contrasting thoughts come to us as we travel through the country, and the quaint old villages and cities; here we find living conditions much the same as hundreds of years ago. We do not find a land flowing with milk and honey, but instead we see much stony and barren ground; the farming is done in a most primitive way; we still find the shepherds along the way guarding their sheep, and

dressed in their coats of several colors; here and there are olive groves shut in by stone fences, or a wall of prickly cactus; a few fruit trees and cypresses, otherwise no woodlands at all.

In some sections of Palestine portions of land are in better state of cultivation, and extremely fertile, but in few places do we find this condition.

The one thing that is very modern is the mode of travel used by tourists. There we find fine highways, and good automobiles; here is where we have the two ages, past and present, far removed in point of time, and crashing together. This is where East meets West, and they do not blend; the contrast is too great. I am always hoping I can travel through Palestine on a camel or donkey, for then my mode of travel would correspond to my environment.

We do not think of Palestine from the standpoint of authenticity regarding exact locations where events have taken place; the physical realities are the hills, valleys, lakes and rivers. This is what we should look for, and keep in mind the Christ and His associations there. We want to forget all else about Palestine but what it means to us, and to the whole world, because it gave to us a Saviour.

I have found the most interesting way for me to see Palestine is to follow the New Testament story, beginning with the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, and following the broad outline of His life by visiting the various places where He lived and taught, through the story of His life and death on Gordon's Calvary. (Last prayer station on the Via Dolorosa.)

Then take the cities of the Old Testament, study them geographically, in connection with Bible History.

To drink water from Jacob's Well, to visit the Tomb of Joseph, the cities of Shechem, now called Nablus, and Hebron, makes the Old Testament teachings live anew. When we think of them again it is to visualize the places as they are now, and they have a new interest for us.

In 1924 I spent Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. What a privilege to celebrate the birthday of our Lord in the old city where He was born! As we journey from Bethlehem north to Nazareth, Tiberias and Capernaum, there is scarcely any part of the way that does not recall some Bible story. The length and breadth of Palestine is filled with holy memories.

We stop in Nazareth, the home of His childhood and early man-

hood; we visit the Jordan River, where He was baptized; a little farther on is the Mount of Temptation, where Jesus, following His baptism, "was led by the Spirit into the wilderness."

Driven from Nazareth, He went to Capernaum and along the Sea of Galilee; here is where so much of His work was done; here was the cradle of His teaching, and the country of His disciples.

What a privilege to spend time enough there to walk along the shores of that lake and over the hills, and recall some of the teachings and miracles of our Lord.

It was on this Sea of Galilee that He stilled the tempest; walked on the sea; here is where He spoke the Parables of the Sower; the Wheat and Tares; the Leaven; the Net cast into the Sea; the discourse on the Kingdom of Heaven. Just in sight is the hillside where He fed the 5,000.

As we turn towards Jerusalem we pass through Kefr Kenna (Cana of Galilee), where at the marriage feast Christ performed His first miracle; on our way we also pass the Mount of Beatitudes, where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5, 6 and 7).

To climb to the summit of Mount Tabor, said by some to be the place of the Transfiguration, is one of the fine experiences of a trip through Palestine. From this point one has a fine view of the surrounding country. The city of Nain, where Christ raised the widow's son, stands out to view quite plainly.

What an interesting place Bethany is, because of the beautiful memories connected with Christ's associations there. It was the home of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, where Jesus loved to stay. How closely it was connected with the last days of His life!

We cannot think of Palestine without thinking of Jerusalem; set on a hill it could not be hid. More than this, it came at an early age to represent the spirit of a great world religion, out of which emerged Christianity.

Jerusalem is not a large city, but so much of interest centers there. Here we follow some of the events of the last days of our Lord, and visit the places traditionally known as the places where these events occurred:

House of the Last Supper.
Garden of Gethsemane.

Palace of Caiaphas.
The Via Doloroso.
Gordon's Calvary.

Gordon's Calvary may not have been the same hill and tomb connected with the death and burial of our Saviour, but it must have been very much like it. We don't stop to question such a small point as location—we are following events in the life of One both human and divine, our Saviour.

The story does not end with death, but with the Resurrection and Ascension, and we have the assurance, given in the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of John, that in the Father's house are many mansions, and Christ said: "I go to prepare a place for you,—that where I am, there ye may be also."

Syria

North of Palestine we have the little country of Syria, and in this small country is one of the most interesting cities of the Near East; the old city of Damascus.

It is a large city—but that is not the biggest thing about it. Its bazaars are very renowned; its streets are narrow and crowded with merchants of all kinds, turbaned men, veiled women, camels and goats; we are told that the customs and costumes of the people have not changed much since the time of Abraham. All this is very interesting, but is not the big outstanding thing about Damascus.

The historical and Biblical event that makes Damascus a wonderful city both to those who visit it and those who study about it, is told us in the Book of Acts, chapters 9, 22 and 26. It is the account of the conversion of Saul.

We would not think of going to Damascus without walking down the "Street called Straight", and reviewing the gospel account of Saul's conversion.

We would go to the spot where the house of Judas stood, where Saul lodged; then to the place called the House of Ananias, the one to whom the Lord said: "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus"; and we are told that Ananias did as the Lord commanded him, and Saul received his sight and was baptized.

Near to the House of Ananias is the house of Naaman the leper;

it is now the site of a leper hospital, and is supported by the municipality. There were about thirty lepers there in 1924.

Then you know what happened to Paul when he was proclaiming Jesus in the synagogue in Damascus; the Jews took counsel together to kill him, and his disciples took him by night and let him down through the wall, lowering him in a basket.

The old tower and wall are still standing; these are known as old landmarks of the city, said to be the oldest city in the world, the city of Damascus.

One can never fully express one's gratitude for being privileged to follow the landmarks of our Saviour, and His workers; but let us be thankful enough to willingly give ourselves in Christian service.

The call to service is an ageless call, and the program of the Master is as varied as the needs of mankind.

We are face to face with the command to teach all nations; also, we have the promise of the presence of Christ with us all of the time, even to the end of the world.

Let us apply the words of Paul found in II Tim. 2:15: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The Light in a Dark Land—Africa

Stereopticon Lecture by REV. GEORGE WOODLEY, D.D.
Pioneer Missionary to Africa. Now General Secretary of the Africa Inland Mission.

I want to read from the book of Acts. You remember the story of Paul, who had a sunstroke on his way to Damascus—would that more of us might have sunstrokes like that one—and he never finished telling about this marvelous vision. So, as he stood before King Agrippa, he said, "At mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.

"And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

"And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.

"But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee, for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness—" And I wish to pause here for a moment to say that no man or woman can become a minister, or witness for the Lord, either here in America, or in the islands of the sea, or out in Africa, or China, or any other place unless God makes him a witness—"a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee."

"Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee."

And we might add, "delivering thee from the wild animals and all physical dangers." Before I went to Africa, I used to imagine there was a lion or leopard or some other animal behind every bush. I shall not forget that first journey up the mountain side to the mission station. It was dark when the train arrived at the railway station, and we climbed up and up and up to the mission station, winding in and out through the mountains. I kept very close to the lanterns and to

the outside of the path, for I thought if a lion or leopard jumped out of the bushes on the mountain side, it wouldn't get me first.

And then we read, "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Africa is a country of contradictions. As I pored over the old book of Livingstone, when a boy lying flat on the floor, to look at the old wood cuts, I had an idea that Africa was physically dark. And there are many places where the trees are large and close together, where it seems very dark, but after all, it is a land of sunshine, a land of flowers, a land of beauty, a land of which we never tire, a veritable garden.

Then, we think of Africa as being the hottest country in the world. There are places in Africa that are hot, I grant you, but I want to say that I have never suffered in Africa from the heat as much as I have suffered from it here in America this summer. Going up from Mombasa, over the same route that President Roosevelt took on his hunting trip, we go up and up and up until we reach Nairobi, and then we begin to get into California climate, where it is always cold enough to sleep under blankets, and one needs a fire at night.

But it is a dark country, not because there is no sun, no light, but because the Light of the World has only penetrated into a few places. Here and there as the native evangelists have pushed their way, the light of the glorious Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has come in, and their lives are changed and we perceive, as Peter perceived when he went to the house of Cornelius, that "God is no respecter of persons."

I wish to take you today into a native service. I would present you with a pair of binoculars and give you a view of Africa and the native Africans. If I were to ask for a definition of faith, I wonder what verse you would give me. (Audience quoting: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.")

Yes, one day the Lord handed me a pair of binoculars of faith and with them I looked back to Calvary and there I saw all the sins I had ever committed on that cross, laid on the One that was made sin—God

loves the sinner but He hates sin—God made Jesus Christ the thing that He hates, and He became sin for us that we might become the righteousness of God—and I saw my sin laid on the Son of God. And then God turned the binoculars around and I saw millions and millions of people who had never heard the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and there it was at a Bible Conference that He touched my heart and called me to take the light of the Gospel to these dying millions of Africa.

So this afternoon, by faith, we want to open up to you a native service, like we have out there on our mission station at Kijabe, B. E. Africa, where I was the pastor of the native church for a number of years.

The bell has rung in the morning. At this meeting the heathen people congregate, (although there are some Christians) and are yet in darkness and have not seen the Christ as their Saviour.

As they enter they leave their clubs, or knives, or spears, or other weapons—as a native always carries some kind of a weapon for protection against wild animals, outside.

Over on this side, up in front are the men, the heathen men—out there the heathen all sit up in front, I see it is just the opposite here in America—their eyes are blurred, back of them are centuries of evil spirit worship, the degraded customs of the witch doctors and of the people—the superstitions which go back for centuries in the past. Over here are the women and the girls. They do not wear many clothes, so we are able to crowd them in at that morning service. They are decorated with brass bands on their arms and their legs and around their necks, and their bodies are daubed with castor oil. Yes, they use castor oil out there—most of us have had a dose of it during our lifetime, but we take it on the inside while they take it on the outside. Their ears are pierced when they are children, a small plug is put in the opening, which is replaced as the ear heals with a larger plug, until the lobe of the ear is stretched large enough to carry a cold cream jar if they had one. A large plug, similar to the bung of a bung-hole of a barrel is finally left in the ear until the girl has passed through her ceremonial rite which proclaims her a young woman, when she is considered eligible for marriage. A man can have as many wives as he is able to buy. I know one man who has over twenty wives. I used to go up to his village to preach and I would say, "Njiri,

I have come up to preach to you, call the people together." And Njiri would go out and call all his wives and children together and I would have a congregation.

Back of these old women and heathen girls are the girls and women who are Christian and back of the old heathen men are the Christian boys—those who have come out of darkness into His glorious light. These do not need castor oil to make their faces shine—the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has come into their hearts and it begins to show on their faces.

Some people say to us, "how can you go out there, how can you love those awful people? With only those degraded people to speak to, to live with, to teach?" But, friends, when God puts love into our hearts we are glad to go; their faces become beautiful, their eyes become bright, their lives are changed, as we have seen many of them come out of this degradation, and, by the grace of God, become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

There they are. We have our congregation before us. If you were black, I would feel more at home, but the first thing we would do would be to sing a song.

And now it will not be sacrilegious for us to pray in the native tongue, for God hears our petitions of every tongue. (Prays in native language.)

We will take our text. If I were to ask you for the most familiar verse in the Bible, I wonder what verse you would give me. (The response from the audience was John 3:16, and at Mr. Woodley's request, this verse was given by missionaries present in Chinese, W. African dialect, Syrian, Polish, and Kikuyu.)

We are asked many times if these natives in Africa have a grammatical language. Yes, their language is perfectly grammatical, although they do not know it. When I first went out I used to think that they did not understand their own language but I found out later, as I became able to talk to them, that they knew more about it than I did. There are eight great families of languages in Africa, with from 800 to 2,000 different dialects, which makes missionary work quite difficult indeed. The Kikuyu, which is the tribal dialect of the tribe with whom I worked, is a Bantu language. We had ten different classes of nouns, each noun class having its own prefix, with which all the

adjectives, pronouns, verbs, etc., must be in concord. I will tell you a little of how it goes:

The word for "broom" is "kihato", which is in the "ki" class. To say the sentence "my big broom is spoiled", I would say the word "kihato" first, then follow with the pronoun, adjective and verb, each of which must be put in the "ki" class by a "ki" prefix, as: "Kihato giakwa kinene nikibuthite." The "gi" in "giakwa" is just one of the few rules which have to be learned and remembered in order to speak correctly—that "k" coming before certain other letters is changed to "g", etc., etc.

If I would say, "my big ear is spoiled," the word for ear is "gutu" and is in the "ku" class, so I must say "gutu guakwa kunene nikubuthite." "Eye" is in the "i" or "ri" class and must be brought in agreement with that prefix, as, for instance, "riitho riakwa rinene niributhite." And "my big bananas are spoiled" would be expressed in the following manner: "marigu makwa manene nimabuthite." You can see yourself how simple it all is. The tenses of the verbs are formed by prefixes, infixes and suffixes and all one has to do is to follow the rules and "fix" them and there you are.

My text for the native service is John 3:16. "Tondu Ngai endire kirindi gia guku thi agikiruta Muru wake wa mumwe ni getha o mundu wothe amwihokete ndakore, no akagia na mwoyo wa tene na tene."

"Ningukena guuka umuthi, Agikuyu, kuhunjia uhoro uyu wa Ngai. (I am glad to come to you Agikuyu, today, to preach to you this affair of God.) Uhorowa Ngai ni uhoro munene na ni uhoro wa kigongona. (The affair of God is a big affair and is an affair of sacrifice.) Ni njira ya ki-gongona na njira ya thakami. (It is a path of sacrifice and a path of blood.)"

(Since I have come home, some people have told me they do not like so much of this bloody religion, they don't want this gospel of sacrifice. This is a point of contact with the heathen natives out there in Africa, for somehow it is written in their hearts that "there is no remission of sin without the shedding of blood." An old man will take his goat or sheep or bullock with his family out to his sacred tree or grove, there kill the animal and offer up the blood to "kurohia mehia mau"—cleanse their sins, and so from that native sacrifice we preach to them that Jesus Christ was the great sacrifice and His blood was

shed on Calvary for the whole world and is able to save and cleanse them from their sins.)

"Ti thakami wa mburi kana ndurume ati ni hinya wa kuhurohia mehia maitu. (It is not the blood of sheep or goats that is the power of cleansing our sins.) Ni thakami wa Muru wa Ngai, uria wakuire muti-ini undu witu. (It is the blood of the Son of God, who died on the cross for us.) Ni we, Jesu Kristo. (It is Jesus Christ.) Tondu Ngai niendire kirindi gia guku thi, agikiruta Muru wake wa mumwe, ati on mundu—(Because God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that *whosoever*) ni inyui, athuri aya haha mbere (That's you, old men, up here in front) O mundu —ni inyui anake aya hau thutha (*whosoever* —that's you, young men, there behind.) Na, Atumia aya, thikiriria, tegai matu maku, tondu ndeto ici ni ndeto cia mwoyo wa tene na tene. (And you, old women, listen—trap your ears—for these words are the words of eternal life.) O mundu, ni inyui airetu aya, hau thutha. (And *whosoever*, that means you, young women.) Arihoka mundu uyu ukomite. (Wake up, you man, that is asleep.) Na, mutumia, twara kaana gaku nja, atige kurira. (And, woman, take your child that is crying outside.)"

And so we go on preaching the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Some people say we have heathen enough here at home—why go to the foreign field. I grant you that is true, for anyone who has not accepted the Lord Jesus Christ, and passed under the blood, whether here in America or out there in darkest Africa, is lost, but tell me of one who has not had the opportunity of hearing of the Son of God. Out there one can go miles and miles and find thousands and thousands of men and women, boys and girls who have never heard the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and after all it is the old Gospel that reaches their hearts. I wonder if anyone here believes that his family tree is a "fur" tree. Out there, I go along the paths and I see the monkeys playing in the trees. I would say, "Njuguna, do you see that monkey? Did you know he is your grand-dad?" "Oh, no, Bwana," he would reply, "we don't believe that." Even the raw heathen out there do not believe. But if you do believe that, I may be going back to Africa in the future, and I will be glad to take a message to your grand-dad for you, if you like.

Now, the Africa Inland Mission is an interdenominational mission; with eight missionaries, it was started in 1895 and has grown until

we now have two hundred missionaries—I suppose the largest number of missionaries working under any one society in Africa—and five hundred native workers. We are a "faith" mission, which is to say, we believe that God will supply all of our needs, "by His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And He has. During all of these years, we have never asked a man for a cent. We believe that God touches men and women here and there and tells them to go, or to give of their means to propogate the Gospel.

I not only represent the Africa Inland Mission but millions and millions of men and women over there in that dark continent, who have never seen the Light. These men and women are waiting out there. I had a letter from one some time ago. He said, "When you come back to help us?" His English is a little bit mixed, you see. When are we going back—when are the men and women going to carry the Gospel to their darkened minds?

There are three kinds of missionaries. First, the foot missionaries; those who go, perhaps to the next door neighbor, to the next city or town or state, or to the uttermost parts of the earth. This is a "come" and "go" religion—we first come to Him and then He says "Go!" It was at a Bible Conference that God said He wanted me to go to Africa for Him. I said, "Lord, I've got a pretty good position, I think I could support a missionary, I will send someone else."

And then I went home to my friends, and they all with one accord, began to tell me that I had better let some one else go, but God said "go". I thank God that I went out there to that dark country.

One day my little sister was playing out in the yard. Mother came to the door and called to her, "Anna". Anna did not answer, and mother called again with no answer. Then mother called "Anna" again in no uncertain tone, and Anna decided it was time for her to see what mother wanted. So she came and mother said, "Anna, why didn't you answer me when I first called? Didn't you hear me call you?" And Anna said, "Yes, mother, but I didn't hear you loud enough!"

God has been calling you, George, Mary, Philip, or whoever you are, and you haven't heard loud enough. There may be within the sound of my voice those whom God has been speaking to, calling you to go some place for your Lord Jesus Christ and you haven't heard loud enough.

Second there is the hand missionary—those that work with their

hands, or perhaps with their brains, and get money, and God uses them as His faithful stewards. Some are faithful. One man in New York City has sent out missionary after missionary under the Africa Inland Mission Board, as well as other boards, during the last few years. He gives large sums of money but the bulk of the work is from the smaller gifts. A dear old lady sent in ten cents as her offering to the Lord for mission work in Africa, I presume the largest gift the Africa Inland Mission has ever received, although some have given their thousands. Oh, may God help us to be hand missionaries.

We cannot all go; we cannot all give much; but we can all pray. The third kind of missionary is the knee missionary.

In the rear of this room, you will find magazines pamphlets and literature of the Africa Inland Mission, all free of charge. Take all you want, read it through, pray for us, pray for the work. Pray for all who are doing public work. Be knee missionaries.

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